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IN FAIRYLAND

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IN TEN VOLUMES

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VOLUME FIVE

EVERY CHILD'S STORY BOOK

Happy the child whose pathway to the realities of life lies through the enchanted realm of Storyland

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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THE CHAMPION MEETING THE DRAGON

EVERY CHILD'S STORY BOOK

LEGENDS, FAIRY STORIES, AND FOLK LORE, TALES OF KNIGHTS AND YEOMEN, GREAT WORKS OF LITERATURE, ART FOR THE HOME, AND CHILD LIFE IN MANY LANDS

EVERY child loves a story, and in this matter there is no age limit — we are all "only children of a larger growth." What an undying fascination there is in fairy stories and legendary tales! We are sure of your interest, therefore, as you begin this volume, and find yourself in the romance fields of Old England, slaying dragons with the noble knight Saint George, and passing through all sorts of interesting experiences with Dick Whittington, Tom Thumb, Jack the Giant Killer, King Arthur, Robin Hood, and the rest. Then fairyland is entered through the marvelous imagination of the Brothers Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen. Folk tales of various peoples are full of interest and add variety. Fables follow, with their quaint teaching; after which there are romance plays and a glance into the great works that have made our English literature renowned. Art and architecture and noted places have a section filled with the pictures one might well wish to own, and with this the first part of the volume closes. The second is given to Child Life in Many Lands, and introduces you to the charming youngsters of China and Japan, Russia and India, Persia, Africa, and all the other countries in which we are interested. How they live, what they look like, what they study, what games they play, what kind of houses they live in — the very things you wish to know you find out here as you take an imaginary trip around the world.

So this volume opens the door into other worlds where you will be glad to enter. "They all lived happily ever after" — that is the way for stories to end, even if real life does sometimes make a slip in the last chapter. Through all the glamour and marvel, with princesses and dragons and talking beasts, you may always be sure that right will conquer wrong, and beauty and virtue find their satisfying reward. As for what we offer here, the realm of legend and fairy story has been scoured to find the very best, and here you have nothing but the best. New tales may be written, and some good ones, but the stories you find in this book will never be out of date, any more than will the romances of Scott, the novels of Thackeray and Dickens, or the poetry of Browning and Tennyson. We shall not have another Gulliver or Robinson Crusoe, nor another Table Round of Knights, for their day has gone by. But we shall enjoy the stories about them in the twentieth century as much as their first readers did in the nineteenth.

IN WHICH ST. GEORGE SLAYS THE DRAGON AND WINS KNIGHTHOOD

AMONG the brave heroes known as the "Seven Champions of Christendom," was the noble St. George of England. One beautiful spring morning the seven Champions met together at the ancient city of Coventry, and made up their minds to range the wide world over in quest of adventures. They had armed themselves like knights-errant, and rode forward on their beautiful steeds till they came to a broad plain, where seven different roads met, and where a brazen pillar was set up in the center. Here they took leave of each other, each one choosing a different road.

St. George rode on alone till he reached the seashore, where he found a ship about to sail for Egypt, and he crossed the sea to that eastern land, where he lodged his first night with a hermit, and from him learned that the whole land was weeping and mourning, owing to the deathly havoc caused by a dragon. This pitiless beast killed hundreds and hundreds of the people with his poisonous breath, unless a beautiful maiden was given him every day to appease his rage.

"This," said the hermit, "has now gone on so long, and so many unhappy maidens have been devoured by this monster, that the only victim now left to give him is the King's daughter; and when she is no more, Egypt will become a land of death and misery. To-morrow the beautiful Sabra must die, unless some brave knight can be found to meet and slay the dragon; to the hero who would thus deliver her from her terrible fate she will be given in marriage, and he will also be made heir to the throne, and reign as King in due time."

The promise of so great a reward, and the desire to rid the country of this cruel dragon, fired the courage of St. George. He vowed he would either save the Princess, or lose his own life in the attempt. He then went to rest, and at an early hour arose, buckled on his armor, and harnessed his steed with all the fine trappings of war. The old hermit came out of his cell to bid him farewell and to point the way. Strengthened by his blessing, he rode out to the valley where the King's daughter was to be sacrificed. He had not waited long before he saw a procession of older women coming towards him, leading the most beautiful maiden he had ever seen to the place where the dragon was to devour his victim. Moved with horror and compassion at this sight, St. George rode forward, and bowing low before the Princess told her that his mind was made up to save her or die in the attempt. Sabra thanked him with many tears, and went back to her father's palace, while St. George rode on into the valley where the monster had taken up his abode. A sound more terrible than thunder announced the dragon's approach, and his appearance might well have made the stoutest heart tremble. His length from his shoulders to his tail was nearly fifty feet; his body was covered with scales, hard as brass and bright as silver, and his stomach was of the color of gold.

He came roaring out from his den, and set upon St. George so fiercely with his flaming wings that he almost beat the knight to the ground. The knight's lance was shivered into a thousand pieces, and then the dragon gave him such a blow with his tail that both horse and rider were overthrown, and St. George was flung to the earth and sorely bruised. Luckily it happened he fell near a flowering orange tree, whose fragrance no poisonous creature could bear to breathe long. Under its branches St. George managed to drag himself, and there he rested till he had recovered his strength. Then he arose, and with his trusty sword Ascalon,

that had been given him by an Enchantress, he smote the fiery dragon in the breast. Next, while the beast reeled, he gave him a deep thrust with his spear under one of his red wings, so that the weapon pierced his heart, and all the grass in the valley turned crimson with the torrents of blood that flowed from the wound. St. George then cut off the dragon's hideous great head, and fixed it on a pole. As soon as the crowds, who had gathered on the hills around, beheld it, they shouted out, "Victory! Victory! the enemy of Egypt is slain. St. George of England hath prevailed."

The news of this glorious deed soon reached the Court, and Ptolemy, the King, immediately ordered that the streets of the capital should be hung with rich tapestry; he had a chariot of fine gold with wheels of ebony, and covered with embroidered silk, made for St. George, who was solemnly led into the city by a hundred Egyptian nobles, dressed in crimson velvet and mounted on white steeds, superbly caparisoned, while musicians walked before and after, filling the air with sweet sounds.

On his arrival at the palace St. George laid the trophy of his victory at the feet of the beautiful Sabra, and the Princess, in her turn, first taking off the armor of her deliverer, washed and dressed his wounds, and then led him to a magnificent banquet, where he was received with every honor by Ptolemy and invested with knighthood and a pair of golden spurs. The Princess also gave him a diamond ring of great value, for it had many curious and secret virtues. When the weary knight went at last to rest, Sabra watched near by, and playing sweetly on her lute lulled him to sleep. St. George remained several days at the Egyptian Court, amusing himself with the nobles in tilts and tournaments, and sometimes dancing and feasting with the ladies. But in the midst of all this merriment, and while he seemed to be basking in the sun of happiness and joy, a dark cloud of trouble was drawing nearer and nearer.

IN WHICH ST. GEORGE FALLS UPON EVIL FORTUNES THROUGH TREACHERY

Almidor, the black King of Morocco, had long loved the Princess Sabra, and, although he knew that she could not bear the sight of him, he hoped, through the influence of her father, to win her for himself. During the feasting that took place after the slaying of the dragon, Almidor found out that Sabra had not only given her heart to her Champion, but was ready to give up her own religion and become a Christian if St. George would carry her to Europe and make her his wife. The black King hastened to Ptolemy with this news, and gave him all particulars of what he had heard, and begged the King to prevent St. George and his daughter from escaping together. Ptolemy was filled with anger when he was told of Sabra's intention of giving up her faith, and, forgetful

of all he owed to St. George, he resolved on an act of the darkest treachery. He sent the English Champion on a pretended embassy to the Sultan of Persia, desiring him to leave behind him his favorite steed and his sword Ascalon, as pledges of loyalty; but, in fact, the letters which the unsuspecting knight was charged

to deliver described him as a dangerous enemy to the Mohammedan religion, and contained an earnest request that he be put to death.

In obedience to the King's command, St. George left the Court without even bidding

good-by to his beloved Sabra, and traveled day and night with the utmost haste till he arrived at the Sultan's palace; but what was his surprise and dismay when he learned the contents of the letters, and heard sentence of death pronounced upon him, the Sultan swearing that St. George had only another thirty days to live. In vain he remonstrated against such cruelty and treachery; he was seized by a number of guards, his fine raiment torn off him, and clothed in the dress of a slave; then his hands were bound together with cords till the blood started from the ends of his fingers, and he was thrown into a loathsome dungeon. There he lay, sighing and lamenting, while far away in Egypt his beloved Sabra was forced by her father to marry the black King whom she hated, and who had brought about all her lover's trouble.

The thirty days of St. George's imprisonment had come to an end, and now the terrific roaring of two lions who had been kept without food reached him in his dungeon; he knew then what death was awaiting him. The thought of being devoured by these beasts threw him into such an agony that the sweat stood on his brow in great drops; but despair gave him extra strength and, clinching his teeth, he burst asunder the cords that bound him by main force, and then, tearing the locks of his hair from his head, he wound them round his arms and stood awaiting the attack of the lions. As he expected, they were soon after let out of their den, and, being led to his dungeon, they there sprang furiously towards him, fierce with hunger. But he stood firm and unshaken, and, to the amazement of his guards, not only choked them by thrusting his arms, covered with his hair, down their throats, but tore out their hearts, and held them up in triumph to them as they looked on, trembling with fear.

The Sultan, having heard already that his prisoner had slain the fierce dragon of Egypt, when told that St. George had now, without weapons, destroyed the two lions, gave up the idea of putting him to death. He ordered his dungeon, however, to be made doubly secure with iron bars, for he feared this powerful knight might find means of escaping and become a danger to the whole realm of Persia. And so for seven long years the unhappy knight lay shut up in this dark, miserable hole, never once seeing the light of heaven, and living on the coarsest bread and dirty water. At night he was often tempted to give way to despair, but at morn his hope of escape came back with the daylight. And his hope at last came true, for one day, as he was digging in the floor of his cell, he had the good fortune to find an old iron staple, with which he opened a passage for himself into the palace gardens. The night was fine and clear; the guards were fast asleep; and with his rusty staple he was able to make his way into the courtyard of the Sultan. Choosing from the stables there the finest horse, he mounted quickly, and rode straight out to the gates of the city. He told the watchman at the tower of bronze that a prisoner had

escaped over the walls, and that he was in pursuit; and the man readily let him through. He then clapped spurs to his horse, and, by the time the first red beams of the sun shot up into the sky, he had left the realm of Persia behind him and was safe from pursuit.

IN WHICH ST. GEORGE RESCUES HIS LADY AND SLAYS HIS OLD ENEMY

Our hero was now almost famished with hunger, and, seeing a tower on a chalky cliff a little way ahead, he determined to ride thither and ask for food. As he neared the building, he caught sight of a beautiful damsel in a blue and gold robe, standing at one of the windows, leaning mournfully on her arm, her face drooping and sad. He called to her, and told her he was a Christian knight, who had traveled a far distance and needed rest and food.

"Alas, Sir Knight!" replied the dame, "I must entreat you to fly at once from this place; for my lord is a mighty giant, and a follower of Mohammed, and if he were to know that a Christian knight was near his castle, your life would surely be sacrificed to his fury."

"Go then, fair dame," replied St. George, "and tell him that a Christian knight is here, and that he will either quench his thirst within the castle or die before its walls."

The giant no sooner heard this daring message than he rushed to the gate, bearing in his hand a huge bar of iron. His aspect was terrifying in the extreme, for he was upward of two fathoms in height, with a huge head, bristled like that of a boar, his eyes hot and glaring, his mouth like that of a tiger. At the first sight of this monster St. George gave himself up for lost. But he took heart at thought of his magic sword and fought manfully with the giant till noon. Then his strength was about spent when, as luck would have it, the giant suddenly stumbled on the root of a tree, and St. George, watching his chance, gave him a thrust under the ribs, which brought the giant to the ground with a rush. There he lay and gasped forty breaths, and so gave up his wicked life. St. George now entered the tower, and was warmly welcomed by the dame, who set before him a feast of the choicest viands, and a cup of sherbet to quench his thirst. At first he feared lest there might be some treachery, and that the meats and cakes might be poisoned, but as the dame fell to heartily, and shared every dish she offered St. George, he made a great meal. His horse, meanwhile, was well fed with the best corn and hay in the giant's stables.

After resting one night in the tower, St. George took leave of his fair hostess, and continued his journey till he crossed the frontiers of Tartary and reached Barbary, where he came across a venerable, gray-bearded man, sitting on a bed of moss at the door of his hermitage. From him St. George found out that the nearest city was Tripoli, the capital of Almidor, the black King of Morocco, who had married the beautiful Sabra, Princess of Egypt. On hearing it, St. George was thrown into a state of great agitation, thinking of his beloved Sabra in the power of the black tyrant who had been the cause of all his sorrows. He made up his mind, however, to obtain at all costs a sight of the Princess from whom he had been so cruelly rent, and to this end he bought an old cloak from the hermit, and, disguised as a beggar, made his way to the King's palace. On reaching the gates he found fifty poor beggars on their knees. They told him that they were waiting for the alms that the good Queen Sabra bestowed on them daily, on condition that they should pray for the welfare of an English knight, named St. George, to whom her heart had been given when in her father's Court. The joy of St. George may be imagined when he heard these words, and he waited impatiently till the afternoon, when the lovely Sabra came down to the gate, clothed in deep mourning, her face pale and sad, and with an air about her of long distress.

In silence she handed the alms to the poor beggars till she came to St. George, when she started and cried aloud. "Here is the face of my gallant knight," she said. "Rise up, Sir Beggar; here you shall not kneel. For his sake who once rescued me from death, I will now succor you."

"Lady," said St. George, "I am that very knight who has so long lived in your good memory." And drawing out the ring she had given him at her father's Court, he showed it to her, and told her the tale of Almidor's treachery, and of the cruel treatment he had

received at the hands of the Sultan of Persia in obedience to her father's commands. The Princess, on hearing his sad tale, fell into an agony of grief, but after weeping for a while, she exclaimed: "Let us waste no more time in talk, but let us fly without delay from this detested place."

She led the English Champion to a stable, where he found his own long-lost horse and his trusty sword, Ascalon. Having persuaded one of her black servants to go with her, she set out with her brave knight, and they rode without check till they reached the Court of

On reaching the gates he found fifty poor beggars on their knees

Greece, where tilting and feasting were going on in honor of the marriage of the King. There St. George, to his delight, arrived at the same time as the other six Champions, each one of them with a fair lady at his side.

The knights now held counsel together how best to defend the cause of Christendom, for the Pagan monarchs of Africa and Asia had sent out proclamations that they intended to destroy all Christian kingdoms. The seven Champions agreed that each one of them should return to his native land in order to place his beloved lady in safety and to collect a body of fighting men; that they should then return, every one with an army at his back, and meet in the self-same place prepared for war. All this they did, meeting in good time to march against Almidor, King of Morocco, whom they speedily defeated, Almidor himself being vanquished in single combat with St. George. He was then led in chains to Tripoli, and there put to death. The nobles of Morocco were delighted to be rid of their cruel tyrant, and made St. George King in his place, and the English knight was crowned with all due honors. The seven brave Champions then marched to Egypt, and on arriving at the capital they were met by a procession of nobles and soldiers, begging them to have mercy on them and their unhappy country.

The Christian knights gladly promised their protection on condition that their King Ptolemy was given up to them; but Ptolemy, knowing that he deserved no mercy at their hands, ran up to the top of his palace and threw himself down from the battlements. Thereupon the nobles with one accord decided to choose St. George as their King. To their acclaim he consented, and on the following day he was dressed in a beautiful green robe, richly embroidered, over which was flung a scarlet mantle, bordered with white fur and decorated with ornaments of pure gold, and in this magnificent array he was led to the throne, which was supported by an elephant of pure alabaster. There they placed the crown of Egypt on his head and handed him a sword and a scepter, and the herald-at-arms, amidst the shoutings of the people, cried out, "Long live St. George, the Champion of England, King of Egypt."

The same story of victory was repeated in Persia, where the Sultan found himself utterly defeated after terrible fighting, and condemned to pass the remainder of his life in the dungeon where St. George had spent his seven long years; but the Sultan, after two days, unable to bear his fate, dashed his head against a pillar and so ended his life. St. George then became monarch of Persia and made his subjects happy with his wise new laws.

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT

HOW DICK LOOKED FOR GOLD AND GOT HUNGER, CRUELTY, AND A CAT

IN the reign of the famous King Edward III there was a little boy called Dick Whittington, whose father and mother died when he was very young, so that he remembered nothing at all about them, and was left a ragged little fellow, running about a country village. As poor Dick was not old enough to work, he was very badly off; he got but little for his dinner, and sometimes nothing at all for his breakfast; for the people who lived in the village were very poor indeed, and could not spare him much more than the parings of potatoes, and now and then a hard crust of bread, which was far from enough to satisfy his hunger.

For all this Dick Whittington was a very sharp boy, and was always listening to what everybody talked about. On Sunday he was sure to get near the farmers, as they sat talking on the tombstones in the churchyard, before the parson was come; and once a week you might see little Dick leaning against the sign-post of the village alehouse, where people stopped to drink as they came from the next market town; and when the barber's shop door was open, Dick listened to all the news that his customers told one another.

In this manner Dick heard a great many strange things about the great city called London; for the foolish country people at that time thought that folks in London were all fine gentlemen and ladies; and that there was singing and music there all day long; and that the streets were all paved with gold.

One day a large wagon and eight horses, all with bells at their heads, drove through the village while Dick was standing by the sign-post. He thought that this wagon must be going to the fine town of London; so he took courage and asked the wagoner to let him walk with him by the side of the wagon. As soon as the wagoner heard that poor Dick had no father or mother, and saw by his ragged clothes that he could not be worse off than he was, he told him he might go if he would; so they set off together.

I could never find out how little Dick contrived to get meat and drink on the road; nor how he could walk so far, for it was a long way; nor what he did at night for a place to lie down to sleep in. Perhaps some good-natured people in the towns that he passed through, when they saw he was a poor little ragged boy, gave him something to eat; and perhaps the wagoner let him get into the wagon at night, and take a nap upon one of the boxes or large parcels in the wagon.

Dick, however, got safe to London, and was in such a hurry to see the fine streets paved all over with gold, that I am afraid he did not even stay to thank the kind wagoner, but ran off as fast as his legs would carry him, through many of the streets, thinking every moment to come to those that were paved with gold; for Dick had seen a guinea three times in his own little village, and remembered what a deal of money it brought in change; so he thought he had nothing to do but to take up some little bits of the pavement, and should then have as much money as he could wish for.

Poor Dick ran till he was tired, and had quite forgot his friend the wagoner; but at last, finding it grow dark, and that every way he turned he saw nothing but dirt instead of gold, he sat down in a dark corner and cried himself to sleep.

Little Dick was all night in the streets; next morning, being very hungry, he got up and walked about, and asked everybody he met to give him a halfpenny to keep him from starving; but nobody stayed to answer him, and only two or three gave him a halfpenny; so that the poor boy was soon quite weak and faint for the want of victuals.

At last a good-natured-looking gentleman saw how hungry he looked. "Why don't you go to work, my lad?" said he to Dick. "That I would, but I do not know how to get any," answered Dick. "If you are willing, come along with me," said the gentleman, and took him to a hayfield, where Dick worked briskly and lived merrily till the hay was made.

After this he found himself as badly off as before, and, being almost starved again, he laid himself down at the door of Mr. Fitzwarren, a rich merchant. Here he was soon seen by the cook-maid, who was an ill-tempered creature, and happened just then to be very busy dressing dinner for her master and mistress; so she called out to poor Dick: "What business have you there, you lazy rogue? there is nothing else but beggars; if you do not take yourself away, we will see how you will like a sousing of some dish-water; I have some here hot enough to make you jump."

Just at that time Mr. Fitzwarren himself came home to dinner; and when he saw a dirty, ragged boy lying at the door, he said to him: "Why do you lie there, my boy? You seem old enough to work; I am afraid you are inclined to be lazy."

"No indeed, sir," said Dick to him, "that is not the case, for I would work with all my heart, but I do not know anybody, and I believe I am very sick for the want of food."

"Poor fellow, get up; let me see what ails you."

Dick now tried to rise, but was obliged to lie down again, being too weak to stand, for he had not eaten any food for three days, and was no longer able to run about and beg a halfpenny of people in the street. So the kind merchant ordered him to be taken into the house, and have a good dinner given him, and be kept to do what dirty work he was able for the cook.

Little Dick would have lived very happy in this good family if it had not been for the ill-natured cook, who was finding fault and scolding him from morning to night, and besides, she was so fond of basting that when she had no meat to baste she would baste poor Dick's head and shoulders with a broom, or anything else that happened to fall in her way. At last her ill-usage of him was told to Alice, Mr. Fitzwarren's daughter, who told the cook she should be turned away if she did not treat him kinder.

The ill humor of the cook was now a little amended; but, besides this, Dick had another hardship to get over. His bed stood in a garret, where there were so many holes in the floor and the walls that every night he was tormented with rats and mice. A gentleman having given Dick a penny for cleaning his shoes, he thought he would buy a cat with it. The next day he saw a girl with a cat, and asked her if she would let him have it for a penny. The girl said she would, and at the same time told him the cat was an excellent mouser.

Dick hid his cat in the garret, and always took care to carry a part of his dinner to her; and in a short time he had no more trouble with the rats and mice, but slept quite sound every night.

Soon after this his master had a ship ready to sail; and as he thought it right that all his servants should have some chance for good fortune as well as himself, he called them all into the parlor and asked them what they could send out.

They all had something that they were willing to venture except poor Dick, who had neither money nor goods, and therefore could send nothing.

For this reason he did not come into the parlor with the rest; but Miss Alice guessed what was the matter, and ordered him to be called in. She then said she would lay down some money for him, from her own purse; but the father told her this would not do, for it must be something of his own.

When poor Dick heard this, he said he had nothing but a cat which he bought for a penny some time since of a little girl.

"Fetch your cat then, my good boy," said Mr. Fitzwarren, "and let her go."

Dick went upstairs and brought down poor Puss, with tears in his eyes, and gave her to the captain; for he said he should now be kept

awake again all night by the rats and mice. All the company laughed at Dick's odd venture; and Miss Alice, who felt pity for the poor boy, gave him some money to buy another cat.

This and many other marks of kindness shown him by Miss Alice made the ill-tempered cook jealous of poor Dick, and she began to use him more cruelly than ever, and always made game of him for sending his cat to sea. She asked him if he thought his cat would sell for as much money as would buy a stick to beat him.

At last poor Dick could not bear this usage any longer, and he thought he would run away from his place; so he packed up his few things, and started very early in the morning, on All-hallows Day, which is the first of November. He walked as far as Holloway, and there sat down on a stone, which to this day is called Whittington's Stone, and began to think to himself which road he should take as he proceeded onward.

While he was thinking what he should do, the Bells of Bow Church, which at that time had only six, began to ring, and he fancied their sound seemed to say to him:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London."

"Lord Mayor of London!" said he to himself. "Why, to be sure, I would put up with almost anything now to be Lord Mayor of London, and ride in a fine coach, when I grow to be a man! Well, I will go back, and think nothing of the cuffing and scolding of the old cook, if I am to be Lord Mayor of London at last."

Dick went back, and was lucky enough to get into the house and set about his work before the old cook came downstairs.

HOW DICK'S CAT BECAME FAMOUS AND MADE HIS FORTUNE

The ship, with the cat on board, was a long time at sea, and was at last driven by the winds on a part of the coast of Barbary, where the only people were the Moors, that the English had never known before.

The people then came in great numbers to see the sailors, who were of different color to themselves, and treated them very civilly; and, when they became better acquainted, were very eager to buy the fine things that the ship was loaded with.

When the captain saw this, he sent patterns of the best things he had to the King of the country, who was so much pleased with them that he sent for the captain to the palace. Here they were placed, as it is the custom of the country, on rich carpets marked with gold and silver flowers. The King and Queen were seated at the upper end of the room, and a number of dishes were brought in for dinner. They had not sat long, when a vast number of rats and mice rushed in, helping themselves from almost every dish. The captain wondered at this, and asked if they were not a great nuisance.

"Oh yes," said they, "the King would give half his treasure to be free of them, for they not only eat up his dinner, as you see, but they bite him in his chamber, and even in bed, so that he is obliged to be watched while he is sleeping, for fear of them."

The captain jumped for joy; he remembered poor Whittington and his cat, and told the King he had a creature on board the ship that would dispatch all these vermin immediately. The King's heart heaved so high at the joy which this news gave him that his turban dropped off his head. "Bring this creature to me," says he; "vermin are dreadful in a Court, and if she will perform what you say, I will load your ship with gold and jewels in exchange for her."

The captain, who knew his business, took this opportunity to set forth the merits of Miss Puss. He told His Majesty that it would be inconvenient to part with her, as, when she was gone, the rats and mice might destroy the goods in the ship — but to oblige His Majesty he would fetch her. "Run, run!" said the Queen; "I am impatient to see the dear creature."

Away went the captain to the ship, while another dinner was got ready. He put Puss under his arm, and arrived at the palace soon enough to see the table full of rats.

When the cat saw them, she did not wait for bidding, but jumped out of the captain's arms, and in a few minutes laid almost all the rats and mice dead at her feet. The rest of them in fright scampered away to their holes.

The King and Queen were quite charmed to

get so easily rid of such plagues, and desired that the creature who had done them so great a kindness might be brought to them for inspection. Upon which the captain called "Pussy, pussy, pussy!" and she came to him. He then presented her to the Queen, who started back, and was afraid to touch a creature who had made such a havoc among the rats and mice. However, when the captain stroked the cat and called "Pussy, pussy," the Queen also touched her and cried "Putty, putty," for she had not learned English. He then put her down on the Queen's lap, where she, purring, played with Her Majesty's hand, and then sung herself to sleep.

The King, having seen the exploits of Mrs. Puss, and being informed that she was with young, and would stock the whole country, bargained with the captain for the whole ship's cargo, and then gave him ten times as much for the cat as all the rest amounted to.

The captain then took leave of the royal party and set sail with a fair wind for England, and after a happy voyage arrived safe in London.

One morning Mr. Fitzwarren had just come to his counting-house and seated himself at the desk, when somebody came tap, tap, at the door. "Who's there?" says Mr. Fitzwarren. "A friend," answered the other; "I come to bring you good news of your ship *Unicorn*." The merchant, bustling up instantly, opened the door, and who should be seen waiting but the captain and factor, with a cabinet of jewels and a bill of lading, for which the merchant lifted up his eyes and thanked heaven for sending him such a prosperous voyage.

They then told the story of the cat, and showed the rich present that the King and Queen had sent for her to poor Dick. As soon as the merchant heard this, he called out to his servants:

> "Go fetch him — we will tell him of the same;
> Pray call him Mr. Whittington by name."

Mr. Fitzwarren now showed himself to be a good man, for when some of his servants said so great a treasure was too much for him, he answered, "God forbid I should deprive him of the value of a single penny."

He then sent for Dick, who at that time was scouring pots for the cook, and was quite dirty.

Mr. Fitzwarren ordered a chair to be set for him, and so he began to think they were making game of him, at the same time begging them not to play tricks with a poor simple boy, but to let him go down again, if they pleased, to his work.

"Indeed, Mr. Whittington," said the merchant, "we are all quite in earnest with you, and I most heartily rejoice in the news these gentlemen have brought you; for the captain has sold your cat to the King of Barbary, and brought you in return for her more riches than I possess in the whole world; and I wish you may long enjoy them!"

Mr. Fitzwarren then told the men to open the great treasure they had brought with them, and said, "Mr. Whittington has nothing to do but to put it in some place of safety."

Poor Dick hardly knew how to behave himself for joy. He begged his master to take what part of it he pleased, since he owed it all to his kindness. "No, no," answered Mr. Fitzwarren, "this is all your own; and I have no doubt but you will use it well."

Dick next asked his mistress, and then Miss Alice, to accept a part of his good fortune; but they would not, and at the same time told him they felt great joy at his good success. But the poor fellow was too kind-hearted to keep it all to himself; so he made a present to the captain, the mate, and the rest of Mr. Fitzwarren's servants; and even to the ill-natured old cook.

After this Mr. Fitzwarren advised him to send for a proper tradesman and get himself dressed like a gentleman; and told him he was welcome to live in his house till he could provide himself with a better.

When Whittington's face was washed, his hair curled, his hat cocked, and he was dressed in a nice suit of clothes, he was as handsome and genteel as any young man who visited at Mr. Fitzwarren's; so that Miss Alice, who had once been so kind to him, and thought of him with pity, now looked upon him as fit to be her sweetheart; and the more so, no doubt, because Whittington was now always thinking what he could do to oblige her, and making her the prettiest presents that could be.

Mr. Fitzwarren soon saw their love for each other, and proposed to join them in marriage; and to this they both readily agreed. A day

for the wedding was soon fixed; and they were attended to church by the Lord Mayor, the Court of Aldermen, the Sheriffs, and a great number of the richest merchants in London, whom they afterward treated with a very great feast.

History tells us that Mr. Whittington and his lady lived in great splendor, and were very happy. They had several children. He was Sheriff of London, also Mayor, and received the honor of knighthood from Henry V.

The figure of Sir Richard Whittington with his cat in his arms, carved in stone, was to be seen till the year 1780 over the archway of the old prison of Newgate, that stood across Newgate Street, and there is no story more famous than that of Dick Whittington and his cat.

A BALLAD OF MAY MARGARET

THE King has sailed from Bambrough sands,
and long may May Margaret mourn!
And long stand high on the castle walls, looking for his return.

She has counted the keys of each chamber, and knotted them on a string.
She has cast them o'er her left shoulder, for good-luck to the King.

And Margaret turned upon the step, and tript into the yard;
But it was more for the old King's sake than the new Queen's regard.

In two months but a day, a day, the King has brought her home;
And all the lords in the north-countrie to welcome them are come.

"And welcome, father!" says May Margaret: "unto your halls and bowers!
And welcome too, my step-mother, for all that's here is yours!"

The Scots lords said, that heard her speak: "Forsooth May Margaret's grace
Surpasseth all that we have met, she hath so fair a face!"

With that the Queen she turned about: "You might have excepted me;
But I will bring May Margaret down to a Laidley Worm's degree.

"I will bring her low as a Laidley Worm, that warps about the stone;
And not, till the Childe of Wynde comes back, shall her witching be undone!"

The Princess stood there at the door and laughed — and who could blame?
But e'er the sun next day went down, a vile worm she became.

For seven miles east, and seven miles west, and seven miles north and south,
No blade of grass or corn could grow, so fiery was her mouth.

The milk of seven white milch-kine was brought her at morning light;
The milk of seven white milch-kine, she drank at fall of night.

Word went east, and word went west, and word went over the sea,
The Childe of Wynde got wit of it, and it fretted him wondrously.

He called about him his men-at-arms, "To Bambrough we must sail,
And we must land by Spindleston, this Laidley Worm to quell."

They built a ship without delay, with masts of the rowan tree,
With fluttering sails of silk and hemp, and set her on the sea.

At morn the wicked Queen looked out, to see
what could be seen:
And there espied a gallant ship before the castle
green.

When she beheld the idle sails, all silken in the
sun,
To sink the ship she sent away her witch-wives,
every one.

In vain, in vain! The witch-wives came, back
where the witch-queen stood —
For know that witches have no power, where
there is rowan wood.

Oh, then she sent the Laidley Worm, to make
their topmast heel, —
And the Laidley Worm has wormed the sand
and crept beneath the keel.

The worm leapt up, the worm leapt down, and
plaited around each plank;
And aye as the ship came near the quay, she
heeled till she nearly sank.

But the Childe of Wynde he put about, and he
steered for Budley-sand;
And jumping into the shoal-water, he is safely
got to land.

And there he drew his sword of proof, for the
worm was close behind;
But ere he struck, he heard a voice, like to the
western-wind:

"Oh! quit thy sword, unbend thy bow, and
give me kisses three;
For though I seem a Laidley Worm, no hurt
I 'll do to thee!

"Oh! quit thy sword, unbend thy bow, and give
me kisses three!
If I 'm not won ere set of sun, won I shall never
be."

He quitted his sword, and kissed her thrice, the
wet sand at his feet;
She sank in the sand a Laidley Worm — she
rose up May Margaret.

She trembled in the cold sea air, but his mantle
has wrapt her round,
And they are up to Bambrough Castle, as fast
as horn can sound.

The witch-queen stood upon the stair, twisting
her wicked hands:
"Oh! who is this?" said the Childe of Wynde,
"that on the stairway stands?

"Woe, woe to thee, thou wicked witch, an ill
death mayest thou die;
The doom thou dreed on May Margaret, the
same doom shalt thou dree.

"I will turn you into a Laidley Toad, that still
in the clay doth wend;
And won, won, shalt thou never be, till this
world hath an end!"

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER

Part the First

In which Jack kills two giants and earns his title

During the reign of good King Arthur, there lived in the county of Cornwall, near the Land's End of England, a wealthy farmer who had only one son, called Jack. He was a brisk boy and of a ready, lively wit, so that whatever he could not bring about by force and strength he completed by wit and guile. Never was any person heard of that could worst him, and he very often even baffled the learned by his sharp and ready invention.

When Jack was sent to take care of the sheep and oxen, he used to plan battles in the fields; and hardly any could equal him at wrestling.

In those days the Mount of Cornwall was kept by a huge and monstrous giant of eighteen feet in height and about three yards in compass, of a fierce and grim countenance, the terror of all the neighboring towns and villages. He dwelt in a cave in the midst of the Mount, and would not suffer any one else to live near him. His food was other men's cattle, which often became his prey, for whensoever he wanted food he would wade over to the mainland, where he would furnish himself with whatever came in his way. The good folk, at his approach, left their houses, while he seized on their cattle, making nothing of carrying half a dozen oxen on his back at a time: and as for their sheep and hogs, he would tie them round his waist like a bunch of bandeliers. This course he had followed for many years, so that all Cornwall was the poorer for his greediness.

One day Jack, happening to be present at the town hall when the townsmen were sitting in council about the giant, asked what reward would be given to the person who destroyed him.

"The giant's treasure," they said.

Quoth Jack, "Then let me undertake it."

So he furnished himself with a horn, shovel, and pickax, and went over to the Mount in the beginning of a dark winter's evening, when he fell to work, and before morning had dug a pit twenty-two feet deep, and nearly as broad, covering it over with long sticks and straw. Then strewing a little mold upon it, it appeared like plain ground.

This done, Jack placed himself on the contrary side of the pit, farthest from the giant's lodging, and just at the break of day he put the horn to his mouth and blew, "Tantivy, tantivy!" This surprising noise aroused the giant, who rushed from his cave, crying: "You incorrigible villain, you are come here to disturb my rest? You shall pay dearly for this. Satisfaction I will have, and this it shall be, I will take you whole and broil you for breakfast," which he had no sooner uttered than, tumbling into the pit, he made the very foundations of the Mount to shake. "Oh giant," quoth Jack, "where are you now? Oh, faith, you are gotten now into Lob's Pound, where I will surely plague you for your threatening words: what do you think now of broiling me for your breakfast? Will no other diet serve you but

poor Jack?" Thus having tantalized the giant for a while, he gave him a most weighty knock with his pickax on the very crown of his head, and killed him on the spot.

This done, Jack filled up the pit with earth and went to search the cave, in which he found much treasure. When the townsmen heard of this, they vowed he should henceforth be termed JACK THE GIANT-KILLER, and presented him with a sword and an embroidered belt, on which were written these words in letters of gold:

"This is the valiant Cornish man,
Who slew the giant Cormoran."

The news of Jack's victory soon spread over all the west of England, so that another giant, named Blunderbore, hearing of it, vowed to be revenged on the little hero, if ever it was his fortune to light on him. This giant was the lord of an enchanted castle that stood in the midst of a lonesome wood. Now Jack, about four months afterwards, walking near this wood in his journey to Wales, being weary, seated himself near a pleasant fountain and fell fast asleep. While he was enjoying his repose, the giant, coming for water, there discovered him, and knew him to be the far-famed Jack by the lines written on the belt. Without ado, he took Jack on his shoulders and carried him towards his enchanted castle.

Now as they passed through a thicket the rustling of the boughs awakened Jack, who was strangely surprised to find himself in the clutches of the giant. His terror was not yet begun, for on entering the castle he saw the ground strewed with human bones, the giant telling him his own would erelong increase them. After this the giant locked poor Jack in an immense chamber, leaving him there while he went to fetch another giant living in the same wood to share in Jack's destruction. While he was gone, dreadful shrieks and lamentations affrighted Jack, especially a voice which continually cried:

"Haste, valiant stranger, haste away,
Or you 'll become the giant's prey;
He 's gone to fetch his brother, who
Will kill, likewise devour you."

This shocking noise had almost distracted Jack, who, going to the window, beheld afar off the two giants coming towards the castle.

"Now," quoth Jack to himself, "my death or my deliverance is at hand." Now there were strong cords in a corner of the room in which Jack was, and two of these he took, and made a strong noose at the end; and while the giants were unlocking the iron gate of the castle he threw the ropes over each of their heads. Then drawing the other ends across a beam, and pulling with all his might, he throttled them. Then, seeing they were black in the face, and sliding down the rope, he came to their heads, when they could not defend themselves, and drawing his sword slew them both. Then, taking the giant's keys and unlocking the rooms, he found three fair ladies, tied by the hair of their heads, almost starved to death. "Sweet ladies," quoth Jack, "I have destroyed this monster and his brutish brother, and obtained your liberties." This said, he presented them with the keys, and so proceeded on his journey to Wales.

Having but little money, Jack found it well to make the best of his way by traveling as fast as he could; but, losing his road, he was benighted, and could not get a place to lodge in until, coming into a narrow valley, he found a large house, and by reason of his present needs took courage to knock at the gate. But what was his surprise when there came forth a monstrous giant with two heads; yet he did not appear so fiery as the others were, for he was a Welsh giant, and what he did was by private and secret malice under the false show of friendship. Jack, having told his mishap to the giant, was shown into a bedroom, where, in the dead of night, he heard his host in another apartment muttering these words:

"Though here you lodge with me this night,
You shall not see the morning light:
My club shall dash your brains outright!"

"Say'st thou so?" quoth Jack. "That is like one of your Welsh tricks, yet I hope to be cunning enough for you."

Then, getting out of bed, he laid a billet in the bed in his stead, and hid himself in a corner of the room. At the dead time of the night

in came the Welsh giant, who struck several heavy blows on the bed with his club, thinking he had broken every bone in Jack's skin. The next morning Jack, laughing in his sleeve, gave him hearty thanks for his night's lodging. "How have you rested?" quoth the giant; "did you not feel anything in the night?"

"No," quoth Jack, "nothing but a rat, which gave me two or three slaps with her tail." With that, greatly wondering, the giant led Jack to breakfast, bringing him a bowl containing four gallons of hasty pudding. Being loath to let the giant think it too much for him, Jack put a large leather bag under his loose coat in such a way that he could convey the pudding into it without its being perceived. Then, telling the giant he would show him a trick, taking a knife, Jack ripped open the bag, and out came all the hasty pudding. Whereupon, saying, "Odds splutters, hur can do that trick hurself," the monster took the knife, and, ripping open his belly, fell down dead.

Part the Second

IN WHICH JACK BECOMES A KNIGHT OF THE ROUND TABLE

Now, it fell in these days that King Arthur's only son asked his father to furnish him with a large sum of money, in order that he might go and seek his fortune in the country of Wales, where lived a beautiful lady possessed with seven evil spirits. The King did his best to persuade his son from it, but in vain; so at last granted the request, and the Prince set out with two horses, one loaded with money, the other for himself to ride upon. Now, after several days' travel, he came to a market town in Wales, where he beheld a vast concourse of people gathered together. The Prince asked the reason of it, and was told that they had arrested a corpse for several large sums of money which the dead man owed. The Prince replied that it was a pity creditors should be so cruel, and said, "Go bury the dead, and let his creditors come to my lodging, and there their debts shall be paid." They accordingly came, but in such great numbers that before night he had almost left himself moneyless.

Now Jack the Giant-Killer, coming that way, was so taken with the generosity of the Prince, that he wished to be his servant.

This being agreed upon, the next morning they set forward on their journey together, when, as they were riding out of the town, an old woman called after the Prince, saying, "He has owed me twopence these seven years; pray pay me as well as the rest." Putting his hand to his pocket, the Prince gave the woman all he had left, so that after their day's refreshment, which cost what small spell Jack had by him, they were without a penny between them. When the sun began to grow low, the King's son said, "Jack, since we have no money, where can we lodge this night?" But Jack replied, "Master, we 'll do well enough, for I have an uncle who lives within two miles of this place; he is a huge and monstrous giant with three heads; he 'll fight five hundred men in armor, and make them to fly before him." "Alas!" quoth the Prince, "what shall we do there? He 'll certainly chop us up at a mouthful. Nay, we are scarce enough to fill one of his hollow teeth!"

THE GIANT LAID ABOUT HIM LUSTILY

"It is no matter for that," quoth Jack; "myself will go before and prepare the way for you; therefore tarry and wait till I return."

Jack then rode away full speed, and coming to the gate of the castle he knocked so loud that he made the neighboring hills resound. The giant roared out at this like thunder, "Who 's there?" He was answered, "None but your poor Cousin Jack." Quoth he, "What news with my poor Cousin Jack?" He replied, "Dear uncle, heavy news, God wot!" "Prithee," quoth the giant, "what heavy news can come to me? I am a giant with three heads and besides thou knowest I can fight five hundred men in armor, and make them fly like chaff before the wind." "Oh, but," quoth Jack, "here 's the King's son a-coming with a thousand men in armor to kill you and destroy all that you have!" "Oh, Cousin Jack," said the giant, "this is heavy news indeed! I will immediately run and hide myself, and thou shalt lock, bolt, and bar me in, and keep the keys until the Prince is gone." Having secured the giant, Jack fetched his master, when they made themselves heartily merry while the poor giant lay trembling in a vault under the ground.

Early in the morning Jack furnished his master with a fresh supply of gold and silver, and then sent him three miles forward on his journey, at which time the Prince was pretty well out of the smell of the giant. Jack then returned and let the giant out of the vault, who asked what he should give him for keeping the castle from destruction. "Why," quoth Jack, "I desire nothing but the old coat and cap, together with the old rusty sword and slippers which are at your bed's head." Quoth the giant, "Thou shalt have them; and keep them for my sake, for they are things of excellent use. The coat will keep you invisible, the cap will furnish you with knowledge, the sword cuts asunder whatever you strike, and the shoes are of extraordinary swiftness. These may be useful to you, therefore take them with all my heart." Taking them, Jack thanked his uncle, and then having overtaken his master they quickly arrived at the house of the lady the Prince sought, who, finding the Prince to be a suitor, prepared a splendid banquet for him.

After the repast was ended, she wiped his mouth with a handkerchief, saying, "You must show me that handkerchief to-morrow morning, or else you will lose your head." With that she put it in her bosom. The Prince went to bed in great sorrow, but Jack's cap of knowledge taught him how it was to be obtained. In the middle of the night she called upon her familiar spirit to carry her to Lucifer. But Jack put on his coat of darkness and his shoes of swiftness, and was there as soon as she. When she entered the place of the evil one, she gave the handkerchief to old Lucifer, who laid it upon a shelf, whence Jack took it and brought it to his master, who showed it to the lady the next day, and so saved his life. On that day, she kissed the Prince, telling him he must show her the lips to-morrow morning that she kissed last night, or lose his head.

"Ah," he replied, "if you kiss none but mine, I will."

"That is neither here nor there," said she; "if you do not, death 's your portion!"

At midnight she went as before, and was

angry with old Lucifer for letting the handkerchief go. "But now," quoth she, "I will be too hard for the King's son, for I will kiss thee, and he is to show me thy lips." Which she did, and Jack, who was standing by, cut off the devil's head and brought it under his invisible coat to his master, who the next morning pulled it out by the horns before the lady. The spell was broken and the evil spirit left her, and she appeared in all her beauty. They were married the next morning, and soon after went to the Court of King Arthur, where Jack, for his many great exploits, was made one of the Knights of the Round Table.

Part the Third

IN WHICH JACK DOES MANY REDOUBTABLE DEEDS

Having been successful so far, Jack made up his mind not to remain idle, but to do what he could for the honor of his King and country, and besought King Arthur to fit him out with a horse and money to enable him to travel in search of strange and new adventures. "For," said he, "there are many giants yet living in the farthest part of Wales, to the great damage of Your Majesty's liege subjects; wherefore, may it please you to help me, I do not doubt but in a short time to cut them off root and branch, and so rid all the realm of those giants and monsters of nature." When the King had heard this noble request, he gave Jack all he asked, and Jack started on his pursuit, taking with him the cap of knowledge, sword of sharpness, shoes of swiftness, and invisible coat, the better to carry out the tasks which now lay before him.

Jack traveled over vast hills and wonderful mountains, and on the third day came to a large wood, which he had no sooner entered than he heard dreadful shrieks and cries. Casting his eyes round, he beheld with terror a huge giant dragging along a fair lady and a knight by the hair of their heads, with as much ease as if they had been a pair of gloves. At this sight Jack shed tears of pity, and then, alighting from his horse, he put on his invisible coat, and taking with him his sword of sharpness at length with a swinging stroke cut off both the giant's legs below the knee, so that his fall made the trees to tremble. At this the courteous knight and his fair lady, after returning Jack their hearty thanks, invited him home, there to refresh his strength after the frightful battle and receive some ample reward for his good services. But Jack vowed he would not rest until he had found out the giant's den. The knight, hearing this, was very sorrowful, and replied: "Noble stranger, it is too much to run a second risk; this monster lived in a den under yonder mountain, with a brother more fierce and fiery than himself. Therefore, if you should go thither and perish in the attempt, it would be a heart-breaking to me and my lady. Let me persuade you to go with us, and give up any farther pursuit."

"Nay," quoth Jack, "were there twenty, not one should escape my fury. But when I have finished my task, I will come and pay my respects to you."

Jack had not ridden more than a mile and a half, when the cave mentioned by the knight appeared to view, near the entrance of which he beheld the giant sitting upon a block of timber, with a knotted iron club by his side, waiting, as he supposed, for his brother's return with his barbarous prey. His goggle eyes were like flames of fire, his countenance grim and ugly, and his cheeks like a couple of large flitches of bacon, while the bristles of his beard resembled rods of iron wire, and the locks that hung down upon his brawny shoulders were like curled snakes or hissing adders. Jack alighted from his horse, and, putting on the coat of darkness, approached near the giant, and said softly: "Oh, are you there? It will not be long ere I shall take you fast by the beard."

The giant all this while could not see him on account of his invisible coat, so that Jack, coming up close to the monster, struck a blow with his sword at his head, but, missing his aim, he cut off the nose instead. At this the giant roared like claps of thunder, and began to lay about him with his iron club like one stark mad. But Jack, running behind, drove his sword up to the hilt in the giant's back, which caused him to fall down dead. This done, Jack cut off the giant's head and sent it, with his brother's head also, to King Arthur, by a wagoner.

Jack then went into the giant's cave in search of his treasure, and, passing along through a great many windings and turnings, he came at length to a large room paved with freestone, at the upper end of which was a boiling caldron, and on the right hand a large table, at which the giants used to dine. Then he came to a window, barred with iron, through which he

looked and beheld a vast number of miserable captives, who, seeing him, cried out, "Alas! young man, art thou come to be one among us in this miserable den?" "Aye," quoth Jack, "but pray tell me what is the meaning of your captivity?"

"We are kept here," said one, "till such time as the giants have a wish to feast, and then the fattest among us are slaughtered. And many are the times they have dined upon murdered men." "Say you so?" quoth Jack, and straightway unlocked the gate and let them free, who all rejoiced like condemned malefactors at sight of a reprieve. Then, searching the giant's coffers, he shared the gold and silver equally among them.

It was about sunrise the next day when Jack, after seeing the captives on their way to their homes, mounted his horse to go on his way and reached the knight's house about noon. He was met here with great joy by the knight and his lady, who in his honor prepared a feast which lasted many days, all the gentry round about being of the company.

But in the midst of all this mirth a messenger brought the dismal tidings that one Thunderdell, a giant with two heads, having heard of the death of his two kinsmen, came from the northern dales to be revenged on Jack, and was within a mile of the knight's seat, the country people flying before him like chaff. But Jack was no whit daunted, and said: "Let him come! I have a tool to pick his teeth; and you, ladies and gentlemen, walk but forth into the garden, and you shall witness this giant Thunderdell's death and destruction."

This knight's house stood in the midst of a small island, set round with a moat thirty feet deep and twenty feet wide, over which lay a drawbridge. Therefore Jack employed men to cut through this bridge on both sides, nearly to the middle; and then, dressing himself in his invisible coat, he marched against the giant with his sword of sharpness. Although the giant could not see Jack, he smelt his approach, and cried out in these words:

"Fee, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman!
Be he alive or be he dead,
I 'll grind his bones to make me bread!"

"Say'st thou so?" said Jack. "Then thou art a monstrous miller indeed." At which the giant cried out again: "Art thou that villain who killed my kinsmen? Then I will tear thee with my teeth, suck thy blood, and grind thy bones to powder."

"You will catch me first," quoth Jack, and, throwing off his invisible coat so that the giant might see him, and putting on his shoes of swiftness, he ran from the giant, who followed like a walking castle, so that the very foundations of the earth seemed to shake at every step. Jack led him a long dance, in order that the gentlemen and ladies might see; and at last, to end the matter, ran lightly over the

drawbridge, the giant, in full speed, pursuing him with his club. Then, coming to the middle of the bridge, the giant's great weight broke it down, and he tumbled headlong into the water, where he rolled and wallowed like a whale. Jack, standing by the moat, laughed at him all the while; but though the giant foamed to hear him scoff, and plunged from place to place in the moat, yet he could not get out to be revenged. Jack at length got a cart-rope and cast it over the two heads of the giant, and drew him ashore by a team of horses, and then cut off both his heads with his sword of sharpness and sent them to King Arthur.

Part the Fourth

In which Jack kills the last giant and wins a wife, living happily ever after

After some time spent in mirth and pastime, Jack, taking leave of the knights and ladies, set out for new adventures. Through many woods he passed, and came at length to the foot of a high mountain. Here, late at night, he found a solitary house, and knocked at the door, which was opened by an ancient man with a head as white as snow. "Father," said Jack, "have you entertainment for a benighted traveler that has lost his way?" "Yes," said the old man; "you are right welcome to my poor cottage." Whereupon Jack entered, and down they sat together, and the old man began to discourse as follows:

"Son, I am sensible you are the great conqueror of giants, and behold, my son, on the top of this mountain is an enchanted castle, held by a giant named Galligantus, who, by the help of an old conjurer, betrays many knights and ladies into his castle, where by magic art they are transformed into sundry shapes and forms; but above all I lament the fate of a duke's daughter, whom they fetched from her father's garden, carrying her through the air in a burning chariot drawn by fiery dragons, when they secured her within the castle and transformed her into the shape of a white hind. And though many knights have tried to break the enchantment and rescue her, yet no one could bring it about, on account of two dreadful griffins which are placed at the castle gate, and which destroy everyone who comes near. But you, my son, having an invisible coat, may pass by them undiscovered; on the gates of the castle you will find engraven in large letters by what means the enchantment may be broken." The old man having ended, Jack gave him his hand, and promised that in the morning he would venture his life to free the lady.

In the morning Jack arose and put on his invisible coat and magic cap and shoes, and got ready for the work. Now, when he had reached the top of the mountain, he soon discovered the two fiery griffins, but passed them without fear, because of his invisible coat. When he had got beyond them, he found upon the gates of the castle a golden trumpet hung by a silver chain, under which these lines were engraved:

> "Whoever shall this trumpet blow,
> Shall soon the giant overthrow,
> And break the black enchantment straight;
> So all shall be in happy state."

Jack had no sooner read this than he blew the trumpet, at which the castle trembled to its vast foundations, and the giant and conjurer were in horrid confusion, biting their thumbs and tearing their hair, knowing their wicked reign was at an end. Then, the giant stooping to take up his club, Jack at one blow cut off his head; whereupon the conjurer, mounting up into the air, was carried away in a whirlwind. Thus was the enchantment broken, and all the lords and ladies who had so long been transformed into birds and beasts returned to their proper shapes, and the castle vanished away in a cloud of smoke. This being done, the head of Galligantus also was taken to the Court of King Arthur, where the very next day Jack followed, with the knights and ladies who had been so happily set free. Whereupon, as a reward for his good services, the King persuaded the aforesaid duke to give his daughter in marriage to honest Jack. So married they were, and the whole kingdom was filled with joy at the wedding. Furthermore, the King bestowed on Jack a very fine house, with a noble estate thereto belonging, where he and his lady lived in great joy and happiness all the rest of their days.

THE PRINCESS IN THE CHAINS OF THE YELLOW DWARF

THE YELLOW DWARF

TELLING HOW THE FRIGHTENED QUEEN MADE A RASH PROMISE

ONCE upon a time there was a Queen who had an only daughter, and she was so fond of her that she never corrected her faults; therefore the Princess became so proud, and so vain of her beauty, that she despised everybody. The Queen gave her the name of Toutebelle, and sent her portrait to several friendly kings. As soon as they saw it, they all fell in love with her. The Queen, however, saw no means of inducing her to decide in favor of one of them; so, not knowing what to do, she went to consult a powerful Fairy, called the Fairy of the Desert; but it was not easy to see her, for she was guarded by lions. The Queen would have had little chance if she had not known how to prepare a cake that would appease them. She made one herself, put it into a little basket, and set out on her journey. Being tired with walking, she lay down at the foot of a tree and fell asleep; and on awaking she found her basket empty, the cake gone, and the lions roaring dreadfully.

"Alas, what will become of me!" she exclaimed, clinging to the tree.

Just then she heard, "Hist! A-hem!" and raising her eyes she saw up in the tree a little man not more than two feet high. He was eating oranges, and said to her:

"I know you well, Queen; you have good reason to be afraid of the lions, for they have devoured many before you, and — you have no cake."

"Alas," cried the poor Queen, "I should die with less pain if my dear daughter were but married!"

"How! you have a daughter!" exclaimed the Yellow Dwarf. (He was so called from the color of his skin, and his living in an orange tree.) "I am delighted to hear it, for I have sought a wife by land and sea. If you will promise her to me, I will save you from the lions."

The Queen looked at him, and was scarcely less frightened at his horrible figure than at the lions. She made no answer until she saw them on the brow of a hill, running towards her. At this the poor Queen cried out:

"Save me! Toutebelle is yours."

The trunk of the orange tree immediately

THE YELLOW DWARF

opened; the Queen rushed into it; it closed, and the lions were balked of their prey.

The unfortunate Queen then dropped insensible to the ground, and while she was in this state she was transported to the palace, and placed in her own bed. When she awoke and recollected what had befallen her, she tried to persuade herself that it was all a dream and that she had never met with this dreadful adventure; but she fell into a melancholy state, so that she could scarcely speak, eat, or sleep.

TELLING HOW THE PRINCESS WAS AS RASH AS HER MOTHER

The Princess, who loved her mother with all her heart, grew very uneasy. She often begged her to say what was the matter, but the Queen always put her off with some reason that the Princess saw plainly enough was not the real one. Being unable to control her anxiety, she resolved to seek the famous Fairy of the Desert, whose advice as to marrying she was also desirous of obtaining, for everybody pressed her to choose a husband. She took care to knead the cake herself, and, pretending to go to bed early one evening, she went out by a back staircase, and thus, all alone, set out to find the Fairy. But on arriving at the orange tree she was seized with a desire to gather some of the fruit. She set down her basket and plucked some oranges; but, when she looked again for it, it had disappeared. Alarmed and distressed, she suddenly saw beside her the frightful little Dwarf.

"What ails you, fair maid?" said he.

"Alas!" replied she, "I have lost the cake which was so necessary to insure my safe arrival at the abode of the Desert Fairy."

"And what do you want with her?" said the Dwarf. "I am her kinsman, and as clever as she is."

"The Queen, my mother," replied the Princess, "has lately fallen into despair. I fancy I am the cause of it; for she wishes me to marry; but I have not yet seen anyone I think worthy of me. It is for this reason I would consult the Fairy."

"Don't give yourself that trouble, Princess," said the Dwarf; "I can advise you better than she. The Queen is sorry that she has promised you in marriage."

"The Queen promised me!" cried the Princess. "Oh, you must be mistaken."

THE KING BOLDLY BATTLES FOR HIS LADY FAIR

"Beautiful Princess," said the Dwarf, flinging himself at her feet, "it is I who am destined to enjoy such happiness."

"My mother have you for her son-in-law!" exclaimed Toutebelle, recoiling; "was there ever such madness!"

"I care very little about the honor," said the Dwarf, angrily. "Here come the lions; in three bites they will avenge me." At the same moment the poor Princess heard the roars of the savage beasts.

"What will become of me?" she cried.

The Dwarf looked at her, and laughed contemptuously.

"Be not angry," said the Princess; "I would rather marry all the dwarfs in the world than perish in so frightful a manner."

"Look at me well, Princess, before you give me your word," replied he.

THE PRINCESS PROMISES HERSELF, TO ESCAPE THE ROARING LIONS

"I have looked at you more than enough," said she. "The lions are approaching; save me!"

She had scarcely uttered these words, when she fainted. On recovering, she found herself in her own bed, and on her finger a little ring made of a single red hair, which fitted her so closely that the skin might have been taken off sooner than the ring. When the Princess saw these things, and remembered what had taken place, she became very despondent, which pained the whole Court.

TELLING HOW THE YELLOW DWARF CLAIMED HIS PROMISED BRIDE

Toutebelle had now lost much of her pride. She saw no better way of getting out of her trouble than by marrying some great king with whom the Dwarf would not dare to dispute. She therefore consented to marry the King of the Gold Mines, a very powerful and handsome Prince, who loved her passionately. It is easy to imagine his joy when he received this news. Everything was prepared for one of the grandest entertainments that had ever been given. The King of the Gold Mines sent home for such sums of money that the sea was covered with the ships which brought them. Now that she had accepted him, the Princess found in the young King so much merit that she soon began to return his affection, and became very warmly attached to him.

At length the day so long wished for arrived. Everything being ready for the marriage, the people flocked in crowds to the great square in front of the palace. The Queen and Princess were advancing to meet the King, when they saw two large turkey-cocks, drawing a strange-looking box. Behind them came a tall old woman, whose age and decrepitude were no less remarkable than her ugliness. She leaned on a crutch. She wore a black ruff, a red hood, and a gown all in tatters. She took three turns round the gallery with her turkey-cocks before she spoke a word; then, stopping and brandishing her crutch, she cried:

"Ho! ho! Queen! Ho! ho! Princess! Do you fancy you can break your promises to my friend the Yellow Dwarf! I am the Fairy of the Desert! But for him and his orange tree, know you not that my great lions would have devoured you?"

"Ah, Princess!" exclaimed the Queen, bursting into tears, "what promise have you made?"

"Ah, mother!" cried Toutebelle, sorrowfully, "what promise have *you* made?"

The King of the Gold Mines, enraged at this interruption, advanced upon the old woman, sword in hand, and cried, "Quit this palace forever, or with thy life thou shalt atone for thy malice!"

Scarcely had he said this when the lid of the box flew up as high as the ceiling, with a terrific noise, and out of it issued the Yellow Dwarf mounted on a large Spanish cat, who placed himself between the Fairy of the Desert and the King of the Gold Mines.

"Rash youth!" cried he, "think not of assaulting this illustrious Fairy; it is with me alone thou hast to do! The faithless Princess who would give thee her hand has plighted her troth to me, and received mine. Look if she have not on her finger a ring of my hair."

"Miserable monster," said the King to him, "hast thou the audacity to declare thyself the lover of this divine Princess?"

The Yellow Dwarf struck his spurs into the sides of his cat, which set up a terrific squalling, and frightened everybody but the King, who pressed the Dwarf so closely that he drew a cutlass, and, defying him to single combat, descended into the courtyard, the enraged King following him. Scarcely had they confronted each other, the whole Court being in the balconies to witness the combat, when the sun became as red as blood, and it grew so dark that they could scarcely see themselves. The two turkey-cocks appeared at the side of the Yellow Dwarf, casting out flames from their mouths and eyes. All these horrors did not shake the heart of the young King; but his courage failed when he saw the Fairy of the Desert, mounted upon a winged griffin, and armed with a lance, rush upon his dear Princess, and strike so fierce a blow that she fell into the Queen's arms bathed in her own blood. The King ran to rescue the Princess; but the Yellow Dwarf was too quick for him; he leaped with his cat into the balcony, snatched the Princess from the arms of the Queen, and disappeared with her.

TELLING WHAT WONDERFUL THINGS THE WICKED FAIRY DID

The King was gazing in despair on this extraordinary scene, when he felt his eyesight fail; and by some irresistible power he was hurried through the air. The wicked Fairy of the Desert had no sooner set her eyes on him than her heart was touched by his charms.

THE KING DISCOVERS THE DECEPTION PRACTICED UPON HIM

She bore him off to a cavern, where she loaded him with chains; and she hoped that the fear of death would make him forget Toutebelle. As soon as they had arrived there, she restored his sight, and appeared before him like a lovely nymph.

"Can it be you, charming Prince?" she cried. "What misfortune has befallen you?"

The King replied, "Alas, fair nymph, I know not the object of the unkind Fairy who brought me hither."

"Ah, my Lord," exclaimed the nymph, "if you are in the power of that woman you will not escape without marrying her."

While she thus pretended to take great interest in the King's affliction, he caught sight of her feet, which were like those of a griffin, and by this at once knew her to be the wicked Fairy. He, however, took no notice of it.

"I do not," said he, "entertain any dislike to the Fairy of the Desert, but I cannot endure

that she should keep me in chains like a criminal."

The Fairy of the Desert, deceived by these words, resolved to carry the King to a beautiful

THE KING AND PRINCESS ARE REUNITED AND THE YELLOW DWARF IS KILLED

spot. So she made him enter her chariot, to which she had now harnessed swans, and fled with him from one pole to the other.

While thus traveling through the air, he beheld his dear Princess in a castle all of steel, the walls of which, reflecting the rays of the sun, became like burning glasses and scorched to death all who ventured to approach them. She was reclining on the bank of a stream. As she lifted her eyes, she saw the King pass by with the Fairy of the Desert, who, through her magic arts, seemed to be very beautiful; and this made her more unhappy than ever, as she thought the King was untrue to her. She thus became jealous, and was offended with the poor King, while he was in great grief at being so rapidly borne away from her.

At length they reached a meadow, covered with a thousand various flowers. A deep river surrounded it, and in the distance arose a superb palace. As soon as the swans had descended, the Fairy of the Desert led the King into a handsome apartment, and did all she could that he might not think himself actually a prisoner.

TELLING HOW THE SEA SIREN BROUGHT EVERYTHING TO A HAPPY END

The King, who had his reasons for saying kind things to the old Fairy, was not sparing of them, and by degrees obtained leave to walk by the seaside. One day he heard a voice, and looking rapidly round him he saw a female of great beauty, whose form terminated in a long fish's tail. As soon as she was near enough to speak to him, she said:

"I know the sad state to which you are reduced by the loss of your Princess; if you are willing, I will convey you from this fatal spot."

As the King hesitated, the Siren said:

"Do not think I am laying a snare for you; if you will confide in me, I will save you."

"I have such perfect confidence in you," said the King, "that I will do whatever you command."

"Come with me, then," said the Siren; "I will first leave on the shore a figure so perfectly resembling you that it shall deceive the Fairy, and then convey you to the Steel Castle."

She cut some sea-rushes, and, making a large bundle of them, they became so like the King of the Gold Mines that he had never seen so astonishing a change. The friendly Siren then made the King seat himself upon her great fish's tail, and carried him off. They soon arrived at the Steel Castle. The side that faced the sea was the only part of it that the Yellow Dwarf had left open. The Siren told the King that he would find Toutebelle by the stream near which he had seen her when he passed over with the Fairy. But as he would have to contend with some enemies before he could reach her, she gave him a diamond sword, with which he could face the greatest danger, warning him *never to let it fall*. The King thanked the Siren warmly, and strode on rapidly towards the Steel Castle.

Before he had gone far four terrible sphinxes surrounded him, and would quickly have torn him in pieces, if the diamond sword had not proved as useful to him as the Siren had predicted. He dealt each of them its death-blow;

then, advancing again, he met six dragons, covered with scales. But his courage remained unshaken, and making good use of his sword there was not one that he did not cut in half at a blow. Without further obstacle, he entered the grove in which he had seen Toutebelle. She was seated beside the fountain, pale and suffering. At first she indignantly fled from him.

"Do not condemn me unheard," said he. "I am an unhappy lover, who has been compelled, despite himself, to offend you."

He flung himself at her feet, but in so doing he unfortunately let fall the sword. The Yellow Dwarf, who had lain hidden behind a shrub, no sooner saw it out of the King's hands than he sprang forward to seize it. The Princess uttered a loud shriek, which luckily caused the King to turn suddenly round, just in time to snatch up the sword. With one blow he slew the wicked Dwarf, and then conducted the Princess to the seashore, where the friendly Siren was waiting to convey them to the Queen. On their arrival at the palace, the wedding took place, and Toutebelle, cured of her vanity, lived happily with the King of the Gold Mines.

PERLINO

I. VIOLETTA, AND WHY SHE HAD A HEADACHE AND SAW DOG-FACES

MANY years ago there lived at Pæstum, Italy, a merchant who was as good as bread, sweet as honey, and rich as the sea. His name was Beppo. He was a widower, and had only one daughter, whom he cherished as the apple of his eye. Violetta, for such was the name of this beloved child, was as white as milk and as red as strawberries. She had long black hair, eyes of heavenly blue, velvety cheeks like a butterfly's wings, and a tiny mole for a beauty-spot at the corner of her mouth. Add to all this the temper of a demon, the grace of a Taglioni, the form of a Venus, and the fingers of a fairy, and you will understand how young and old fell in love with her at first sight.

When Violetta was fifteen, Beppo was very anxious she should marry. This was a great trouble to him. "The orange tree," thought he, "opens its flower to the sun without knowing who will gather it; so a father brings up a daughter, and, for long years, cherishes her like the apple of his eye, in order that, one fine day, a stranger may steal his treasure without even a 'Thank you.' Where can I find a husband worthy of my Violetta? No matter, she is rich enough to choose one to please herself; clever and beautiful as she is, she would tame a tiger if it was her business to do so."

So the good Beppo often tried to talk about marriage to his daughter; but he might just as well have thrown his discourses into the sea. As soon as ever he touched on that topic, Violetta drooped her head and complained of a headache. Her poor father, more troubled

VIOLETTA PRESENTS PERLINO TO HER ASTONISHED FATHER BEPPO

than a preacher who loses his memory in the middle of his sermon, used directly to change the conversation, and draw from his pocket some present for her which he always kept in reserve. Sometimes it was a ring, or a chaplet, or a gold thimble. Violetta would then embrace him,

and a smile would return to her lips, like sunshine after rain.

One day, however, Beppo, more prudent than usual, had begun where he usually left off, and Violetta held in her hand so lovely a necklace that she had difficulty in being sick or sorry, and thus the worthy man returned anew to the charge.

"Oh my love, and joy of my heart," he said, caressing her, "staff of my old age, crown of my white hairs, do you not feel that I am growing old? My beard is getting gray, and warns me every day that it is time that I should choose a protector for you. Why not do like all other girls? Does it kill them to marry? What is a husband? He is a bird in a cage who sings as one wishes him to. If your poor mother were still alive, she would tell you that she never had to cry to get her own way. She was always queen and empress at home. I did not dare to breathe in her presence any more than I dare in yours, and I cannot get accustomed to my liberty."

"Father," said Violetta, taking him by the chin, "you are master, and it is for you to command. Dispose of my hand as you choose. I will marry whenever you wish and whoever you like. I only ask one thing."

"Whatever it is, you shall have it," exclaimed Beppo, charmed at a good sense to which he was not accustomed.

"Very well, dear father. All I ask is that the husband you give me shall not have a face like a dog."

"What a childish idea!" cried the merchant, beaming with pleasure. "How true it is that beauty and folly usually go together! Though you have not your mother's wit, still you need not be quite foolish! Do you think that a sensible man like myself, do you think that the richest merchant in Pæstum would be so stupid as to accept for a son-in-law a man with a face like a dog? Make yourself happy on that score. I will choose for you, or rather you shall choose for yourself, the handsomest and most amiable man you can find for your husband. If you must have a prince, I am rich enough to buy one."

A few days later, Beppo gave a grand dinner. He invited the most eligible young men for twenty leagues round. The banquet was gorgeous, everybody ate a great deal, and each guest thoroughly enjoyed himself, and talked freely and without reserve. When dessert was on the table, Beppo withdrew to a corner of the room with Violetta, and whispered to her:

"My dear child, look at that good-looking young man, with blue eyes and his hair parted down the middle. Do you think any woman could be unhappy with such an angel?"

"You cannot be thinking of him for my husband, father," answered Violetta, smiling, "he is just like a greyhound."

"That is true," exclaimed Beppo, "he has just the head of a greyhound! How could that have escaped me? But that handsome officer with the low forehead, short neck, prominent eyes, and broad chest, there is a man for you; what do you say to him?"

"Why, father, he is for all the world like a mastiff! I should always be afraid of his biting me."

"He really is rather like a mastiff," replied Beppo, sighing, "we will not speak of him: perhaps you would prefer somebody graver and older. If women knew how to choose they would never have a husband who was less than forty. Up to that age women only find dandies who allow themselves to be adored, and it is only when a man has reached forty that he is capable of loving and obeying. What do you say to that judge, who talks so well and likes to hear himself talk? His hair is getting gray, but what does that matter? A man is not wiser with gray hairs than he is with black."

"You are not keeping your promise, father. Do you not see that with his red eyes and his white curls over his ears that man looks like a poodle dog?"

It was the same with all the guests; not one escaped the lash of Violetta's tongue. This one, who sighed trembling, was like a Turkish dog, and that one, with long black hair and gentle eyes, had the face of a spaniel. Nobody was spared.

"Violetta is really too clever," thought Beppo, "I shall never get her to listen to reason"; whereupon he went into a violent passion, called her obstinate, ungrateful, empty-headed, and silly, and finished by threatening to put her in a convent for the rest of her life. Violetta wept, threw herself at his feet, implored his pardon,

and promised never to answer him again. The next morning he rose, after a wakeful night, embraced his daughter, thanked her for not having red eyes, and quietly waited until the wind which turns all weathercocks should blow from the other side of his house.

This time he was not wrong. More things happen in one hour with women than happen in ten years with men. "No thoroughfare" was never written for them.

II. BIRTH AND BETROTHAL OF PERLINO

One day there happened to be a fair in the neighborhood, and Beppo asked his daughter what she would like him to bring her.

"Father," she said, "if you love me, bring me half a cantaro of Palermo sugar, and as many sweet almonds; added to that, five or six bottles of perfume, a little musk and amber, about thirty or forty pearls, two sapphires, a handful of garnets and rubies; and bring me also a dozen skeins of gold thread, ten yards of green velvet, a piece of cherry-colored silk, and be sure you do not forget a watering-pot and silver trowel."

The merchant was amazed at his daughter's whims, and the astounding variety of her orders; but he had been too good a husband not to know that in dealing with women it is better to obey them than to reason with them, so he returned home in the evening with a mule heavily laden. What would he not have done to win a smile from his child?

As soon as Violetta received all these presents she went up to her room, and set to work to make a paste of sugar and almonds, which she sprinkled with rose-water and jasmine scent. Then, like a potter or sculptor, she kneaded this paste with her silver trowel, and molded the most beautiful little man that it is possible to imagine. She made the hair with threads of gold, the eyes with sapphires, the teeth with pearls, the tongue and lips with rubies; after which she dressed him in velvet and silk, and christened him "Perlino," because he was pink and white like mother-of-pearl.

When she had completed her masterpiece and placed it on the table, Violetta clapped her hands and began dancing round Perlino. She sang to him the sweetest little songs, addressed the tenderest words to him, and blew him kisses enough to quicken a piece of marble into life; but all in vain, the doll never stirred. Violetta cried with vexation; when all at once she remembered that she had a fairy godmother. What godmother, especially a fairy one, refuses the first request offered her? And hereupon my heroine begged so fervently, that her godmother heard her two hundred leagues off and granted her request. She blew, and a fairy need do nothing more to work wonders. Suddenly Perlino winked one eye, then both, turned his head right and left, then he sneezed exactly like anybody else; then, while Violetta laughed and cried for delight, Perlino walked on the table with his little steps as gravely as a duenna returning from church or a judge mounting the bench.

More enchanted than if she had won the kingdom of Italy in a lottery, Violetta lifted up Perlino in her arms, kissed him on both cheeks, and set him gently on the ground; then, holding her gown with both hands, she began dancing round him as she sang:

"Dance away, O dance with me!
Dear Perlino, while I sing.
Dance away, O dance with me!
If for thee I wear the ring.
Dance away, O dance with me!
I the Queen, and thou the King.

"We both shall taste the sweets of life,
Joy of my eyes, behold thy wife!
This our life shall be.
Only obey and humor me,
My little husband constantly,
And gods of our felicity
Shall envious be.

"Dance away, O dance with me!
Dear Perlino, while I sing.
Dance away, O dance with me!
If for thee I wear the ring.
Dance away, O dance with me!
I the Queen, and thou the King."

Beppo, who was going over his accounts because he thought it very hard not to have made more than a million ducats in the year, could hear in his counting-house the noise that was going on overhead. "Per Baccho!" he exclaimed, "there is something odd going on up there. I think they must be quarreling."

He went upstairs, and, pushing open the door, the prettiest sight in the world met his eyes. Facing his daughter, who was rosy with pleasure, was Cupid personified — Cupid in a doublet of silk and velvet. His two hands in the hands of his little mistress, Perlino, jumping both feet at once, danced and danced as if he would never stop.

As soon as Violetta caught sight of her father, she made him a low curtsy, and, presenting her lover to him, "My lord and father," she said, "you have always told me that you wanted to see me married. To obey and please you, I have chosen a husband after my own heart."

"You have done well, my child," replied Beppo, who guessed the mystery. "Every woman should take example by you. I know more than one who would cut off a finger, and that not a little one, in order to manufacture a husband exactly to their taste, a little husband all made of sweetmeats and orange flowers. Tell them your secret, you will dry many tears. For two thousand years they have been pitying themselves, and they will still be pitying themselves in the course of another two thousand years for being misunderstood and sacrificed."

Whereupon he embraced his son-in-law, betrothed them on the spot, and asked for two days to prepare for the wedding. It required as much time as that in which to invite all their friends round, and to prepare a banquet that should not be unworthy of the richest merchant of Pæstum.

III. PERLINO IS CARRIED OFF

People came from far and near to see such a novelty in the way of weddings. Rich or poor, young or old, friends or rivals, everyone wanted to see Perlino. Unfortunately there is never a wedding but mischance is in it; and Violetta's godmother had not foreseen what would happen.

Among the guests was a person of great importance — the Marchioness of Silver Crowns. She was very wicked and very old, her skin was yellow and wrinkled, she had a hooked nose and pointed chin and hollow eyes, but she was so amazingly rich that everyone bowed down to her and disputed the honor of kissing her hand. Beppo greeted her with a most reverential bow, and, placing her on his right hand, presented his daughter and son-in-law to the lady, who, having more than a hundred millions, did him the honor of dining at his table.

During all the time of the banquet Lady Silver Crowns could not take her eyes off Perlino. She longed to possess him.

The marchioness lived in a castle that was worthy of Fairyland. It was built of gold, and the paving stones were of silver. In this castle there was a gallery in which she had collected every curiosity in the world — a clock which always struck the hour you wished, an elixir which cured gout and sick headache, a philter which changed sorrow into joy, a Cupid's arrow — in fact everything that nobody has ever seen, or ever will see, anywhere else — but there still wanted a gem to this treasure-house, and that was Perlino.

Dessert had not been put on the table before the lady had made up her mind to carry him off. She was very avaricious, but whatever she wanted she would have, at no matter what price. She bought everything that was to be sold, and what was not for sale she stole, being quite sure that at Naples justice was only for poor and insignificant people.

The proverb says, "From an ignorant doctor, an ill-tempered mule, and a wicked woman, the Lord deliver us." As soon as they rose from the table the lady went up to Perlino, who, having only been born three days, was not aware of the wickedness there is in the world. She told him of all the beautiful and grand things that were in the Castle of Silver Crowns.

"Come with me, my dear young friend," she said, "and I will give you whatever place you like in my household. Choose which you would like to be: a page dressed in silk and gold, or a chamberlain with a key in diamonds in the middle of your back, or the porter with a silver halberd and a wide gold shoulder belt which will make you shine brighter than the sun. Say the word and your wish shall be granted."

The poor innocent boy was quite dazzled, but, though he had only breathed his native air so short a time, still he was a Neapolitan, that is to say, very far from stupid.

"Madam," he replied, simply, "people say that work is for oxen, and that there is nothing so healthful as repose. I should prefer a post

where there is nothing to be done and a great deal to be earned, like the canons of St. Januarius."

"What!" said the marchioness, "do you wish to be a senator already at your age?"

"Exactly so, madam," interrupted Perlino; "and better twice than once, so as to have double salary."

"Never mind," she replied; "in the meantime come and let me show you my carriage and the English coachman and the six gray horses," and she led him away towards the hall.

"And Violetta?" feebly murmured Perlino.

"Violetta is following us," replied the lady, pulling the imprudent young fellow, who suffered himself to be led away. Once in the courtyard she made him admire her horses, which, as they pawed the ground, shook their red silk nets with the little golden bells; then she made him get into the carriage to try the cushions and look at himself in the glass. Then all at once she shut the carriage door, the coachman whipped up his horses, and they were off and away to the Castle of Silver Crowns.

Violetta, meanwhile, received with the most charming grace the compliments of the assembly, but soon, surprised at not seeing her bridegroom, who was always at her side like her shadow, she ran into all the rooms; he was not there; then she went up on the roof of the house to see if Perlino might have gone there to breathe a little fresh air, but there was no one. In the distance she descried a cloud of dust and a coach with six horses which were galloping towards the mountains.

There was no longer room for doubt. Perlino had been carried off. At this sight Violetta felt her heart stop, and in another moment, without remembering she was bareheaded, with her wedding wreath on, her lace gown and satin shoes, she rushed out of her father's house and ran after the carriage, calling loudly after Perlino, and stretching out her arms to him.

Vain words that the wind carried away. The ungrateful fellow was wholly occupied with the honeyed tongue of his new mistress; he played with the rings she wore on her fingers, and thought how he would awake the next day a prince and a grand gentleman. Alas! There are older people than he who are just as foolish! When do people learn that goodness and beauty do more to make home happy than riches? Not till it is too late, and they have no longer the teeth to gnaw the chains which they have themselves hung on.

IV. NIGHT AND DAY

Poor Violetta ran all day; ditches, streams, thickets, briers, nothing stopped her; they who suffer for love's sake feel no pain. When evening drew on she found herself in a dark wood, worn out with fatigue and dying of hunger and her hands and feet all bleeding. She grew frightened. She gazed round her without daring to move; it seemed to her that thousands of eyes looked threateningly at her out of the darkness. Trembling, she sank at the foot of a tree, and in a low voice called on Perlino to bid him a last farewell.

As she held her breath — for she was too frightened to breathe — she heard the trees near her talking among themselves. It is the privilege of innocence to understand all God's creatures.

"Neighbor," said a locust tree to an olive, of which only the trunk remained, "here is a young girl who is doing a very imprudent thing in lying on the ground. In an hour's time the wolves will be coming out of their den, and if they spare her, the cold and the dews of the morning will give her a fever from which she will never recover. Why does she not climb up into our branches? She might sleep there in peace, and I would willingly give her some of my pods to revive her exhausted frame."

"You are quite right, neighbor," replied the olive, "but the child would do better still if, before going to rest, she were to put her hand into my hollow trunk. The clothes and the bagpipe of a piper are hidden there. When one is exposed to the night air, goatskin is not to be despised, and for a girl on a journey a lace gown and satin shoes are but a light costume."

How cheered and comforted Violetta felt on overhearing these kind words! When she had groped about for the coarse woolen waistcoat, the goatskin cloak, the bagpipe, and the piper's pointed hat, she bravely climbed the carob tree, ate the sweet fruit, quenched her

thirst with the evening dew, and, after wrapping herself up well, lay down as comfortably as she could between two branches. The tree sheltered her with its fatherly arms, wood pigeons came out of their nests and covered her with leaves, the wind rocked her to sleep like a child, and she slept and dreamed of her lover.

On awaking the next morning she felt frightened. The day was fine and cloudless, but in the silence of the forest the poor child realized her loneliness; all was life and movement round her, but who thought of the poor forsaken girl? So she began to sing to call to her assistance everything that passed her heedlessly by, but the breeze passed murmuring by, the bee set off to seek its booty, the swallow chased the flies right up into the sky, the birds tried to outsing each other in the foliage, and no one took any trouble about Violetta. She came down from the tree sighing and walked on straight before her, trusting to her own true heart to find Perlino.

V. THE THREE ADVENTURES

There was a torrent that descended the mountain, and, its bed being partly dry, Violetta took this road. Already the oleanders had emerged from the water, their heads covered with flowers. Beppo's daughter plunged into this green pathway, followed by the butterflies which hovered round her, as round a lily which the wind stirs. She walked along faster than an exile returning home, but the heat was oppressive, and towards noon she was obliged to stop and rest. As she drew near a little pool, meaning to bathe her burning feet in it, she caught sight of a bee drowning. Violetta stretched out her little foot and the creature climbed on to it. As soon as it was dry the bee remained quite still for some time, as if to get back its breath, then it shook its wet wings, and, stroking its body with its legs, which were as fine as a thread of silk, it dried and smoothed itself, and then, flying off, came buzzing round her who had saved its life.

"Violetta," it said, "you have not rendered a service to one who is ungrateful. I know where you are going; let me go with you. When I am tired I will rest on your head. If ever you have need of me, only say, 'Nebuchadnezzar, peace of heart is worth more than gold'; perhaps I shall be able to help you."

"Never," thought Violetta, "shall I be able to say, 'Nebuchadnezzar —'"

"What do you want?" asked the bee.

"Nothing, nothing," replied Beppo's daughter. "I shall not want you till I find Perlino."

She continued her road with a lightened heart. At the end of a quarter of an hour she heard a little cry; it was a white mouse which a hedgehog had wounded, and which had only escaped from its enemy bleeding and half dead. Violetta took compassion on the poor little creature, and, though she was in such haste, stopped to bathe its wounds and give it one of the sweet pods that she had saved from her breakfast.

"Violetta," said the mouse, "you will not find me ungrateful. I know where you are going. Put me in your pocket with the rest of the locusts. If ever you have need of me, only say, 'Tricché, varlacché, gold-embroidered coats and hearts of lackeys'; perhaps I may be able to help you."

Violetta slipped the mouse into her pocket, so that it might nibble away at its leisure, and continued her ascent of the torrent bed. Twilight drew on and she was approaching the mountain, when suddenly a squirrel fell at her feet from the top of a high oak, pursued by a horrid owl. Beppo's daughter was not timid, and she struck the owl with her bagpipe and sent it off; then she picked up the squirrel, which was more stunned than hurt by its fall, and by her care revived it.

"Violetta," said the squirrel, "I am not ungrateful. I know where you are going. Put me on your shoulder and gather some nuts for me so that my teeth do not grow too long. If ever you have need of me, only say, 'Patati, patata, look sharp and you will see'; perhaps I shall be able to help you."

Violetta was rather surprised at these three adventures; she did not in the least count upon this verbal gratitude. What could such feeble friends do for her? "What does it matter," she thought, "right is right. Come what may, I have taken compassion on the suffering."

At this moment the moon came out from behind a cloud, and its white light illumined the old Castle of Silver Crowns.

VI. THE CASTLE OF SILVER CROWNS

The view of the castle was not reassuring. On the top of a mountain, which was a mass of fallen rocks, battlements of gold were to be seen, and silver turrets, and roofs of sapphires and rubies; but these were surrounded by deep moats, the water of which was all covered with duckweed, and defended by drawbridges, portcullises, parapets, enormous bars and loopholes, out of which cannons showed all the apparatus of war and slaughter. The grand palace was only a prison. Violetta with difficulty climbed the tortuous paths, and at last, at the end of a narrow passage, came to a grated door fastened with an enormous lock. She called; no answer. She rang the bell, and directly a kind of jailer appeared, blacker and uglier than Cerberus.

"Be off with you, beggar!" he exclaimed, "or I will beat you. This is no place for poverty. At the Castle of Silver Crowns alms are only given to those who are in need of nothing."

Poor Violetta went away crying.

"Cheer up!" said the squirrel, cracking a nut; "play on the bagpipe."

"But I have never played it," replied Violetta.

"So much the more reason why you should do so now," said the squirrel. "One does not know what one can do till one tries. Blow away."

Violetta set to work to play with all her might, moving her fingers, and singing into the instrument, and the bagpipe played a tarentella which would have brought the dead to life. At this sound the squirrel jumped down on the ground, and the mouse soon followed his example, and there they were dancing and jumping like true Neapolitans, while the bee flew round them buzzing. It was a sight worth paying a carline to see and not regret it.

At the sound of this pleasant music the black shutters of the castle were seen to open. The maids of honor of the Marchioness of Silver Crowns had no objection to look out from time to time to see if the flies were always wheeling round in the same fashion. It is all very well not to be curious, but it is not every day one hears a tarentella played by such a pretty shepherd boy as Violetta.

"Little fellow," said one, "come here!"

"Shepherd," cried another, "come to me!"

And they all smiled on him, but the door remained closed.

"Ladies," said Violetta, taking off her hat, "be as good as you are beautiful. Night has surprised me in the mountain; I have neither food nor shelter. Give me a piece of bread and a corner in the stables. My little dancers will amuse you all the evening."

At the Castle of Silver Crowns thieves were so much dreaded that orders were strict that nobody should be admitted after dark. These young ladies knew this very well, but in this highly respectable palace there was always a rope at hand, and they threw an end out of the window and Violetta was hoisted into a spacious chamber with all her menagerie. There she had to blow for hours, and dance and sing without ever getting a chance to open her mouth to ask where Perlino was.

No matter, she was happy in feeling she was under the same roof with him. She thought her lover's heart must be beating, as her own did. She was so simple she thought that it was sufficient to love to be loved in return. Heaven knows what beautiful dreams she had that night.

VII. NEBUCHADNEZZAR

Very early the next morning Violetta, who had been put to sleep in the barn, mounted on the roofs and gazed round her, but, though she ran to every side, she only saw grated towers and deserted gardens. She came down again in tears, though her three little friends did all they could to comfort her.

In the courtyard, paved with silver, she found the three maids of honor seated in a circle and spinning gold and silver thread.

"Go away," they cried; "if our mistress were to see your rags she would discharge us. Leave this at once, wretched piper, and never come back; at least, not unless you have become a prince or a banker."

"Go away?" said Violetta; "not yet, my pretty ladies. Allow me to be your servant; I will be so gentle and so obedient that you will never regret having kept me near you."

For answer the eldest maid of honor, who was

tall, thin, plain, sallow, and angular, rose from her seat, at the same time calling to the jailer, who made his appearance frowning terribly and brandishing his halberd.

"I am lost," cried the poor girl; "I shall never see my Perlino again!"

"Violetta," said the squirrel gravely, "gold is tried in the furnace and a friend in misfortune."

"You are right," exclaimed Violetta. "Nebuchadnezzar, peace of heart is worth more than gold."

Immediately the bee flew off, and lo and behold, a beautiful crystal carriage with a ruby pole and emerald wheels entered the courtyard, where from no one knew. The equipage was drawn by four black dogs as big as one's fist. Four great beetles, dressed as postilions, drove with light hand this tiny team. Inside the carriage, on soft cushions of light satin, lolled a young snipe in a little red hat and a silken robe, which was so ample that it overflowed both wheels. In one claw the lady held a fan, and in the other a scent-bottle and a pocket-handkerchief embroidered with her coat-of-arms and trimmed with wide lace. Beside her, half buried under the pillows of silk, sat an owl looking very much bored, with lack-luster eye and bald head, and so old that his beak crossed like a pair of scissors when opened. They were a newly married couple who were paying their wedding visits; a very fashionable couple, such as the mistress approved of.

VIOLETTA'S WONDERFUL EQUIPAGE

At sight of this marvel a shout of pleasure and admiration awoke the echoes of the palace. In his astonishment the jailer let fall his pike, while the young ladies ran after the carriage, which was being carried along at a gallop by the four spaniels as if the Emperor of the Turks or the devil in person were inside. The unusual noise alarmed the Lady of Silver Crowns, who was in constant fear of being robbed. She hastened to the spot in a fury, determined to discharge on the spot all her maids of honor. She paid for being treated with respect, and she insisted on having her money's worth.

But when she caught sight of the equipage, and the owl who saluted her with a movement of his beak, and the snipe who three times waved her handkerchief with a delicious air of nonchalance, the lady's anger vanished.

"I must have that," she cried. "What is the price of it?"

The marchioness's voice terrified Violetta, but her love for Perlino gave her courage. She answered that, poor as she was, she loved this toy more than all the gold in the world. She would never part from her carriage, and could not think of selling it for the Castle of Silver Crowns.

"The absurd pride of beggars!" murmured the lady. "It is really only rich people who have a proper respect for money, and who are ready to do anything for a crown. I must have that

carriage!" she said, in a threatening tone; "cost what it may, I must have it."

"Madam," replied Violetta, much moved, "it is true I do not wish to sell it, but I should be happy to offer it to your ladyship as a present, if you would do me the honor to accept it."

"That might come expensive," thought the marchioness. "Speak," said she to Violetta; "what is it that you want?"

"Madam," said Beppo's daughter, "I am told that you have a museum where all the curiosities in the world are collected. Show it to me, and if there is something still more wonderful than this carriage my treasure shall be yours."

For answer the Lady of Silver Crowns shrugged her shoulders and led Violetta into a great gallery, which has never had its equal. She showed her all its treasures — a fallen star, a necklace made of a moonbeam plaited and woven in three rows, black lilies, green roses, and eternal love, fire which did not burn, and many other rarities; but she never showed Violetta the one thing she cared about. Perlino was not there.

The marchioness looked for astonishment and admiration. She saw only indifference.

"Well," she said, "all these wonders are a very different thing from your four bow-wows; the carriage is mine."

"No, madam," said Violetta, "all these things are inanimate, but my equipage is living. You could not compare these stones and pebbles to my owl and snipe, so real and natural that it seems as if one had met them in the street. Art is nothing beside life."

"If that is all," said the marchioness, "I will show you a little man made of sugar and almond paste, who sings like a nightingale and reasons like an academician."

"Perlino!" exclaimed Violetta.

"Ah!" said the Lady of Silver Crowns, "my maids of honor have been talking." She gazed at the piper with the instinct of fear. "On consideration," she added, "leave this castle. I do not wish for your childish toy."

"Madam," said Violetta, trembling, "let me speak to this marvelous Perlino, and you take the carriage."

"No," said the marchioness, "go away, and take your creatures with you."

"Let me only see Perlino."

"No, no," answered the lady.

"Only let me sleep one night at his door," returned Violetta in floods of tears. "See what a gem you are refusing," added she, kneeling on one knee and presenting the carriage to the Lady of Silver Crowns.

At this sight the marchioness hesitated; then smiled. In an instant she had thought of how she could deceive Violetta, and get for nothing that which she coveted.

"Agreed," she said, seizing the carriage. "You shall sleep at Perlino's door to-night, and you shall even see him, but I forbid you to speak to him."

When evening came, the Lady of Silver Crowns called Perlino to have supper with her. When she had made him eat and drink well, which was easy with a boy of such a yielding disposition, she poured some excellent Capri wine into a red goblet, and, drawing from her pocket a crystal box, she took from it a red powder, which she threw into the wine.

"Drink that, my child," she said to Perlino, "and tell me what you think of it."

Perlino, who always did what he was told, swallowed the drink in a single gulp.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "it is horrible, it has a smell of blood and mud; it is poison!"

"Idiot!" said the marchioness; "it is gold that you have been drinking, and he who has once drunk of it will always drink it. Take this second glass, you will find it better than the first."

The lady was right. Scarcely had the young fellow emptied the cup than he was seized with an ardent thirst. "More! More!" he cried. He did not wish to leave the table. To induce him to go to bed, the marchioness was obliged to make him up a large packet of this wonderful powder, which he put carefully in his pocket, as a remedy against every evil.

Poor Perlino! It was indeed a poison he had taken, and that the most terrible of all. Who drinks dissolved gold has his heart frozen as long as the fatal beverage is inside him. He knows nothing, loves nothing; neither father, mother, wife, children, friends, nor country. He only thinks of himself. He longs to drink, and would drink all the gold and all the blood in the world without satisfying a thirst nothing can quench.

Meanwhile what was Violetta doing? The time dragged as heavily to her as a day without bread to a starving man. So as soon as night had put on her black mask to open the ball of the stars, Violetta ran to Perlino's door, convinced that as soon as he should see her, Perlino would throw himself into her arms. How her heart beat as she heard him come up the stairs! What grief it was when the ungrateful boy passed in without ever looking at her!

His door double-locked and the key taken out, Violetta threw herself on a mat that they had given her out of pity; there she melted into tears, holding her hands to her mouth to stifle her sobs. She did not dare to complain, for fear they should send her away; but when the hour came that the stars alone were awake, she softly knocked at the door, and sang below her breath:

"Perlino, dost hear me? I come thee to free.
Come quick, or I'll die, love,
Divided from thee!
Open to me! for thy love, dear, I sigh,
I burn, love, I freeze, love, without thee I die!"

Alas! She sang as much as she liked, but nothing stirred inside the room. Perlino snored like a husband of ten years' standing, and dreamed of nothing but his gold powder. The hours dragged heavily, without bringing hope. However long and sad the night was, the morning was still more so. The Lady of Silver Crowns arrived at daybreak.

"I hope you are satisfied, my pretty piper," said she with a malicious smile. "You have been paid for your coach as you asked to be."

"May you be equally satisfied all the days of your life!" murmured Violetta. "I have passed so bad a night that I shall not soon forget it."

VIII. "TRICCHÉ, VARLACCHÉ," AND THE MAGIC AVIARY

Violetta withdrew sadly; there was no more hope, she must return to her father and forget him who had ceased to love her. She crossed the courtyard, followed by the maids of honor, who mocked at her simplicity. On reaching the grated door she turned round as if seeking one parting glance, but, finding herself alone, her courage forsook her, and she dissolved in tears and hid her face in her hands.

"Be off with you, wretched beggar!" cried the jailer, seizing Violetta by the collar and shaking her violently.

"Be off!" said Violetta, "Never! 'Tricché, varlacché,'" she cried, "'gold-embroidered coats and hearts of lackeys'!"

And lo and behold, the mouse jumped upon

VIOLETTA AND THE JAILER, AND HOW THE MOUSE BIT THE JAILER'S NOSE

the jailer's nose and bit it till the blood came; then, right in front of the gate, rose an aviary as large as a Chinese pagoda. The bars were of silver, the places for seed and water were made of diamonds; instead of millet there were pearls; instead of toy baubles there were ducats threaded on ribbons of various colors. In the middle of this magnificent cage, on a stick with bars across at different heights, which turned with every breath of wind, jumped and twittered thousands of birds of every kind and country — humming-birds, parrots, cardinal-

birds, blackbirds, linnets, canaries, and others. All this feathered crowd whistled the same air, each in his own note. Violetta, who understood the language of birds as much as that of flowers, listened to what all these voices said, and translated the song for the maids of honor, much surprised to find such unusual wisdom among parrots and canaries.

"A fig for Liberty!
Hurrah for a cage!
Well fed and well treated,
In winter well heated,
Best life for a sage."

After these joyous songs a great silence supervened. An old red and green parrot with a sober and serious air raised his leg, and, as he twirled round on the other, sang in a nasal tone, or rather croaked, what follows:

"The nightingale's a gentleman,
All clad in russet brown,
He's very plain;
We hear his strain
But when the moon shines down.
So proud he is, he dwells apart,
Pretending to be gay,
But no one likes his silly song,
Whatever they may say.
Such arrant fools should surely be
Confined with bolt and bar,
They do not care for Fortune's smile:
What owls these creatures are!"

and all the birds, carried away by this eloquence, began singing in a piercing voice:

"A fig for Liberty!" etc.

While everybody was gathered round the magic aviary, the Lady of Silver Crowns hastened to the spot. As may be believed, she was not the last to covet this marvel.

"Boy," she said to the piper, "will you sell me that cage on the same terms as the carriage?"

"Willingly, madam," replied Violetta, who wished for nothing better.

"Agreed!" said the lady; "it is only beggars who would be so foolish."

That evening everything happened as on the previous one. Perlino, drunk with his solution of gold, entered his chamber without even raising his eyes. Violetta threw herself on the mat outside, more miserable than ever.

She sang like on the first day, she wept to melt a stone, but in vain. Perlino slept like a log; his mistress's sobs only lulled him as the murmur of the ocean or the wind would have done. Toward midnight Violetta's three friends, distressed at her grief, consulted together. "It is not natural that the young fellow should sleep like that," said the squirrel. "We must get in and wake him," said the mouse. "But how can we get in?" asked the bee, who had in vain sought for a chink all along the wall. "I can easily manage that," said the mouse. And quickly it set to work to gnaw a little corner of the door; this was enough for the bee, who slipped into Perlino's chamber.

There he was, quietly sleeping on his back. This calmness irritated the bee, and it stung Perlino on the lip. Perlino sighed and gave himself a blow on the cheek, but did not wake.

"The boy has been drugged," said the bee on returning to Violetta to comfort her. "There is magic somewhere. What shall we do?"

"Stop," said the mouse, who had never ceased gnawing; "it is my turn to go in now, and I will wake him, even if I must eat his heart to do so."

"No, no," cried Violetta, "I will not allow anyone to harm my Perlino."

The mouse was already inside the room. To jump on to the bed and get under the coverlid was only a game to the rats' cousin. It went straight to Perlino's breast; but before making a hole there, it listened a moment, but his heart was not beating. There was no longer any doubt! Perlino was enchanted, bewitched.

As it brought this news the dawn was already breaking. The wicked marchioness made her appearance, smiling as usual. Violetta, furious at being tricked, and biting her nails with anger, nevertheless made a low bow to the lady as she murmured, "Till to-morrow."

IX. "PATATI, PATATA," AND HOW THE SQUIRREL BROKE THE ENCHANTMENT

This time Violetta went downstairs in better heart. Hope had come back to her. Like the day before, she found the maids of honor in the court, spinning with their distaffs.

"Come away, pretty piper," they cried laughing, "do another of your tricks for us."

"To please you, gracious ladies," replied Violetta. "'Patati, patata,'" said she, "'look sharp and you will see.'"

At that moment the squirrel threw down on the ground one of his nuts, and directly a theater of marionettes appeared. The curtain drew up, the scene represented a law court. At the far end, on the bench covered with red velvet, star-spangled, sat the magistrate, a great big cat, highly respectable-looking though there was a crumb or two of cheese sticking to his long mustache. With a meditative air, his hands crossed in his long sleeves, and his eyes shut, he looked for all the world as if he were asleep, if ever justice sleeps in the cat kingdom.

To the side was a wooden bench where three mice were chained, whose teeth had been drawn, and their ears cut, by way of precaution. They were suspected, which in Naples means convicted, of having looked too closely at a skin of old lard. Facing the criminals was a dais of black cloth, on which was inscribed in letters of gold this sentence, from the great poet and magician Virgil:

"Crush the mice, but humor the cats."

Below the dais stood the barrister, a weasel with a retreating forehead, red eyes, and pointed tongue. His hand was on his heart; he was making an eloquent harangue demanding the law to strangle the mice. His words flowed on like water from a spring. In a most tender and penetrating voice the good man implored and solicited the death of these dreadful little creatures, so that one really grew indignant at their callousness. One felt that they failed in their obvious duty in not offering their heads to be cut off at once, to calm the emotion and dry the tears of this worthy weasel, who was so full of grief.

When the barrister had finished his funeral oration, a young rat scarcely weaned rose to defend the criminals.

He had already settled his glass, taken off his cap, and shaken out his sleeves, when, out of respect for the right of free defense, and in the interest of the accused, the cat refused him permission to speak. Then, in a solemn voice, Master Rominagrobis scolded the prisoners, witnesses, society, heaven, earth, and the rats; and then, putting on his black cap, he thundered forth the sentence of death, and condemned these criminal wretches to be hung and flayed forthwith, with confiscation of property, abolition of memory, and conviction with costs, arrest for debt limited to five years, for one must be humane even to criminals.

The farce played out, the curtain fell.

"How real it is!" exclaimed the Lady of Silver Crowns. "It is cat's justice to the life. Shepherd or magician, whichever you are, sell me the star chamber."

"Certainly, madam, at the same price," replied Violetta.

"We meet again this evening," answered the marchioness.

"Till this evening," said Violetta; and she added softly, "May you be able to repay me all the harm you have done."

While the farce was being played in the court, the squirrel did not waste his time. By dint of scampering about all over the roofs, he had at last succeeded in finding Perlino, who was eating figs in the garden. From the roof the squirrel had jumped on to a tree, and from the tree on to a bush. Always jumping down, he at length reached the spot where Perlino was standing playing at "morra" with his shadow, the safe way to always win. (In this game each of the players raises one or more fingers, and his adversary must guess how many fingers he has raised.)

The squirrel cut a caper, and, sitting down in front of Perlino with the gravity of a notary:

"Friend," said he, "solitude has its charm, but you do not look as if you found it very amusing playing here by yourself; let us have a game together."

"Pooh!" said Perlino, yawning, "your fingers are too short, and you are only an animal."

"Short fingers are not always a disadvantage," replied the squirrel; "I have seen more than one man hung for being too long-fingered; and if I am an animal, Signor Perlino, at least I am a very wide-awake one. That is much better than having intelligence and sleeping like a dormouse. If ever happiness should knock at my door in the night, at least I should be awake to open it."

"Speak clearly," said Perlino, "for the last two days I have felt very strange. My head is heavy, and my heart sad; and I have had bad dreams. Why is that?"

"Look here," said the squirrel, "if you do

not drink, you will not sleep; if you do not sleep, you will see something. A word to the wise is sufficient."

Whereupon the squirrel climbed upon a branch and disappeared.

While Perlino had lived in this retreat, he had grown gradually wiser. Nothing makes one wicked like being bored in company, and nothing makes one wise like being bored in solitude. At supper-time, he watched the face and smile of the Lady of Silver Crowns; he was as gay as usual, but every time he was handed the cup of oblivion, he went to the window and admired the beauty of the evening, and each time he threw the dissolved gold into the garden. The poison fell, it is said, on white worms, which were peeping out of the earth, and ever since then the cockchafers have been golden.

X. THE RECOGNITION, AND HOW HAPPINESS CAME AT LAST TO ALL

On entering his chamber, Perlino remarked the piper gazing sadly at him, but he asked no questions, for he was in a hurry to be alone to see if happiness would knock at his door, and in what guise it would enter. His anxiety was not of long duration. He had not lain down on the bed when he heard a gentle, plaintive voice. It was Violetta, who, in the tenderest language, was reminding him how she had made him and fashioned him with her own hands, and how it was to her prayers that he owed his life; and yet he had allowed himself to be enticed and carried off, while she had run after him so sorely grieved as it was, happily, the lot of few to know. Violetta told him, too, in the most sorrowful and heartrending accents, how for two nights she had watched at his door, and how to obtain this favor she had given treasures worthy of a king, without getting one word from him; and now this last night was the end of all her hopes and her life.

VIOLETTA AND PERLINO RIDING AWAY

On listening to these words, which pierced his heart, Perlino felt as if he had awaked from a dream, as if a cloud was being rent before his eyes. Gently he opened the door and called Violetta, and she threw herself into his arms sobbing. He tried to speak, but she would not let him. We always believe those we love, and sometimes one is so happy that one can only weep.

"Let us go away," said Perlino, "let us leave this accursed fortress."

"It is not so easy to leave, Signor Perlino," replied the squirrel. "The Lady of Silver Crowns does not willingly let anything go that once she has laid hold of. In order to wake you, we have used up all our gifts; now a miracle must be worked to save you."

"Perhaps I have the means," said Perlino, to whom intelligence was coming as sap to a tree in springtime.

He took the packet which contained the magic powder, and went to the stables, followed by Violetta and her three friends. There he saddled the best horse, and, walking quietly out, he reached the lodge where the jailer slept with his keys hanging from his waist. At the noise of footsteps the man waked, and was about to call out. As he opened his mouth, Perlino threw into it the dissolved gold, at the risk of suffocating him; but far from complaining the jailer smiled and fell back in his chair, shutting his eyes and stretching out his legs. To seize his bunch of keys, open the gate, double-lock it again, and throw the keys into the moat, was the work of a moment, and at last they rode away home.

BOY EXTRACTING A THORN

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THE RAIN MAKERS

On the opposite page is

THE HOME OF THE RAIN MAKERS

From the original paintings by Nelly Littlehale Umbstaetter

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ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP

IN WHICH THE FALSE UNCLE ENTICES THE LAZY LAD AND HIS POOR MOTHER

IN the capital of China there lived a tailor named Mustapha, who with difficulty earned a living for himself, his wife, and son, whose name was Aladdin. The boy, though of a sprightly turn and good mind, was careless and idle. He was continually loitering among blackguards in the street; nor could Mustapha by any means prevail with him to apply himself to some employment by which he might earn his bread.

Finding him incorrigible, Mustapha was so much afflicted that his grief brought on a fit of sickness which cost him his life.

Aladdin, being no longer restrained by his father, indulged his indolence to the utmost. He was not ashamed, though fifteen years old, to be supported by his mother's labor, yet ceased to pay her the respect and duty of a son.

One day, as he was amusing himself with his companions, a stranger, who was an African magician, passing by, stopped to observe him. Learning the boy's story from his playmates, the wily African went up to Aladdin and asked him if his father was not called Mustapha the tailor.

"He was so," replied the boy, "but he has been dead a long time." On this the stranger pretended to burst into tears, embraced Aladdin, and said: "I am your uncle. Your father was my brother, and I knew you at first sight, you are so like him." Then, inquiring where his mother lived, he gave the boy a handful of small coins and said, "Go to your mother and tell her I am coming."

Aladdin ran home to his mother and told her all that had happened. She said she had never heard his father talk of a brother; but as the stranger had treated him so kindly, and had given him money enough to provide a supper, she would make ready to receive him. In the evening the new relation came, and, embracing the widow of Mustapha, shed many tears, lamenting that he had not arrived sooner that he might have seen his brother. He then produced some fine fruits and wines, and they sat down to supper.

During their meal the magician pretended to admire Aladdin much. "He must be very like what his father was at his age," said he; "for though it is forty years since I left my native country, my love for my brother kept his features in my mind, and I recollected them the instant I saw him." Then he asked Aladdin what trade he had chosen. Aladdin hung down his head and blushed; but his mother replied that he was an idle fellow, who would do nothing but loiter in the streets.

Aladdin was covered with confusion at his mother's report of him; and the magician added to his concern by blaming him severely. He recommended to the young man that he should apply himself to traffic. "I," said he, "can instruct you how to buy your goods. I will take a shop, and furnish it for you with stuffs and linens. These I will give you to begin with, if you will promise to be diligent." Aladdin did not want sense, though he hated work; he knew that the keepers of such shops were respected; he accepted therefore his new uncle's offer with great thankfulness.

The day following the magician called upon them again early. He took Aladdin out with him, and gave him handsome clothes, suitable to the station of a merchant; he put some money also in his pocket, and made a treat for some principal merchants, on purpose to introduce his pretended nephew to them. Aladdin and his mother were by these means completely deceived. They never doubted but the man who heaped so many favors upon them was really their near relation, and blessed Providence for their good fortune in being found out by him.

The magician continued caressing them till he had obtained full possession of their confidence. One evening at supper, he said to his pretended sister-in-law, "I am thinking, as to-morrow will be Friday, to take Aladdin and show him the gardens out of town where the gentry walk; and as he has never been there, and probably will like to see them all, I will take some refreshments with us, and we will not return till night." To this proposal Aladdin and his mother consented with great pleasure.

In the morning, the young man, dressed in all his new finery, attended the magician accordingly. He took him to the gardens belonging to the sumptuous palaces of the nobility, which were situated out of the city. Aladdin, having never seen anything so elegant, was highly delighted. His false uncle drew him by degrees beyond them, into the plain that led to the mountains, amusing him all the way with pleasant stories. When Aladdin began to tire, the magician proposed that they should sit down and rest. He then produced a parcel of cakes and sweetmeats, and gave the lad as many as he chose, after which they pursued their walk.

IN WHICH ALADDIN THWARTS THE EVIL DESIGN OF THE MAGICIAN

At length they came to a valley which separated two mountains of considerable height. The magician told Aladdin he would show him some things very extraordinary. He directed him to gather a parcel of dry sticks and kindle a fire; which being done, the African cast a perfume in it, and pronounced certain magical words; immediately a great smoke arose, after which the earth trembled a little, and opening, discovered a stone about half a yard square. Aladdin was so frightened at what he saw, that he would have run away; but the magician, catching hold of him, gave him so violent a blow that it knocked him down.

ALADDIN'S PRETENDED UNCLE FINDS HIM IN THE STREET, PLAYING WITH HIS COMPANIONS, AND GIVES HIM COIN, BIDDING HIM CARRY IT TO HIS MOTHER

The youth arose, and with tears in his eyes asked what he had done to merit such severity. The African's aim was to make the boy stand in awe of him, that he might without hesitation obey his orders and execute what he had for him to do. He chid him therefore for his want of resolution and confidence in him, whom he ought to consider as his second father. He then

began to talk to him with his usual affability. "There is hidden," said he, "under that stone an immense treasure, which you may possess if you carefully observe my instructions." Aladdin promised the most exact obedience. The magician embraced him, and putting a ring on his finger bade him pronounce the name of his father and grandfather, and raise up the stone. Aladdin did as he was directed, and, notwithstanding its immense size, he removed the stone with great ease, and discovered a hole several feet deep, and steps to descend lower.

"Observe," said the African, "what I am going to say to you. Not only the possession of the treasure, but your life itself will depend on your punctual attention. Though I have opened this cave, I am forbidden to enter it; that honor is permitted only to you. Go down boldly, then. You will find at the bottom of these steps three great halls, in each of which you will see a large number of coffers full of gold and silver. Be sure you do not meddle with them; nor must you suffer your very clothes to touch the walls. If you do you will instantly perish. When you are through these halls, you will come to a garden. Here you will be perfectly safe, and may handle anything you see. At the farther end of it you will find a lamp, burning in a niche. Take that lamp down, throw away the wick, pour out the liquor, and put the lamp in your bosom to bring to me."

Aladdin obeyed exactly. He went through the halls with as much precaution as the fear of death could inspire. He crossed the garden, secured the lamp in his bosom, and then began to look about with ease and composure. He found the trees were loaded with fruits of many colors — transparent, white, red, green, blue, purple, and yellow. The transparent were diamonds; the white, pearls; the red, rubies; the green, emeralds; the blue, turquoises; the purple, amethysts; and the yellow, sapphires. All these fruits were large and uncommonly beautiful. Aladdin, though he knew nothing of their value, was yet much pleased with them; and, as he had been told he might safely meddle with anything in the garden, he filled his pockets with some of each sort, and even crammed as many as he could into his bosom. He then returned through the halls with the same precautions as before; and, having ascended the steps, he called out to his uncle to assist him with his hand and pull him out of the cave.

Nothing could be further from the intention of the magician than to deliver Aladdin from the cave. He had found by his books that there was such a lamp concealed in a subterraneous abode in China, which would render the possessor more powerful than any prince in the world; but as he was not permitted to enter the place himself, he resolved therefore to seduce some friendless boy to fetch him the wonderful talisman, and, having gained it, to shut up the cave, and leave him to his fate. When Aladdin therefore called out for his assistance, he called as loudly for the lamp. The young man would have readily given it to him, if he had not buried it in his bosom by the quantity of jewels he had put over it; and being ashamed to own that, he entreated his supposed uncle to help him out, and he would deliver it to him immediately.

The dispute had lasted a short time when the magician turned his head and saw some men were entering the valley. Fear of being discovered by them and rage at the obstinacy of the young man overcame every other consideration. He pronounced two magical words which replaced the stone and closed the earth. By this means he lost all hope of obtaining the lamp, since it was forever out of his power to open the cave again or to teach others how to do it. But he gratified his revenge on the author of his disappointment, by delivering up Aladdin, as he supposed, to certain death. He set off immediately for his own country, taking care not to return to the city, lest he should be questioned respecting his pretended nephew.

Aladdin was exceedingly terrified to find himself thus buried alive. He cried out, and called to his uncle, offering to give him the lamp immediately; but it was too late. As the cave was entirely dark, he thought of returning through the halls into the garden, which was light; but here also he was disappointed, the door, which had been opened by enchantment, being now shut.

In this state he continued two days, when, in an agony of distress, he clasped his hands together and rubbed the ring the magician had put upon his finger, and which in his hurry to obtain the lamp he had entirely forgotten to

take away. Immediately an enormous genie rose out of the earth, with a torch in his hand, which illuminated the cave as though the sun had shone in it, and said to him: "What wouldst thou? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, while thou wearest that ring; I and the other slaves of the ring."

At another time Aladdin would have been terrified to death at such an appearance; but despair gave him courage. He replied rapidly, "I charge you, by the ring, if you are able, to release me from this place." He had no sooner spoken than the earth opened; the genie lifted him up to the surface and immediately disappeared, the earth closing again at the same instant.

Aladdin rejoiced greatly at his deliverance, and found his way home without much difficulty; but so agitated by his past terrors, and faint for want of sustenance, that it was some time before he could relate the particulars of his adventure. His mother congratulated him on his escape from such imminent danger, and was not sparing of her execrations against the treacherous impostor who led him into it.

IN WHICH THE LAMP BECOMES PROVIDER FOR THE FAMILY

The next morning when Aladdin got up he was very hungry, and called upon his mother for some breakfast.

"Alas! child," she said, "I have been so distressed on your account that I have not been able to do any work these two days, so that I have no money to buy any provision; and all I had in the house, you ate yesterday. But," continued she, "here is the lamp you brought home, and which had like to cost you your life; it seems to be a very good one. I will clean it, and I dare say it will sell for money enough to keep us until I have spun some more cotton."

Saying this, she took some sand, and began to rub it, when in an instant a genie of gigantic size stood before her, and said: "What wouldst thou? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, the slave of all those who hold that lamp in their hands; I and the other slaves of the lamp."

Aladdin's mother swooned away at the sight of the genie; but her son, who had once before seen such another, caught the lamp out of her hand and said, "I am hungry, bring me something to eat presently." The genie disappeared, and presently returned with a large silver basin, containing twelve covered plates of the same metal, all full of the choicest dainties, with six white loaves and two bottles of sherbet. Having placed these things on the table, he disappeared.

When Aladdin's mother recovered, she was very much pleased to see such a plenty of nice provisions. She sat down with her son, and they feasted abundantly. When they had done, she inquired what had passed between the genie and her son while she was in her swoon.

On being informed that her rubbing the lamp had caused the genie to appear, she protested against ever touching it again, and earnestly advised her son to sell it. Young as he was, he had more prudence. He remonstrated with her on the great pains his false uncle had taken to procure the talisman; on the use it had now been to them, and would no doubt continue to be, as they might live comfortably without labor. Lastly, that as he was now used to the appearance of genii, he would rub the lamp when he wanted anything, at a time when she was not in the way. His mother answered that he might do as he pleased; but for her part she would have nothing to do with genii.

The next day, the provisions being all gone, Aladdin sold one of the plates. He gave the money to his mother, and they lived upon it in their usual frugal manner as long as it lasted. Aladdin then sold another plate, and so on till they were all gone, when Aladdin had recourse again to the lamp and the genie supplied the table with another silver basin and the same number of covered plates equally well filled.

In this way Aladdin and his mother very prudently continued to live as usual for several years; only he went more neat, and, instead of associating with mean fellows, he by degrees insinuated himself into the good opinion of the first merchants and jewelers of the city, and became acquainted with the true value of those jewels he had brought from the garden in the subterraneous cave. These he had considered as colored glass only, and had suffered them to lie unnoticed in a couple of bags under one of the cushions of the sofa. But though he found himself possessed of immense wealth, yet he

persisted in living privately, even humbly, devoting his whole time to the improvement of his understanding.

IN WHICH ALADDIN PAYS COURT TO THE SULTAN'S DAUGHTER

Accident put an end to this philosophical indolence. One day, as Aladdin was walking in the town, he heard an order of the Sultan published for all the people to shut their shops and keep within doors, while the Princess Badroulboudour (that is, full moon of full moons), the Sultan's daughter, went to the baths. Aladdin was seized with a great desire to see the princess, to accomplish which he contrived to get behind the outer door of the bath and peeped through a chink. Till now he had never seen any woman's face but his mother's. He supposed, therefore, that all women were like her. But when the princess raised her veil and showed her beautiful face, instantly he fell in love with her. He went home so changed that his mother was frightened. He told her he loved the princess so deeply that he could not live without her, and meant to ask her in marriage of her father. At this his mother burst out laughing, reminding him that he was a tailor's son, and it was extravagant madness to ask such an impossibility of the Sultan, who could crush him at a word. But Aladdin persisted, saying he could furnish a proper offering to the Sultan; and at last he grew so melancholy that she consented to approach the Sultan, taking the magnificent jewels Aladdin had brought from the cave.

So she set out, trusting in the lamp and in the present, which was tied up in a fine white napkin. She placed herself, with the other suitors, in full view of the Sultan, but was not noticed; and for six days she repeated this silent appeal. At last the Sultan took notice of her, and ordered the grand vizier to introduce her.

Prostrating herself, when the Sultan bade her rise, she replied, "Before I presume to tell Your Majesty the extraordinary and almost incredible affair which brings me before you, I must most humbly request the favor of being heard by you in private, and also that you will pardon me the bold, or rather impudent demand I have to make." The Sultan's curiosity was much excited by this preface; he ordered everybody to withdraw but the grand vizier and the petitioner, and then directed her to proceed, promising to forgive her for anything she might say. She then told him of her son's violent love for the princess.

The Sultan burst into laughter, while the grand vizier, who hoped the Sultan would bestow the hand of the princess upon his son, was indignant. But presently the Sultan said, "You have brought a present, I see, to forward your suit; pray, let me look at it."

When the Sultan saw the inestimable jewels, the smallest of which surpassed in beauty and value the finest in his own treasury, he was amazed, and turning to the vizier said, "Ought I not to bestow the princess upon one who values her at such a price?"

The vizier was amazed and chagrined, but begged the Sultan to withhold her for three months, hoping that his son might contrive meanwhile to make a richer present. To this the Sultan consented, telling Aladdin's mother to return again in three months, hinting that the answer then would not be unfavorable to her son.

Overjoyed at a reception so much beyond her hopes, she hastened home to her son, who was delighted at her report. Three months seemed an age; but love gave him patience, and for two months he lived in high hopes. Then, his mother, going into the city to buy oil, found all the shops shut and great preparations making for an illumination. Inquiring the cause, she was told that the son of the grand vizier was to be married that night to the Princess Badroulboudour.

The truth was, the vizier, alarmed by Aladdin's application, had taken every means to forward his son's suit; and, being a great favorite, had persuaded the Sultan to set aside his engagement with a stranger and complete the intended nuptials between the princess and his son.

Breathless, Aladdin's mother ran and told him the news. Aladdin was in despair, but retired to his chamber and rubbed his lamp. The genie immediately appeared and made the usual tender of his services.

"My command is," said Aladdin, "that

to-night you bring hither the Sultan's daughter and the bridegroom."

"Master, I obey," said the genie.

At the palace, after the wedding ceremonies, no sooner had the bride and groom retired to their chamber, than they were transported by the genie to Aladdin's room. "Take this bridegroom," said Aladdin, "and put him outside in the cold, and return at daybreak."

THE PRINCESS IS CONDUCTED TO THE PALACE WHICH THE GENIE HAS BUILT FOR ALADDIN

Whereupon the genie took the vizier's son away, leaving Aladdin with the princess.

"Fear nothing," said Aladdin to her; "you are my rightful wife, promised to me by your unjust father; no harm shall come to you."

The princess was too frightened to speak, and passed a miserable night. At dawn the genie brought in the shivering bridegroom, and transported them back to the palace. The mother of the princess learned what had happened, and the Sultan was much angered and perplexed. The following night exactly the same thing happened, and the Sultan, when his daughter refused to speak, threatened to cut off her head; whereupon she told all. The vizier's son also confessed the truth, and said he would rather die than go through another such fearful night, much as he loved the princess. He wished therefore to be separated from her. The Sultan agreed, rejoicings were stopped, and the marriage was publicly declared void. Aladdin heard the news with great joy, but no one suspected that he had anything to do with the strange matter.

IN WHICH ALADDIN PERFORMS WONDERS AND WINS HIS PRINCESS

When the three months were expired, Aladdin sent his mother to the Sultan to remind him of his promise. The Sultan remembered her, but, having no inclination to give the princess to her son, he consulted his vizier, who advised him to demand of Aladdin a nuptial present so exceedingly valuable that it would be out of his power to procure it. The Sultan was well pleased with the advice, which he doubted not would effectually prevent his hearing any more of Aladdin. He beckoned the woman to him, and told her he was ready to give the princess to her son, provided he sent him forty basins of massy gold, full of the same kind of stones she had given him before, each basin to be carried by a black slave, led by a young and handsome white slave, all of them magnificently dressed. "Go," said he, "and tell him on these conditions I am ready to receive him as my son-in-law."

The old lady returned home much dejected. Aladdin heard her report with great pleasure, and summoning the genie requested he would immediately provide the present the Sultan had demanded.

In a few minutes the house of Aladdin was filled by the eighty slaves: forty black ones, bearing large golden basins, filled with all sorts of jewels, each basin being covered with a silver stuff embroidered with flowers of gold. Aladdin pressed his mother to return to the Sultan and present him with the dowry he had demanded, and, opening the door, he ordered a white slave to go out, and a black one with his basin to follow. In this order they all set forth, and the mother of Aladdin closed the procession, the like of which had never been seen.

The splendid habits of the slaves, and the

ALADDIN RIDES IN STATE TO THE PALACE, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS RETINUE OF SLAVES, WHO SCATTER GOLD AMONG THE PLEASED PEOPLE

beauty and gracefulness of their persons, attracted every eye. They proceeded slowly, and at equal distances from each other, and, as they marched through the city, the people crowded to see them. When they arrived at the palace, the porters would have received them with the highest honors; but he who came first, being instructed by the genie, said,

"We are only slaves; our master will appear in due time."

When they entered the divan, they formed a semicircle before the throne; the black slaves laid the basins on the carpets and uncovered them, and the whole company, having paid proper compliments to the sovereign, stood with their arms crossed over with great modesty.

The Sultan surveyed the whole with the utmost amazement and satisfaction. The vizier himself, notwithstanding his grief and envy, was obliged to own that Aladdin's present merited his reception into the royal family. All the court concurred in his opinion, and the Sultan dismissed the old lady with directions for her son to hasten and receive the princess from the hands of her father.

The joy with which Aladdin received this message was unutterable. He summoned the genie and said: "Genie, I want to bathe. Provide me also with proper apparel and equipage, that I may visit the Sultan, who has consented to receive me as a son." As soon as he had spoken these words he was conveyed to a bath, where he was washed with all sorts of fine-scented water. When he had bathed, he was quite a different man from what he had been before. His skin was clear, his complexion improved, and his whole body lightsome and easy. The genie clothed him with a most magnificent habit, and conveyed him home, where he found a number of attendants ready to wait on him and his mother to the palace.

The genie supplied him with ten purses of gold, which he gave to the slaves who went before him, and they threw handfuls of it on each side among the populace. By this liberality he gained the affections of the people. He was so altered that his former companions did not know him, for such were the effects of the lamp that those who possessed it acquired by degrees rare perfections both of mind and person.

When Aladdin arrived at court and was introduced to the Sultan, the monarch embraced him, and was charmed with the wit and good sense of his intended son-in-law. The judge presented the contract, and the Sultan asked Aladdin if he chose to stay in the palace and solemnize the marriage immediately.

Aladdin with great gratitude declined the Sultan's offer. "I would wish first," said he, "to build a palace fit for the reception of the charming princess, and humbly beg Your Majesty will grant me a piece of ground near your own, that I may the readier pay my duty to you." The Sultan bade him take what ground he pleased, but desired him to consider how long it must be before he could complete a new palace; and all that time he should be without the pleasure of calling him son.

IN WHICH ALADDIN BUILDS HIS PALACE AND ASTONISHES THE SULTAN

When Aladdin returned home he summoned the genie in the usual manner. "Genie," said he, "the punctuality and diligence with which you have executed my orders deserve every acknowledgment. I have now a commission of still greater importance for you to perform. I wish you to build me a palace opposite the Sultan's, fit to receive the princess. Let the materials be the most rare and costly; let there be a large hall in it with a dome at the top, and four and twenty windows. Decorate these windows with jewels of all descriptions, the most valuable you can procure, but leave one of them plain. Instead of wainscot, let the walls of the hall be formed of massy wedges of polished gold and silver laid alternately. Let the offices be perfectly complete, and the whole supplied with the most sumptuous furniture and with a proper number of handsome slaves to perform the necessary duties. Do all this, I charge thee by the lamp, in the most perfect manner and with all possible dispatch."

By the time Aladdin had finished his instructions to the genie, the sun was set. The next morning, at daybreak, the genie presented himself and said, "Sir, your palace is finished; come and see how you like it." Aladdin consenting, he transported him thither, and led him through the various apartments, where he found his orders punctually obeyed. The treasury was filled to the ceiling with bags of money, the palace with the most costly furniture, and the stables with the finest horses in the world. When Aladdin had reviewed the whole, he gave it the praise it deserved. He then ordered the genie to spread a piece of fine velvet from the Sultan's palace to his own, for

the princess to walk on, which, being executed, the genie conducted Aladdin back to his own apartment.

As the morning advanced the grand vizier was astonished at the sight of so magnificent a building erected on a plain which was quite open the night before. He ran to acquaint the Sultan with it, declaring it could be only enchantment. "Vizier," replied the Sultan, "it is envy makes you say so. You know it is Aladdin's palace. No doubt he has been long engaged in preparing it; and now has put it together by employing a vast number of people, and paying them well, on purpose to surprise us. You must believe his riches are inexhaustible, and he thus shows us what can be done by money."

Aladdin now sent a message to the Sultan, desiring his permission to wait on him and the princess, and that the nuptials might be solemnized that day. The Sultan consenting, Aladdin bade adieu forever to his parental dwelling. He first disposed his mother to go to the palace with her slaves to attend the princess; he then secured his wonderful lamp, and, mounting his horse, attended by a numerous and splendid retinue, he arrived at the palace.

The marriage ceremonies were performed, and in the evening Aladdin went first to his own palace, that he might be ready to receive the princess, who, having taken a tender farewell of her parents, set forward on the velvet amidst the sound of trumpets and the shouts of the people. Aladdin received her with transport, and conducted her into the grand hall, which was superbly illuminated. The princess being seated, a noble feast was served up. The plates and dishes were all of burnished gold, and contained the most delicious meats; the vessels were also of gold; and all the other furniture in the hall was suitably magnificent. The princess, though used to the splendor of a court from her infancy, was yet much struck with the magnificence of her new habitation, and expressed her pleasure to Aladdin in the strongest terms.

The day following, the royal parents came to Aladdin's palace to congratulate the princess; she received them with cheerful duty, and conducted them to the hall. They were astonished at such a display of riches and elegance; but the Sultan, seeing one of the windows without ornament, inquired the reason of it. "Sir," replied the prince, for so Aladdin was now called, "I ordered the window to be left in that state, that Your Majesty might have the glory of finishing this hall and palace."

The Sultan accepted the compliment, and ordered his jewelers and goldsmiths to set about it. For a whole month they were busily employed, and had used all the Sultan's jewels, yet they had not finished one side of the window. When Aladdin found they were quite at a stand, he ordered them to undo their work and restore the jewels to the Sultan. He then rubbed his lamp, and directed the genie to complete the hall, which was done immediately.

The Sultan, when the workmen returned him the jewels, came to expostulate with his son-in-law on his leaving so noble a hall unfinished; but when Aladdin conducted him into it he found the windows were all perfect. Turning to Aladdin, he embraced him, saying, "You are a most extraordinary man, to do such surprising things thus in an instant; the more I know you the more I admire you."

From this time Aladdin lived in great state. He was also happy in the affection of the princess, the confidence of the Sultan, and the general love of the people. He supported the dignity of his rank with propriety; his abilities appeared more and more respectable. On a dangerous insurrection the Sultan gave him the command of his armies, and he was found worthy of the trust, defeating the rebels in two pitched battles, in which he displayed great courage and military conduct.

IN WHICH THE EVIL MAGICIAN REAPPEARS AND ACTS WICKEDLY

But no situation in human life is exempt from misfortune. Several years after these events, the African magician who had undesignedly been the instrument of Aladdin's good fortune, chanced to recollect him, and resolved to know if he had perished in the cave. He cast figures, and formed a horoscope, by which he found that Aladdin had escaped, lived splendidly, was rich, had married a princess, and was very much honored and respected.

The natural malignity of the magician became tenfold on this discovery. He burst out in a

rage, saying: "Has this wretched tailor's son discovered the virtue of the lamp? Does he whom I despised and devoted to death enjoy the fruit of my labor and study? He shall not long do so." He immediately prepared for a journey, and, setting off next day, traveled till he arrived again at the capital of China.

He put up at one of the principal khans, and

THE MAGICIAN DISGUISED AS A PEDDLER GETS THE MAGIC LAMP

mingled with people of the better sort, among whom he soon heard much talk of Aladdin's palace, and presently was convinced that it was built by the genii, slaves of the lamp, as it was evidently out of the power of man to produce so rich and glorious an edifice.

The magician learned that Aladdin was gone on a hunting party, which would last several days. Having recourse to his art to know whether Aladdin carried his lamp about him, he learned that the lamp was left in the palace. He placed, therefore, a dozen handsome copper lamps in a basket, and went to the palace, crying out, "Who will change old lamps for new?"

This drew a crowd of boys and idle people about him. The noise attracted the notice of the princess, who sent a female slave to inquire the cause. On her report, another of the princess's women said: "Let us try if this man is as silly as he pretends to be. I remember to have seen an old copper lamp on a cornice; the owner no doubt will be glad to find a new one in its place." Badroulboudour consented; the exchange was soon made; and the magician, having obtained the prize he sought, returned with it, rejoicing, to his khan.

In the evening he went into the fields, and reposed himself till midnight. He then rubbed the lamp, when the genie appeared, and said: "What wouldst thou? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave; the slave of all those who have that lamp in their hands; I, and the other slaves of the lamp." "I command thee," replied the magician, "to transport me and the palace which thou hast built in this city, and all who are in it, to such a place in Africa." The genie and his associates immediately obeyed him.

The Sultan was so delighted with Aladdin's palace, that he used to look out of his closet every morning to admire it. The morning after this removal, he was astonished to see only a void space where the palace had stood the evening before. On consulting his grand vizier, that minister replied: "I am exceedingly sorry, sir, that this event too fully proves the truth of my opinion. Your Majesty knows I have always thought this palace, and all its immense riches, were the work of magic only; and I now fear, with too much reason, that those powers who were capable, in one night, of producing so much treasure and magnificence, have with equal facility taken them away again."

These remarks of the vizier kindled the Sultan's rage against Aladdin. "Where is that impostor, that vile wretch?" exclaimed the Sultan. "Bring him before me, and let his head pay the price of his wicked delusions."

IN WHICH ALADDIN'S LIFE IS IN DANGER, BUT THE RING BRINGS RESCUE

The vizier dispatched an officer, properly instructed, with a small party of horse, in search of Aladdin, who had not the least idea of his having incurred the displeasure of his father-in-law.

The officer arrested him, and a chain was put

about his neck, and fastened round his body, so that his arms were pinioned. One of the troopers took hold of the end of the chain, and Aladdin was obliged to follow him on foot through the city to the Sultan's palace.

Aladdin submitted with astonishment to this severe treatment. When he was brought into the royal presence, the Sultan, without deigning to speak to him, ordered the executioner to take off his head. Aladdin was stripped, bound, and kneeling to receive the fatal stroke when an accident happened which obliged the Sultan reluctantly to suspend his fate.

The conducting of Aladdin through the city with so much disgrace alarmed and irritated the people, by whom he was universally beloved. A large mob followed the party to the palace; and, as the news spread, the mob increased. People of all descriptions joined them, and a great disturbance ensued. Part of the rioters were so bold as to force the gates, others scaled the walls of the palace. The Sultan was terrified. He ordered Aladdin to be unbound, and proclaimed that he had pardoned him. This satisfied the people, who presently dispersed.

When Aladdin was set at liberty he threw himself at the Sultan's feet and begged to know his crime. "Thy crime, perfidious wretch!" replied the Sultan, "dost thou not know it? Follow me"; and leading him into his closet said, "Thou oughtest to know where thy palace stood; look, and tell me what is become of it."

Aladdin, seeing his palace was removed, was overwhelmed with grief and despair. The Sultan, instead of being softened by his distress, became more and more incensed. "Caitiff," said he, "produce my daughter, whom I value a thousand times beyond thy palace, or no consideration shall restrain me from putting thee to death."

"I beseech Your Majesty," replied Aladdin, "to give me forty days to search for my dear princess; if at the end of that time I am unsuccessful, I do solemnly swear I will return and deliver myself into your hands." "Begone then," answered the Sultan; "but know that if you break this oath, you shall not escape my resentment. My rage shall pursue you, if you do not produce my daughter, in whatever part of the world you may vainly attempt to hide yourself."

Aladdin left the Sultan, covered with confusion. Among the officers of the court, some pitied, some insulted him; but no one offered him comfort or assistance. He passed on to the city, about which he rambled for three days. His senses became disturbed, and he asked everyone he met if he could tell him any news of his palace.

Tired at last of wandering about the streets, he strolled into the country; and, coming to the side of a river, as he was indulging his grief, the ground he stood on gave way, and he would have fallen into the river if he had not caught hold of a rock which supported him. In recovering himself he pressed the ring he had formerly received from the African magician. The genie immediately appeared and made him the usual offer of his services.

Aladdin, recovering at once from his despair, cried out, "O, genie, preserve my life a second time, by bringing back my palace to the place where it stood."

"That I cannot do," replied the genie; "you must address yourself to the slave of the lamp."

"At least," said Aladdin, "convey me to the place where it stands, and set me down under the Princess Badroulboudour's window." These words were no sooner uttered than the genie transported him to Africa and set him down as he had desired.

IN WHICH ALADDIN OUTWITS THE MAGICIAN AND RESTORES HIS PALACE

It was night when Aladdin found himself under the window of the princess. As he knew not who might be within, he determined not to enter it till morning. He sat down at the root of a large tree and began to consider within himself whence his misfortunes proceeded. He recollected how carelessly he had left his inestimable lamp, and doubted not but that carelessness was the source of all his sorrows. But how it should fall into the hands of anyone who knew its use was wonderful; and still more so, that the present possessor should have so much ill-will to him as to remove the princess and her palace.

At length fatigue and grief overcame him, and he fell asleep; but waking very early he had the satisfaction of seeing the princess at

her window, for sorrow had driven sleep from her eyelids. Badroulboudour soon perceived him. She made signs to him that he should repair to the back door, where a trusty slave attended to admit him and conduct him to his beloved princess.

When the joy of their meeting had a little subsided, Badroulboudour explained to him the source of their misfortune, by telling him they were in Africa. She related to him the manner in which the magician had obtained the lamp, which he now constantly carried in his bosom; and added that he every day paid her one visit, and audaciously presumed to solicit her love, assuring her that her husband had fallen a victim to the Sultan's anger.

Aladdin besought the princess to permit him to go to a neighboring town. "This man," said he, "in whose power we now are, is the most subtle and wicked of mankind. Yet as he can have no idea that I am at hand, I think we shall be able to evade his malice. When he comes to you to-day," continued Aladdin, "receive him with less reserve than usual; seem as if you would shortly be reconciled to your situation; invite him to sup with you, and leave the rest to me."

Aladdin then went into the town, and bought of a druggist half a dram of a certain powder, with which he returned to the palace. This he gave to the princess with instructions how to use it, and then repaired to a closet lest he should be discovered. The magician paid his usual visit to the princess, and was glad to find her in much better spirits than before. She had now, for the first time since in his power, dressed herself elegantly; she conversed with him with freedom, and even heard him talk of love without showing much disgust. When he was about to depart, she pretended a desire to taste the wines of Africa, and desired he would provide her some of the best, and come and sup with her.

The wily African, with all his cunning, allowed himself to be deceived. The incomparable beauty of the princess overcame his prudence, and he thought himself secure of his expected enjoyment.

In the evening the princess received him in the most flattering manner. After supper, when the wine was set before them, the princess gave an appointed signal to her attendant. A gold cup was presented to the magician, and another to the princess. In her cup was the powder procured by Aladdin. Wine being poured out, the princess told the magician that in China it was the custom for lovers to exchange cups, and at the same time held out her cup to him. He eagerly made the exchange, and putting the

THE MAGICIAN DRINKS THE DEADLY POISON

cup he had received from her to his lips, he drank the wine and immediately expired.

When the magician fell down, Aladdin, who had watched the event, entered the hall and, running to the body, found the lamp carefully wrapped up in his bosom. He retired again to the closet, and, summoning the genie, commanded him to restore the palace to its former situation, which he did accordingly, those within it only feeling two slight shocks — one when it was lifted up, the other when it was set down, and both in a short interval of time.

The Sultan had continued inconsolable for the loss of his daughter. As it had been his custom formerly to go often into his closet to admire Aladdin's palace, he now did so for very different reasons. Every morning, and often in

the daytime, he retired there to indulge his sorrow for the loss of his beloved daughter. The morning after the return of the palace, the Sultan entered his closet, unusually sad, when going to the window, he had the joyful surprise of seeing it again in its place. He flew thither, and embraced his daughter with tears of joy; nor was she less affected.

When their transports were a little abated, the princess related to her father everything that had befallen her. She took upon herself the whole blame of changing the lamp, and magnified the merit of her husband in having so soon found her out and delivered her. The Sultan embraced Aladdin, and the whole city rejoiced at the safe return of Aladdin and the princess.

IN WHICH ALADDIN SUBDUES HIS LAST ENEMY, LOSES THE LAMP, AND RULES IN PEACE

The happiness of Aladdin was not yet secured. Though the magician was dead, he had left a brother as wicked and as powerful as himself. It was the custom of these brothers to inform themselves by their art, once a year, where each other was, and whether either of them stood in need of the other's assistance.

When the customary period arrived, all the particulars of the African magician's death became known to his brother as well as Aladdin's present situation. Having learned these things, he set out for the capital of China, to gratify his revenge, and after incredible fatigue arrived there safely. He went continually to places of public resort, to acquaint himself with the customs of the people, and Aladdin's mode of living, intending to form thence a plan to destroy him.

He often heard of one Fatima, a holy woman, whose piety was everywhere spoken of. They even declared that she had the power of working miracles.

From all this, the magician formed a plot which he put in execution in this manner: He found out the cell of the holy woman and went to her under pretense of being much afflicted with the headache. By this means he had an opportunity of observing her appearance and manner of conversation. He returned to the city, and about midnight set out again for Fatima's cell. The holy woman was fast asleep in her clothes, on a mattress. He awakened her and, clapping a dagger to her breast, bade her get up and be silent.

Fatima was much frightened, but obeyed. He then ordered her to change clothes with him. This done, he took out a vessel, holding a certain liquor and a brush, and commanded Fatima to color his face that it might resemble hers, swearing that he would not hurt her. So she painted his face, put on him her coif and beads, and, giving him her stick, showed him how he ought to walk to appear like her. Being thus completely able to pass for Fatima, he, without the least regard to his oath, strangled her and threw her into a cistern.

In the morning he returned to the city, where he imitated the holy woman so well that every one crowded for her benediction. He went directly towards Aladdin's palace, and, the multitude attending him being noticed by the princess, she inquired the cause of it. Badroulboudour had often heard of the holy woman, but had never seen her. She sent therefore to desire to speak with her. The magician was overjoyed. He counterfeited Fatima with great exactness, and when introduced, by affecting great piety and mortification, by a long prayer, and many vows for her prosperity, the detestable hypocrite gained the esteem of the credulous princess, who was too good herself to distrust others.

After a long conversation, the magician artfully dropped a hint at the splendor of the palace. The princess, thinking the sight of the magnificent hall must give pleasure even to an anchorite, conducted the false Fatima thither, and asked her how she liked that building. "I am not," replied the magician, "a judge of these fine things; but I think if a roc's egg was hung up in the midst of the dome, the whole would be complete. There is one on the top of Mount Caucasus; and the architect who built your palace can procure it for you."

To this conversation the princess paid much attention. She had ever considered that hall as the grandest and most elegant building in the world, and she could not bear it should want anything to make it absolutely perfect. She led the supposed holy woman into another apartment, and requested her to continue with

her the remainder of the day; to which, with apparent reluctance but with real joy, the deceiver consented.

When Aladdin returned from council, the princess met him, and desired he would have a roc's egg hung up in the dome of the hall, telling him at the same time where there was one. Aladdin, who was always desirous of pleasing the princess, went immediately to the hall, and summoning the genie said, "There is a roc's egg on Mount Caucasus, which I would have thee bring and hang up in this dome." These words were no sooner uttered, than the genie set up a fearful cry, after which he said to Aladdin: "Wretch! is it not enough that I and my companions have done so much for thee, but thou must command me to bring my master, and hang him up in thy hall? It is well for thee that thou art not the author of this ungrateful request. Know, then, that the deviser of it is the brother of the African magician. He has murdered Fatima, and is now with thy wife disguised to resemble that holy woman. It was he who suggested this demand to the princess, by which he hoped to have involved you both in ruin. He will now endeavor to kill thee; look therefore to thyself." After these words, the genie, snatching the lamp from Aladdin's hand, disappeared.

As soon as Aladdin had recovered from his surprise, he determined at once what measures to pursue. He went into the chamber where the princess and the magician were conversing together, and pretended to have a headache, desiring the false Fatima to cure it. The magician, overjoyed, approached with a dagger in one hand concealed under his clothes; as he drew near, Aladdin seized him by that arm, and in an instant, with his own dagger, put an end to his pernicious life.

Though Aladdin was much grieved for the loss of his lamp, yet he consoled himself, as by the death of the magician his peace was secured. He succeeded some years afterward to the throne of China, on which he reigned with his princess to a good old age, and left behind him a numerous posterity.

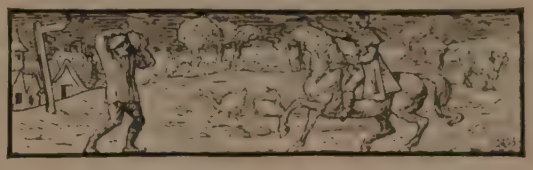
JAKOB AND WILHELM GRIMM

THE BROTHERS GRIMM

JAKOB and Wilhelm Grimm were two brothers who lived in Germany. They were learned, and wrote many wise books. They were so gentle and kindly that everyone loved them.

They liked to hear stories, and wherever they went they carried pens, ink, and paper to write down the stories they heard, stories that had been told by German mothers for years, but had never been written before.

Here are a few of the stories they wrote for us. They wrote in German, so the stories have been translated into English. This translation was made by Lucy Crane, and the pictures are by Walter Crane, who was one of the foremost English illustrators. We are permitted to use these through the courtesy of the Macmillan Company, publishers of this charming volume.



HANS IN LUCK

HANS had served his master seven years, and at the end of the seventh year he said:

"Master, my time is up; I want to go home and see my mother, so give me my wages."

"You have served me truly and faithfully," said the master; "as the service is, so must the wages be," and he gave him a lump of gold as big as his head. Hans pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket and tied up the lump of gold

in it, hoisted it on his shoulder, and set off on his way home. And as he was trudging along, there came in sight a man riding on a spirited horse, and looking very gay and lively. "Oh!" cried Hans aloud, "how splendid riding must be! sitting as much at one's ease as in an arm-chair, stumbling over no stones, saving one's shoes, and getting on one hardly knows how!"

The horseman heard Hans say this, and called out to him:

"Well, Hans, what are you doing on foot?"

"I can't help myself," said Hans, "I have this great lump to carry; to be sure, it is gold, but then I can't hold my head straight for it, and it hurts my shoulder."

"I'll tell you what," said the horseman, "we will change; I will give you my horse, and you shall give me your lump of gold."

"With all my heart," said Hans; "but I warn you, you will find it heavy." And the horseman got down, took the gold, and, helping Hans up, he gave the reins into his hand.

"When you want to go fast," said he, "you must click your tongue and cry 'Gee-up!'"

And Hans, as he sat upon his horse, was glad at heart, and rode off with merry cheer. After a while he thought he should like to go quicker, so he began to click with his tongue and to cry "Gee-up!" And the horse began to trot, and Hans was thrown before he knew what was going to happen, and there he lay in the ditch by the side of the road. The horse would have got away but that he was caught by a peasant who was passing that way and driving a cow before him. And Hans pulled himself together and got upon his feet, feeling very vexed. "Poor work, riding," said he, "especially on a jade like this, who starts off and throws you before you know where you are, going near to break your neck; never shall I try that game again; now, your cow is something worth having, one can jog on comfortably after her and have her milk, butter, and cheese every day into the bargain. What would I not give to have such a cow!"

"Well, now," said the peasant, "since it will be doing you such a favor, I don't mind exchanging my cow for your horse."

Hans agreed most joyfully, and the peasant, swinging himself into the saddle, was soon out of sight.

And Hans went along driving his cow quietly before him, and thinking all the while of the fine bargain he had made.

"With only a piece of bread I shall have everything I can possibly want, for I shall always be able to have butter and cheese to it, and if I am thirsty I have nothing to do but to milk my cow; and what more is there for heart to wish!"

And when he came to an inn he made a halt, and in the joy of his heart ate up all the food he had brought with him, dinner and supper and all, and bought half a glass of beer with his last two farthings. Then on he went again driving his cow, until he should come to the village where his mother lived. It was now near the middle of the day, and the sun grew hotter and hotter, and Hans found himself on a heath which it would be an hour's journey to cross. And he began to feel very hot, and so thirsty that his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"Never mind," said Hans; "I can find a remedy. I will milk my cow at once." And tying her to a dry tree, and taking off his leather cap to serve for a pail, he began to milk, but not a drop came. And as he set to work rather awkwardly, the impatient beast gave him such a kick on the head with her hind foot that he fell to the ground, and for some time could not think where he was; when luckily there came by a butcher who was wheeling along a young pig in a wheelbarrow.

"Here's a fine piece of work!" cried he, helping poor Hans on his legs again. Then Hans related to him all that had happened; and the butcher handed him his pocket flask, saying:

"Here, take a drink, and be a man again; of course the cow would give no milk; she is old and only fit to draw burdens, or to be slaughtered."

"Well, to be sure," said Hans, scratching his head. "Who would have thought it? Of course it is a very handy way of getting meat when a man has a beast of his own to kill; but for my part I do not care much about cow beef, it is rather tasteless. Now, if I had but a young pig, that is much better meat, and then the sausages!"

"Look here, Hans," said the butcher; "just for love of you I will exchange, and will give you my pig instead of your cow."

"Heaven reward such kindness!" cried Hans, and handing over the cow, received in exchange the pig, who was turned out of his wheelbarrow and was to be led by a string.

So on went Hans, thinking how everything turned out according to his wishes, and how, if trouble overtook him, all was sure to be set right directly. After a while he fell in with a peasant, who was carrying a fine white goose under his arm. They bade each other good day, and Hans began to tell about his luck, and how he had made so many good exchanges. And the peasant told how he was taking the goose to a christening feast.

"Just feel how heavy it is," said he, taking it up by the wings; "it has been fattening for the last eight weeks; and when it is roasted, won't the fat run down!"

"Yes, indeed," said Hans, weighing it in his hand; "very fine, to be sure; but my pig is not to be despised."

Upon which the peasant glanced cautiously on all sides, and shook his head.

"I am afraid," said he, "that there is something not quite right about your pig. In the village I have just left one had actually been stolen from the bailiff's yard. I fear, I fear you have it in your hand; they have sent after the thief, and it would be a bad lookout for you if it was found upon you; the least that could happen would be to be thrown into a dark hole."

Poor Hans grew pale with fright. "For heaven's sake," said he, "help me out of this scrape. I am a stranger in these parts; take my pig and give me your goose."

"It will be running some risk," answered the man, "but I will do it sooner than that you should come to grief." And so, taking the cord in his hand, he drove the pig quickly along a by-path, and lucky Hans went on his way home with the goose under his arm. "The more I think of it," said he to himself, "the better the bargain seems; first I get the roast goose; then the fat; that will last a whole year for bread and dripping; and lastly the beautiful white feathers which I can stuff my pillow with; how comfortably I shall sleep upon it, and how pleased my mother will be!" Which made Hans feel very happy indeed.

And when he reached the last village, he saw a knife-grinder with his barrow; and his wheel went whirring round, and he sang:

> "My scissors I grind, and my wheel I turn;
> And all good fellows my trade should learn,
> For all that I meet with just serves my turn."

And Hans stood and looked at him; and at last he spoke to him and said:

"You seem very well off, and merry with your grinding."

"Yes," answered the knife-grinder, "my handiwork pays very well. I call a man a good grinder who, every time he puts his hand in his pocket, finds money there. But where did you buy that fine goose?"

"I did not buy it, but I exchanged it for my pig," said Hans.

"And the pig?"

"That I exchanged for a cow."

"And the cow?"

"That I exchanged for a horse."

"And the horse?"

"I gave for the horse a lump of gold as big as my head."

"And the gold?"

"Oh, that was my wage for seven years' service."

"You seem to have fended for yourself very well," said the knife-grinder. "Now, if you could but manage to have money in your pocket every time you put your hand in, your fortune is made."

"How shall I manage that?" said Hans.

"You must be a knife-grinder, like me," said the man. "All you want is a grindstone, the rest comes of itself. I have one here; to be sure it is a little damaged, but I don't mind letting you have it in exchange for your goose; what say you?"

"How can you ask?" answered Hans. "I shall be the luckiest fellow in the world, for if I find money whenever I put my hand in my pocket, there is nothing more left to want."

And so he handed over the goose to the peddler and received the grindstone in exchange.

"Now," said the knife-grinder, taking up a heavy common stone that lay near him, "here is another proper sort of stone that will stand a good deal of wear and that you can hammer out your old nails upon. Take it with you, and carry it carefully."

Hans lifted up the stone and carried it off with a contented mind. "I must have been born under a lucky star!" cried he, while his eyes sparkled for joy. "I have only to wish for a thing and it is mine."

After a while he began to feel rather tired, as indeed he had been on his legs since daybreak; he also began to feel rather hungry, as in the fullness of his joy at getting the cow, he had eaten up all he had. At last he could scarcely go on at all, and had to make a halt every moment, for the stones weighed him down most unmercifully, and he could not help wishing that he did not feel obliged to drag them along. And on he went at a snail's pace until he came to a well; then he thought he would rest and take a drink of the fresh water. And he placed the stones carefully by his side at the edge of the well; then he sat down, and, as he stooped to drink, he happened to give the stones a little push, and they both fell into the water with a splash. And then Hans, having watched them disappear, jumped for joy, and thanked his stars that he had been so lucky as to get rid of the stones that had weighed upon him so long, without any effort of his own.

"I really think," cried he, "I am the luckiest man under the sun." So on he went, void of care, until he reached his mother's house.

THE GOOSE-GIRL

THERE lived once an old Queen, whose husband had been dead many years. She had a beautiful daughter who was promised in marriage to a King's son living a great way off. When the time appointed for the wedding drew near, and the old Queen had to send her daughter into the foreign land, she got together many costly things, furniture and cups and jewels and adornments both of gold and silver, everything proper for the dowry of a royal Princess, for she loved her daughter dearly. She gave her also a waiting gentlewoman to attend her and to give her into the bridegroom's hands; and they were each to have a horse for the journey, and the Princess's horse was named Falada, and he could speak. When the time for parting came, the old Queen took her daughter to her chamber, and with a little knife she cut her own finger so that it bled; and she held beneath it a white napkin, and on it fell three drops of blood; and she gave it to her daughter, bidding her take care of it, for it would be needful to her on the way. Then they took leave of each other; and the Princess put the napkin in her bosom, got on her horse, and set out to go to the bridegroom. After she had ridden an hour, she began to feel very thirsty, and she said to the waiting-woman:

"Get down, and fill my cup that you are carrying with water from the brook; I have great desire to drink."

"Get down yourself," said the waiting-woman, "and if you are thirsty, stoop down and drink; I will not be your slave."

And as her thirst was so great, the Princess had to get down and to stoop and drink of the water of the brook, and could not have her gold cup to serve her. "Oh dear!" said the poor Princess. And the three drops of blood heard her and said:

"If your mother knew of this, it would break her heart!"

But the Princess answered nothing, and quietly mounted her horse again. So they rode on some miles farther; the day was warm, the sun shone hot, and the Princess grew thirsty once more. And when they came to a water-course she called again to the waiting-woman and said:

"Get down, and give me to drink out of my golden cup." For she had forgotten all that had gone before. But the waiting-woman spoke still more scornfully and said:

"If you want a drink, you may get it yourself; I am not going to be your slave."

So, as her thirst was so great, the Princess had to get off her horse and to stoop towards the running water to drink, and, as she stooped, she wept and said, "Oh dear!" And the three drops of blood heard her and answered:

"If your mother knew of this, it would break her heart!"

"O WIND, BLOW CONRAD'S HAT AWAY!"

And as she drank and stooped over, the napkin on which were the three drops of blood fell out of her bosom and floated down the stream, and in her distress she never noticed it; not so the waiting-woman, who rejoiced because she should have power over the bride, who, now that she had lost the three drops of blood, had become weak and unable to defend herself. And when she was going to mount her horse again the waiting-woman cried:

"Falada belongs to me, and this jade to you." And the Princess had to give way and let it be as she said. Then the waiting-woman ordered the Princess with many hard words to take off her rich clothing and to put on her plain garments, and then she made her swear to say nothing of the matter when they came to the royal court, threatening to take her life if she refused. And all the while Falada noticed and remembered.

The waiting-woman then mounting Falada, and the Princess the sorry jade, they journeyed on till they reached the royal castle. There was great joy at their coming, and the King's son hastened to meet them, and lifted the waiting-woman from her horse, thinking she was his bride; and then he led her up the stairs, while the real Princess had to remain below. But the old King, who was looking out of the window, saw her standing in the yard, and noticed how delicate and gentle and beautiful she was, and then he went down and asked the seeming bride who it was that she had brought with her and that was now standing in the courtyard.

"Oh!" answered the bride, "I only brought her with me for company; give the maid something to do, that she may not be forever standing idle."

But the old King had no work to give her, until he bethought him of a boy he had who took care of the geese, and that she might help him. And so the real Princess was sent to keep geese with the goose-boy, called Conrad.

Soon after the false bride said to the Prince:

"Dearest husband, I pray thee, do me a pleasure."

"With all my heart," answered he.

"Then," said she, "send for the knacker, that he may carry off the horse I came here upon, and make away with him; he was very troublesome to me on the journey." For she was afraid that the horse might tell how she had behaved to the Princess. And when the order had been given that Falada should die, it came to the Princess's ears, and she came to the knacker's man secretly, and promised him a piece of gold if he would do her a service. There was in the town a great dark gateway through which she had to pass morning and evening with her geese, and she asked the man to take Falada's head and to nail it on the gate, that she might always see it as she passed by. And the man promised, and he took Falada's head and nailed it fast in the dark gateway.

Early next morning, as she and Conrad drove their geese through the gate, she said as she went by:

"O Falada, dost thou hang there?"

And the head answered:

"Princess, dost thou so meanly fare?
But if thy mother knew thy pain,
Her heart would surely break in twain."

But she went on through the town, driving her geese to the field. And when they came into the meadows, she sat down and undid her hair, which was all of gold, and when Conrad saw how

ALAS! DEAR FALADA

it glistened, he wanted to pull out a few hairs for himself. And she said:

"O wind, blow Conrad's hat away,
Make him run after as it flies,
While I with my gold hair will play,
And twist it up in seemly wise."

Then there came a wind strong enough to blow Conrad's hat far away over the fields and he had to run after it; and by the time he came back she had put up her hair with combs and pins, and he could not get at any to pull it out; and he was sulky and would not speak to her; so they looked after the geese until the evening came, and then they went home.

The next morning, as they passed under the dark gateway, the Princess said:

"O Falada, dost thou hang there?"

And Falada answered:

"Princess, dost thou so meanly fare?
But if thy mother knew thy pain,
Her heart would surely break in twain."

And when they reached the fields she sat down and began to comb out her hair; then Conrad came up and wanted to seize upon some of it, and she cried:

"O wind, blow Conrad's hat away,
Make him run after as it flies,
While I with my gold hair will play,
And do it up in seemly wise."

Then the wind came and blew Conrad's hat very far away, so that he had to run after it, and when he came back again her hair was put up again, so that he could pull none of it out; and they tended the geese until the evening.

And after they had got home, Conrad went to the old King and said, "I will tend the geese no longer with that girl!"

"Why not?" asked the old King.

"Because she vexes me the whole day long," answered Conrad. Then the old King ordered him to tell how it was.

"Every morning," said Conrad, "as we pass under the dark gateway with the geese, there is an old horse's head hanging on the wall, and she says to it:

"'O Falada, dost thou hang there?'

And the head answers:

"'Princess, dost thou so meanly fare?
But if thy mother knew thy pain,
Her heart would surely break in twain.'"

And besides this, Conrad related all that happened in the fields, and how he was obliged to run after his hat.

The old King told him to go to drive the geese next morning as usual, and he himself went behind the gate and listened how the maiden spoke to Falada; and then he followed them into the fields, and hid himself behind a bush; and he watched the goose-girl and the goose-boy tend the geese; and after a while he saw the

girl make her hair all loose, and how it gleamed and shone. Soon she said:

"O wind, blow Conrad's hat away,
And make him follow as it flies,
While I with my gold hair will play,
And bind it up in seemly wise."

Then there came a gust of wind and away went Conrad's hat, and he after it, while the maiden combed and bound up her hair; and the old King saw all that went on. At last he went unnoticed away, and when the goose-girl came back in the evening he sent for her, and asked the reason of her doing all this.

"That I dare not tell you," she answered, "nor can I tell any man of my woe, for when I was in danger of my life I swore an oath not to reveal it." And he pressed her sore, and left her no peace, but he could get nothing out of her. At last he said:

"If you will not tell it me, tell it to the iron oven," and went away. Then she crept into the iron oven, and began to weep and to lament, and at last she opened her heart and said:

"Here I sit forsaken of all the world, and I am a King's daughter, and a wicked waiting-woman forced me to give up my royal garments and my place at the bridegroom's side, and I am made a goose-girl, and have to do mean service. And if my mother knew, it would break her heart."

Now the old King was standing outside by the oven-door listening, and he heard all she said, and he called to her and told her to come out of the oven. And he caused royal clothing to be put upon her, and it was a marvel to see how beautiful she was. The old King then called his son and proved to him that he had the wrong bride, for she was really only a waiting-woman, and that the true bride was here at hand, she who had been the goose-girl. The Prince was glad at heart when he saw her beauty and gentleness; and a great feast was made ready, and all the court people and good friends were bidden to it. The bridegroom sat in the midst with the Princess on one side and the waiting-woman on the other; and the false bride did not know the true one, because she was dazzled with her glittering braveries. When all the company had eaten and drunk and were merry, the old King gave the waiting-woman a question to answer, as to what such an one deserved who had deceived her masters in such and such a manner, telling the whole story, and ending by asking:

"Now, what doom does such an one deserve?"

"No better than this," answered the false bride, "that she be put naked into a cask, studded inside with sharp nails, and be dragged along in it by two white horses from street to street, until she be dead."

"Thou hast spoken thy own doom," said the old King; "as thou hast said, so shall it be done." And when the sentence was fulfilled, the Prince married the true bride, and ever after they ruled over their kingdom in peace and blessedness.

THERE was once an old King, who, having fallen sick, thought to himself, "This is very likely my death-bed on which I am lying."

Then he said, "Let Faithful John be sent for."

Faithful John was his best-beloved servant, and was so called because he had served the

King faithfully all his life long. When he came near the bed, the King said to him:

"Faithful John, I feel my end drawing near, and my only care is for my son; he is yet of tender years, and does not always know how to shape his conduct; and unless you promise me to instruct him in all his actions and be a true foster-father to him, I shall not be able to close my eyes in peace."

Then answered Faithful John, "I will never forsake him, and will serve him faithfully, even though it should cost me my life."

And the old King said, "Then I die, being of good cheer and at peace." And he went on to say:

"After my death, you must lead him through the whole castle, into all the chambers, halls, and vaults, and show him the treasures that in them lie; but the last chamber in the long gallery, in which lies hidden the picture of the Princess of the Golden Palace, you must not show him. If he were to see that picture, he would directly fall into so great a love for her, that he would faint with the strength of it, and afterward for her sake run into great dangers; so you must guard him well."

And as Faithful John gave him his hand upon it, the old King became still and silent, laid his head upon the pillow, and died.

When the old King was laid in the grave, Faithful John told the young King what he had promised to his father on his death-bed, and said:

"And I will certainly hold to my promise and be faithful to you, as I was faithful to him, even though it should cost me my life."

When the days of mourning were at an end, Faithful John said to the Prince:

"It is now time that you should see your inheritance; I will show you all the paternal castle."

Then he led him over all the place, upstairs and downstairs, and showed him all the treasures and the splendid chambers; one chamber only he did not open, that in which the perilous picture hung. Now the picture was so placed that when the door opened it was the first thing to be seen, and was so wonderfully painted that it seemed to breathe and move, and in the whole world was there nothing more lovely or more beautiful. The young King noticed how Faithful John always passed by this one door, and asked:

"Why do you not undo this door?"

"There is something inside that would terrify you," answered he. But the King answered:

"I have seen the whole castle, and I will know what is in here also." And he went forward and tried to open the door by force.

Then Faithful John called him back, and said, "I promised your father on his death-bed that you should not see what is in that room; it might bring great misfortune on you and me were I to break my promise."

But the young King answered, "I shall be undone if I do not go inside that room; I shall have no peace day or night until I have seen it with these eyes; and I will not move from this place until you have unlocked it."

Then Faithful John saw there was no help for it, and he chose out the key from the big bunch, with a heavy heart and many sighs. When the door was opened he walked in first, and thought that by standing in front of the King he might hide the picture from him; but that was no good, the King stood on tiptoe, and looked over his shoulder. And when he saw the image of the lady that was so wonderfully beautiful, and so glittering with gold and jewels, he fell on the ground powerless. Faithful John helped him up, took him to his bed, and thought with sorrow, "Ah me! the evil has come to pass; what will become of us?"

Then he strengthened the King with wine, until he came to himself. The first words that he said were:

"Oh, the beautiful picture! Whose portrait is it?"

"It is the portrait of the Princess of the Golden Palace," answered Faithful John. Then the King said:

"My love for her is so great that if all the leaves of the forest were tongues they could not utter it! I stake my life on the chance of obtaining her, and you, my Faithful John, must stand by me."

The faithful servant considered for a long time how the business should be begun; it seemed to him that it would be a difficult matter to come only at a sight of the Princess. At last he thought out a way, and said to the King:

"All that she has about her is of gold — tables, chairs, dishes, drinking-cups, bowls, and all the household furniture; in your treasury are five tons of gold; let the goldsmiths of your kingdom work it up into all kinds of vessels and implements, into all kinds of birds, and wild creatures, and wonderful beasts, such as may please her; then we will carry them off with us and go and seek our fortune."

The King had all the goldsmiths fetched, and they worked day and night, until at last some splendid things were got ready. When a ship had been loaded with them, Faithful John put on the garb of a merchant, and so did the King, so as the more completely to disguise themselves. Then they journeyed over the sea, and went so far that at last they came to the city where the Princess of the Golden Palace dwelt.

Faithful John told the King to stay in the ship, and to wait for him.

"Perhaps," said he, "I shall bring the Princess back with me, so take care that everything is in order; let the golden vessels be placed about, and the whole ship be adorned."

Then he gathered together in his apron some of the gold things, one of each kind, landed, and went up to the royal castle. And when he reached the courtyard of the castle there stood by the well a pretty maiden, who had two golden pails in her hand, and she was drawing water with them; and as she turned round to carry them away she saw the strange man, and asked him who he was. He answered:

"I am a merchant," and opened his apron and let her look within it.

"Ah, what beautiful things!" cried she, and, setting down her pails, she turned the golden toys over and looked at them one after another; then she said:

"The Princess must see these; she takes so much pleasure in gold things that she will buy them all from you."

Then she took him by the hand and led him in, for she was the chambermaid.

When the Princess saw the golden wares she was very pleased, and said:

"All these are so finely worked that I should like to buy them of you."

But Faithful John said:

"I am only the servant of a rich merchant, and what I have here is nothing to what my master has in the ship — the cunningest and costliest things that ever were made of gold."

The Princess then wanted it all to be brought to her; but he said:

"That would take up many days; so great is the number of them, and so much space would they occupy, that there would not be enough room for them in your house."

But the Princess's curiosity and fancy grew so much that at last she said:

"Lead me to the ship; I will myself go and see your master's treasures."

Then Faithful John led her to the ship joyfully, and the King, when he saw that her beauty was even greater than the picture had set forth, felt his heart leap at the sight. Then she climbed up into the ship, and the King received her. Faithful John stayed by the steersman, and gave orders for the ship to push off, saying, "Spread all sail, that she may fly like a bird in the air."

So the King showed her all the golden things, each separately — the dishes, the bowls, the birds, the wild creatures, and the wonderful beasts. Many hours were passed in looking at them all, and in her pleasure the Princess never noticed that the ship was moving onward. When she had examined the last, she thanked the merchant and prepared to return home; but when she came to the ship's side, she saw that they were on the high seas, far from land, and speeding on under full sail.

"Ah!" cried she, full of terror, "I am betrayed and carried off by this merchant. O that I had died rather than have fallen into his power!"

But the King took hold of her hand, and said:

"No merchant am I, but a King, and no baser of birth than thyself; it is because of my overmastering love for thee that I have carried thee off by cunning. The first time I saw thy picture I fell fainting to the earth."

When the Princess of the Golden Palace heard this she became more trustful, and her heart inclined favorably towards him, so that she willingly consented to become his wife.

It happened, however, as they were still journeying on the open sea, that Faithful John, as he sat in the forepart of the ship and made music, caught sight of three ravens in the air,

flying overhead. Then he stopped playing, and listened to what they said one to another, for he understood them quite well. The first one cried:

"Aye, there goes the Princess of the Golden Palace."

"Yes," answered the second; "but he has not got her safe yet." And the third said:

"He has her, though; she sits beside him in the ship."

Then the first one spoke again:

"What does that avail him? When they come on land a fox-red horse will spring towards them; then will the King try to mount him; and if he does, the horse will rise with him into the air, so that he will never see his bride again." The second raven asked:

"Is there no remedy?"

"Oh yes; if another man mounts quickly, and takes the pistol out of the holster and shoots the horse dead with it, he will save the young King. But who knows that? And he that knows it and does it will become stone from toe to knee." Then said the second:

"I know further, that if the horse should be killed, the young King will not even then be sure of his bride. When they arrive at the castle there will lie a wrought bride-shirt in a dish, and it will seem all woven of gold and silver, but it is really of sulphur and pitch, and if he puts it on it will burn him to the marrow of his bones." The third raven said:

"Is there no remedy?"

"Oh yes," answered the second; "if another man with gloves on picks up the shirt, and throws it into the fire, so that it is consumed, then is the young King delivered. But what avails that? He who knows it and does it will be turned into stone from his heart to his knee." Then spoke the third:

"I know yet more, that even when the bride-shirt is burnt up the King is not sure of his bride; when at the wedding the dance begins, and the young Queen dances, she will suddenly grow pale and fall to the earth as if she were dead, and unless someone lifts her up and takes three drops of blood from her right breast, she will die. But he that knows this and does this will become stone from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot."

When the ravens had spoken thus among themselves, they flew away. Faithful John had understood it all, and from that time he remained quiet and sad, for he thought to himself that were he to conceal what he had heard from his master, misfortune would befall; and were he to discover it, his own life would be sacrificed. At last, however, he said within himself:

"I will save my master, though I myself should perish!"

So when they came on land, it happened just as the ravens had foretold, there sprang forward a splendid fox-red horse.

"Come on!" said the King, "he shall carry me to the castle," and was going to mount, when Faithful John passed before him and mounted quickly, drew the pistol out of the holster, and shot the horse dead. Then the other servants of the King cried out (for they did not wish well to Faithful John):

"How shameful to kill that beautiful animal that was to have carried the King to his castle." But the King said:

"Hold your tongues, and let him be: he is my Faithful John; he knows what is the good of it."

Then they went up to the castle, and there stood in the hall a dish, and the wrought bride-shirt that lay on it seemed as if of gold and silver. The young King went up to it and was going to put it on, but Faithful John pushed him away, picked it up with his gloved hands, threw it quickly on the fire, and there let it burn. The other servants began grumbling again, and said:

"Look, he is even burning up the King's bridal shirt!" But the young King said:

"Who knows but that there may be a good reason for it? Let him be, he is my Faithful John."

Then the wedding feast was held; and the bride led the dance; Faithful John watched her carefully, and all at once she grew pale and fell down as if she were dead. Then he went quickly to her, and carried her into a chamber hard by, laid her down, and kneeling, took three drops of blood from her right breast. Immediately she drew breath again and raised herself up, but the young King, witnessing all, and not knowing why Faithful John had done this, grew very angry, and cried out:

"Throw him into prison!"

The next morning Faithful John was condemned to death and led to the gallows, and, as he stood there ready to suffer, he said:

"He who is about to die is permitted to speak once before his end; may I claim that right?"

"Yes," answered the King, "it is granted to you." Then said Faithful John:

"I have been condemned unjustly, for I have always been faithful," and he related how he had heard on the sea voyage the talk of the

ravens, and how he had done everything in order to save his master. Then cried the King:

"Oh my Faithful John, pardon! pardon! Lead him down!" But Faithful John, as he spoke the last words, fell lifeless, and became stone.

The King and Queen had great grief because of this, and the King said:

"Ah, how could I have evil-rewarded such faithfulness!" and he caused the stone image to be lifted up and put to stand in his sleeping-room by the side of his bed. And as often as he saw it he wept and said:

"Would that I could bring thee back to life, my Faithful John!"

After some time the Queen bore twins — two little sons — that grew and thrived, and were the joy of their parents. One day, when the Queen was in church, the two children were sitting and playing with their father, and he gazed at the stone image full of sadness, sighed, and cried:

"O that I could bring thee back to life, my Faithful John!" Then the stone began to speak, and said:

"Yes, thou canst bring me back to life again, if thou wilt bestow therefor thy best-beloved." Then cried the King:

"All that I have in the world will I give up for thee!" The stone went on to say:

"If thou wilt cut off the heads of thy two children with thy own hand, and besmear me with their blood, I shall receive life again."

The King was horror-struck at the thought that he must put his beloved children to death, but he remembered all John's faithfulness, and how he had died for him, and he drew his sword and cut off the children's heads with his own hand. And when he had besmeared the stone with their blood life returned to it, and Faithful John stood alive and well before him; and he said to the King:

"Thy faithfulness shall not be unrewarded," and, taking up the heads of the children, he set them on again, and besmeared the wound with their blood, upon which in a moment they were whole again, and jumped about, and went on playing as if nothing had happened to them.

Now was the King full of joy; and when he saw the Queen coming he put Faithful John and the two children in a great chest. When she came in he said to her:

"Hast thou prayed in church?"

"Yes," answered she, "but I was thinking all the while of Faithful John, and how he came to such great misfortune through us."

"Then," said he, "dear wife, we can give him life again, but it will cost us both our little sons, whom we must sacrifice."

The Queen grew pale and sick at heart, but said:

"We owe it him, because of his great faithfulness."

Then the King rejoiced because she thought as he did, and he went and unlocked the chest and took out the children and Faithful John, and said:

"God be praised, he is delivered, and our little sons are ours again"; and he related to her how it had come to pass.

After that they all lived together in happiness to their lives' end.

THE TWELVE BROTHERS

ONCE upon a time there lived a King and Queen very peacefully together; they had twelve children, all boys. Now the King said to the Queen one day:

"If our thirteenth child should be a girl the twelve boys shall die, so that her riches may be the greater and the kingdom fall to her alone."

Then he caused twelve coffins to be made; and they were filled with shavings, and a little pillow laid in each, and they were brought and put in a locked-up room; and the King gave the key to the Queen, and told her to say nothing about it to anyone.

But the mother sat the whole day sorrowing, so that her youngest son, who never left her, and to whom she had given the Bible name Benjamin, said to her:

"Dear mother, why are you so sad?"

"Dearest child," answered she, "I dare not tell you."

But he let her have no peace until she went and unlocked the room, and showed him the twelve coffins with the shavings and the little pillows. Then she said:

"My dear Benjamin, your father has caused these coffins to be made for you and your eleven brothers, and if I bring a little girl into the world you are all to be put to death together and buried therein." And she wept as she spoke, and her little son comforted her and said:

"Weep not, dear mother, we will save ourselves and go far away." Then she answered:

"Yes, go with your eleven brothers out into the world, and let one of you always sit on the top of the highest tree that can be found, and keep watch upon the tower of this castle. If a little son is born I will put out a white flag, and then you may safely venture back again; but if it is a little daughter I will put out a red flag, and then flee away as fast as you can, and the dear God watch over you. Every night will I arise and pray for you — in winter that you may have a fire to warm yourselves by, and in summer that you may not languish in the heat."

After that, when she had given her sons her blessing, they went away out into the wood. One after another kept watch sitting on the highest oak tree, looking towards the tower. When eleven days had passed and Benjamin's turn came, he saw a flag put out, but it was not white, but blood red, to warn them that they were to die. When the brothers knew this they became angry, saying:

"Shall we suffer death because of a girl? We swear to be revenged; wherever we find a girl we will shed her blood."

Then they went deeper into the wood; and in the middle, where it was darkest, they found a little enchanted house, standing empty. Then they said:

"Here will we dwell; and you, Benjamin, the youngest and weakest, shall stay at home and keep house; we others will go abroad and purvey food."

Then they went into the wood and caught hares, wild roes, birds, and pigeons, and whatever else is good to eat, and brought them to Benjamin for him to cook and make ready to satisfy their hunger. So they lived together in the little house for ten years, and the time did not seem long.

By this time the Queen's little daughter was growing up; she had a kind heart and a beautiful face, and a golden star on her forehead. Once when there was a great wash she saw among the clothes twelve shirts, and she asked her mother:

"Whose are these twelve shirts? They are too small to be my father's." Then the mother answered with a sore heart:

"Dear child, they belong to your twelve brothers." The little girl said:

"Where are my twelve brothers? I have never heard of them." And her mother answered:

"God only knows where they are wandering about in the world." Then she led the little girl to the secret room and unlocked it, and showed her the twelve coffins with the shavings and the little pillows.

"These coffins," said she, "were intended for your twelve brothers, but they went away

far from home when you were born," and she related how everything had come to pass. Then said the little girl:

"Dear mother, do not weep, I will go and seek my brothers."

So she took the twelve shirts and went far and wide in the great forest. The day sped on, and in the evening she came to the enchanted house. She went in and found a youth, who asked:

"Whence do you come, and what do you want?" and he marveled at her beauty, her royal garments, and the star on her forehead. Then she answered:

"I am a King's daughter, and I seek my twelve brothers, and I will go everywhere under the blue sky until I find them." And she showed him the twelve shirts which belonged to them. Then Benjamin saw that it must be his sister, and said:

"I am Benjamin, your youngest brother."

And she began weeping for joy, and Benjamin also, and they kissed and cheered each other with great love. After a while he said:

"Dear sister, there is still a hindrance; we have sworn that any maiden that we meet must die, as it was because of a maiden that we had to leave our kingdom." Then she said:

"I will willingly die, if so I may benefit my twelve brothers."

"No," answered he, "you shall not die; sit down under this tub until the eleven brothers come and I agree with them about it." She did so; and as night came on they returned from hunting, and supper was ready. And as they were sitting at table and eating, they asked:

"What news?" And Benjamin said:

"Don't you know any?"

"No," answered they. So he said:

"You have been in the wood, and I have stayed at home, and yet I know more than you."

"Tell us!" cried they. He answered:

"Promise me that the first maiden we see shall not be put to death."

"Yes, we promise," cried they all, "she shall have mercy; tell us now." Then he said:

"Our sister is here," and lifted up the tub, and the King's daughter came forth in her royal garments with her golden star on her forehead, and she seemed so beautiful, delicate, and sweet that they all rejoiced, and fell on her neck and kissed her, and loved her with all their hearts.

After this she remained with Benjamin in the house and helped him with the work. The others went forth into the woods to catch wild animals, does, birds, and pigeons, for food for them all, and their sister and Benjamin took care that all was made ready for them. She fetched the wood for cooking, and the vegetables, and watched the pots on the fire, so that supper was always ready when the others came in. She kept also great order in the house, and the beds were always beautifully white and clean, and the brothers were contented and lived in unity.

One day the two got ready a fine feast, and when they were all assembled they sat down and ate and drank, and were full of joy. Now there was a little garden belonging to the enchanted house, in which grew twelve lilies; the maiden, thinking to please her brothers, went out to gather the twelve flowers, meaning to give one to each as they sat at meat. But as she broke off the flowers, in the same moment the brothers were changed into twelve ravens, and flew over the wood far away, and the house with the garden also disappeared. So the poor maiden stood alone in the wild wood, and as she was looking around her she saw an old woman standing by her, who said:

"My child, what hast thou done? Why couldst thou not leave the twelve flowers standing? They were thy twelve brothers, who are now changed to ravens forever." The maiden said, weeping:

"Is there no means of setting them free?"

"No," said the old woman, "there is in the whole world no way but one, and that is difficult; thou canst not release them but by being dumb for seven years: thou must neither speak nor laugh; and wert thou to speak one single word, and it wanted but one hour of the seven years, all would be in vain, and thy brothers would perish because of that one word."

Then the maiden said in her heart, "I am quite sure that I can set my brothers free," and went and sought a tall tree, climbed up, and sat there spinning, and never spoke or laughed. Now it happened that a King, who was hunting in the wood, had with him a large

greyhound, who ran to the tree where the maiden was, sprang up at it, and barked loudly. Up came the King and saw the beautiful Princess with the golden star on her forehead, and he was so charmed with her beauty that he prayed her to become his wife. She gave no answer, only a little nod of her head. Then he himself climbed the tree and brought her down, set her on his horse, and took her home. The wedding was held with great splendor and rejoicing, but the bride neither spoke nor laughed. After they had lived pleasantly together for a few years, the King's mother, who was a wicked woman, began to slander the young Queen, and said to the King:

"She is only a low beggar maid that you have taken to yourself; who knows what mean tricks she is playing? Even if she is really dumb and cannot speak she might at least laugh; not to laugh is the sign of a bad conscience."

At first the King would believe nothing of it, but the old woman talked so long, and suggested so many bad things, that he at last let himself be persuaded, and condemned the Queen to death.

Now a great fire was kindled in the courtyard, and she was to be burned in it; and the King stood above at the window, and watched it all with weeping eyes, for he had held her very dear. And when she was already fast bound to the stake, and the fire was licking her garments with red tongues, the last moment of the seven years came to an end. Then a rushing sound was heard in the air, and twelve ravens came flying and sank downward; and as they touched the earth they became her twelve brothers that she had lost. They rushed through the fire and quenched the flames, and set their dear sister free, kissing and consoling her. And now that her mouth was opened, and that she might venture to speak, she told the King the reason of her dumbness, and why she had never laughed. The King rejoiced when he heard of her innocence, and they all lived together in happiness until their death.

THE GALLANT TAILOR

ONE summer morning a little tailor was sitting on his board near the window, and working cheerfully with all his might, when an old woman came down the street crying:

"Good jelly to sell! good jelly to sell!"

The cry sounded pleasant in the little tailor's ears, so he put his head out of the window and called out:

"Here, my good woman — come here, if you want a customer."

So the poor woman climbed the steps with her heavy basket, and was obliged to unpack and display all her pots to the tailor. He looked at every one of them, and, lifting all the lids, applied his nose to each. When he had smelled every pot, he said at last:

"The jelly seems pretty good; you may weigh me out four half-ounces, or I don't mind having a quarter of a pound."

The woman, who had expected to find a good customer, gave him what he asked for, but went off angry and grumbling.

"This jelly is the very thing for me," cried the little tailor; "it will give me strength and cunning"; and he took down the bread from the cupboard, cut a whole round of the loaf, and spread the jelly on it, laid it near him, and went on stitching more gallantly than ever. All the while the scent of the sweet jelly was spreading throughout the room, where there were quantities of flies, who were attracted by it and flew to partake.

"Now, then, who asked you to come?" said the tailor, and drove the unbidden guests away. But the flies, not understanding his language, were not to be got rid of like that, and returned in larger numbers than before. Then the tailor, not being able to stand it any longer, took from his chimney-corner a ragged cloth, and saying:

"Now, I'll let you have it!" beat it among

them unmercifully. When he ceased, and counted the slain, he found seven lying dead before him.

"This is indeed somewhat," he said, wondering at his own gallantry; "the whole town shall know this."

So he hastened to cut out a belt, and he stitched it, and put on it in large capitals, "Seven at one blow!"

"—The town, did I say?" said the little tailor; "the whole world shall know it!" And his heart quivered with joy, like a lamb's tail.

The tailor fastened the belt round him and began to think of going out into the world, for his workshop seemed too small for his worship. So he looked about in all the house for something that it would be useful to take with him, but he found nothing but an old cheese, which he put in his pocket. Outside the door he noticed that a bird had got caught in the bushes, so he took that and put it in his pocket with the cheese. Then he set out gallantly on his way, and as he was light and active he felt no fatigue. The way led over a mountain, and when he reached the topmost peak he saw a terrible giant sitting there, and looking about him at his ease. The tailor went bravely up to him, called out to him, and said:

"Comrade, good day! There you sit looking over the wide world! I am on the way thither to seek my fortune: have you a fancy to go with me?"

The giant looked at the tailor contemptuously, and said:

"You little rascal! you miserable fellow!"

"That may be!" answered the little tailor, and undoing his coat he showed the giant his belt; "you can read there whether I am a man or not!"

The giant read: "Seven at one blow!" and, thinking it meant men that the tailor had killed, felt at once more respect for the little fellow. But as he wanted to prove him, he took up a stone and squeezed it so hard that water came out of it.

"Now you can do that," said the giant — "that is, if you have the strength for it."

"That's not much," said the little tailor; "I call that play," and he put his hand in his pocket and took out the cheese and squeezed it, so that the whey ran out of it.

"Well," said he, "what do you think of that?"

The giant did not know what to say to it, for he could not have believed it of the little man. Then the giant took up a stone and threw it so high that it was nearly out of sight.

"Now, little fellow, suppose you do that!"

"Well thrown," said the tailor; "but the stone fell back to earth again — I will throw you one that will never come back." So he felt in his pocket, took out the bird, and threw it into the air. And the bird, when it found itself at liberty, took wing, flew off, and returned no more.

"What do you think of that, comrade?" asked the tailor.

"There is no doubt that you can throw," said the giant; "but we will see if you can carry."

He led the little tailor to a mighty oak tree which had been felled, and was lying on the ground, and said:

"Now, if you are strong enough, help me to carry this tree out of the wood."

"Willingly," answered the little man; "you take the trunk on your shoulders, I will take the branches with all their foliage; that is much the most difficult."

So the giant took the trunk on his shoulders, and the tailor seated himself on a branch, and the giant, who could not see what he was doing, had the whole tree to carry, and the little man on it as well. And the little man was very cheerful and merry, and whistled the tune, "There were three tailors riding by," as if carrying the tree was mere child's play. The giant, when he had struggled on under his heavy load a part of the way, was tired out and cried:

"Look here, I must let go the tree!"

The tailor jumped off quickly, and, taking hold of the tree with both arms, as if he were carrying it, said to the giant:

"You see, you can't carry the tree, though you are such a big fellow!"

They went on together a little farther, and presently they came to a cherry tree, and the giant took hold of the topmost branches, where the ripest fruit hung, and, pulling them downward, gave them to the tailor to hold, bidding him eat. But the little tailor was much too weak to hold the tree, and, as the giant let go, the tree sprang back, and the tailor was caught

up into the air. And when he dropped down again without any damage, the giant said to him:

"How is this? Haven't you strength enough to hold such a weak sprig as that?"

"It is not strength that is lacking," answered the little tailor; "how should it be to one who has slain seven at one blow! I just jumped over the tree because the hunters are shooting down there in the bushes. You jump it too, if you can."

The giant made the attempt, and, not being able to vault the tree, he remained hanging in the branches, so that once more the little tailor got the better of him. Then said the giant:

"As you are such a gallant fellow, suppose you come with me to our den, and stay the night."

The tailor was quite willing, and he followed him. When they reached the den there sat some other giants by the fire, and each had a roasted sheep in his hand, and was eating it. The little tailor looked round and thought:

"There is more elbow-room here than in my workshop."

And the giant showed him a bed, and told him he had better lie down upon it and go to sleep. The bed was, however, too big for the tailor, so he did not stay in it, but crept into a corner to sleep. As soon as it was midnight the giant got up, took a great staff of iron, and beat the bed through with one stroke, and supposed he had made an end of that grasshopper of a tailor. Very early in the morning the giants went into the wood and forgot all about the little tailor, and, when they saw him coming after them alive and merry, they were terribly frightened, and, thinking he was going to kill them, they ran away in all haste.

So the little tailor marched on, always following his nose. And after he had gone a great way he entered the courtyard belonging to a King's palace, and there he felt so overpowered with fatigue that he lay down and fell asleep. In the meanwhile came various people, who looked at him very curiously, and read on his belt, "Seven at one blow!"

"Oh!" said they, "why should this great lord come here in time of peace? What a mighty champion he must be!"

Then they went and told the King about him, and they thought that if war should break out what a worthy and useful man he would be, and that he ought not to be allowed to depart at any price. The King then summoned his council, and sent one of his courtiers to the little tailor to beg him, so soon as he should wake up, to consent to serve in the King's army. So the messenger stood and waited at the sleeper's side until his limbs began to stretch, and his eyes to open, and then he carried his answer back. And the answer was:

"That was the reason for which I came," said the little tailor; "I am ready to enter the King's service."

So he was received into it very honorably, and a separate dwelling set apart for him.

But the rest of the soldiers were very much set against the little tailor, and they wished him a thousand miles away.

"What shall be done about it?" they said among themselves; "if we pick a quarrel and fight with him then seven of us will fall at each blow. That will be of no good to us."

So they came to a resolution, and went all together to the King to ask for their discharge.

"We never intended," said they, "to serve with a man who kills seven at a blow."

The King felt sorry to lose all his faithful servants because of one man, and he wished that he had never seen him, and would willingly get rid of him if he might. But he did not dare to dismiss the little tailor for fear he should kill all the King's people and place himself upon the throne. He thought a long while about it, and at last made up his mind what to do. He sent for the little tailor, and told him that as he was so great a warrior he had a proposal to make to him. He told him that in a wood in his dominions dwelt two giants, who did great damage by robbery, murder, and fire, and that no man durst go near them for fear of his life. But that if the tailor would overcome and slay both these giants the King would give him his only daughter in marriage, and half his kingdom as dowry, and that a hundred horsemen should go with him to give him assistance.

"That would be something for a man like me!" thought the little tailor, "a beautiful princess and half a kingdom are not to be had every day," and he said to the King:

"Oh yes, I can soon overcome the giants, and yet have no need of the hundred horsemen; he

who can kill seven at one blow has no need to be afraid of two."

So the little tailor set out, and the hundred horsemen followed him. When he came to the border of the wood he said to his escort:

"Stay here while I go to attack the giants."

Then he sprang into the wood, and looked about him right and left. After a while he caught sight of the two giants; they were lying down under a tree asleep, and snoring so that all the branches shook. The little tailor, all alive, filled both his pockets with stones and climbed up into the tree, and made his way to an overhanging bough, so that he could seat himself just above the sleepers; and from there he let one stone after another fall on the chest of one of the giants. For a long time the giant was quite unaware of this, but at last he waked up and pushed his comrade, and said:

"What are you hitting me for?"

"You are dreaming," said the other, "I am not touching you." And they composed themselves again to sleep, and the tailor let fall a stone on the other giant.

"What can that be?" cried he, "what are you casting at me?"

"I am casting nothing at you," answered the first, grumbling.

They disputed about it for a while, but, as they were tired, they gave it up at last, and their eyes closed once more. Then the little tailor began his game anew, picked out a heavier stone, and threw it down with force upon the first giant's chest.

"This is too much!" cried he, and sprang up like a madman and struck his companion such a blow that the tree shook above them. The other paid him back with ready coin, and they fought with such fury that they tore up trees by their roots to use for weapons against each other, so that at last they both of them lay dead upon the ground. And now the tailor got down.

"Another piece of luck!" said he — "that the tree I was sitting in did not get torn up too, or else I should have had to jump like a squirrel from one tree to another."

Then he drew his sword and gave each of the giants a few hacks in the breast, and went back to the horsemen and said:

"The deed is done, I have made an end of both of them: but it went hard with me. In the struggle they rooted up trees to defend themselves, but it was of no use; they had to do with a man who can kill seven at one blow."

"Then are you not wounded?" asked the horsemen.

"Nothing of the sort!" answered the tailor; "I have not turned a hair."

The horsemen still would not believe it, and rode into the wood to see, and there they found the giants wallowing in their blood, and all about them lying the uprooted trees.

The little tailor then claimed the promised boon, but the King repented him of his offer, and he sought again how to rid himself of the hero.

"Before you can possess my daughter and the half of my kingdom," said he to the tailor, "you must perform another heroic act. In the wood lives a unicorn who does great damage; you must secure him."

"A unicorn does not strike more terror into me than two giants. Seven at one blow! — that is my way," was the tailor's answer.

So, taking a rope and an ax with him, he went out into the wood, and told those who were ordered to attend him to wait outside. He had not far to seek; the unicorn soon came out and sprang at him, as if he would make an end of him without delay. "Softly, softly," said he, "most haste, worst speed," and remained standing until the animal came quite near; then he slipped quietly behind a tree. The unicorn ran with all his might against the tree and stuck his horn so deep into the trunk that he could not get it out again, and so was taken.

"Now I have you," said the tailor, coming out from behind the tree; and putting the rope round the unicorn's neck, he took the ax, set free the horn, and when all his party were assembled he led forth the animal and brought it to the King.

The King did not yet wish to give him the promised reward, and set him a third task to do. Before the wedding could take place the tailor was to secure a wild boar which had done a great deal of damage in the wood.

The huntsmen were to accompany him.

"All right," said the tailor; "this is child's play."

But he did not take the huntsmen into the wood, and they were all the better pleased, for

the wild boar had many a time before received them in such a way that they had no fancy to disturb him. When the boar caught sight of the tailor he ran at him with foaming mouth and gleaming tusks to bear him to the ground, but the nimble hero rushed into a chapel which chanced to be near, and jumped quickly out of a window on the other side. The boar ran after him, and, when he got inside, the door shut after him, and there he was imprisoned, for the creature was too big and unwieldy to jump out of the window too. Then the little tailor called the huntsmen that they might see the prisoner with their own eyes; and then he betook himself to the King, who now, whether he liked it or not, was obliged to fulfill his promise and give him his daughter and the half of his kingdom. But if he had known that the great warrior was only a little tailor he would have taken it still more to heart. So the wedding was celebrated with great splendor and little joy, and the tailor was made into a king.

One night the young queen heard her husband talking in his sleep and saying:

"Now, boy, make me that waistcoat and patch me those breeches, or I will lay my yard measure about your shoulders!"

And so, as she perceived of what low birth her husband was, she went to her father the next morning and told him all, and begged him to set her free from a man who was nothing better than a tailor. The King bade her be comforted, saying:

"To-night leave your bedroom door open, my guard shall stand outside, and when he is asleep they shall come in and bind him and carry him off to a ship, and he shall be sent to the other side of the world."

So the wife felt consoled, but the King's water-bearer, who had been listening all the while, went to the little tailor and disclosed to him the whole plan.

"I shall put a stop to all this," said he.

At night he lay down as usual in bed, and, when his wife thought that he was asleep, she got up, opened the door, and lay down again. The little tailor, who only made believe to be asleep, began to murmur plainly:

"Now, boy, make me that waistcoat and patch me those breeches, or I will lay my yard measure about your shoulders! I have slain seven at one blow, killed two giants, caught a unicorn, and taken a wild boar, and shall I be afraid of those who are standing outside my room door?"

And when they heard the tailor say this, a great fear seized them; they fled away as if they had been wild hares, and none of them would venture to attack him.

And so the little tailor all his lifetime remained a king.

KING THRUSHBEARD

A KING had a daughter who was beautiful beyond measure, but was so proud and overbearing that none of her suitors were good enough for her; she not only refused one after the other, but made a laughing-stock of them. Once the king appointed a great feast, and bade all the marriageable men to it from far and near. And they were all put in rows, according to their rank and station; first came the kings, then the princes, the dukes, the earls, the barons, and lastly the noblemen. The princess was led in front of the rows, but she had a mocking epithet for each. One was too fat; "What a tub!" said she. Another too tall, "Long and lean is ill to be seen," said she. A third too short, "Fat and short, not fit to court," said she. A fourth was too pale, "A regular death's head"; a fifth too red-faced, "A gamecock," she called him. The sixth was not well-made enough, "Green wood ill dried!" cried she. So everyone had something against him, and she made especially merry over a good king who was very tall, and whose chin had grown a little peaked.

"Only look," cried she, laughing, "he has a chin like a thrush's beak."

And from that time they called him King Thrushbeard. But the old king, when he saw that his daughter mocked everyone, and scorned all the assembled suitors, swore in his anger that she should have the first beggar that came to the door for a husband.

A few days afterward came a traveling ballad-singer, and sang under the window in hopes of a small alms. When the king heard of it, he said that he must come in. And so the ballad-singer entered in his dirty, tattered garments and sang before the king and his daughter; when he had done, he asked for a small reward. But the king said:

"Thy song has so well pleased me, that I will give thee my daughter to wife."

The princess was horrified; but the king said:

"I took an oath to give you to the first beggar that came, and so it must be done."

There was no remedy. The priest was fetched, and she had to be married to the ballad-singer out of hand. When all was done, the king said:

"Now, as you are a beggar-wife, you can stay no longer in my castle, so off with you and your husband."

The beggar-man led her away, and she was obliged to go forth with him on foot. On the way they came to a great wood, and she asked:

"Oh, whose is this forest, so thick and so fine?"

He answered:

"It is King Thrushbeard's, and might have been thine."

And she cried:

"Oh, I was a silly young thing, I'm afeared,
Would I had taken that good King Thrushbeard!"

Then they passed through a meadow, and she asked:

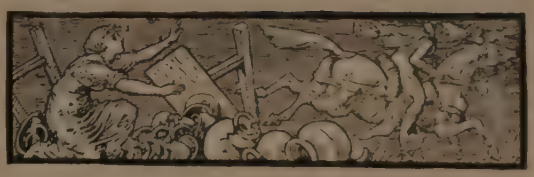
"Oh, whose is this meadow, so green and so fine?"

He answered:

"It is King Thrushbeard's, and might have been thine."

And she cried:

"I was a silly young thing, I'm afeared,
Would I had taken that good King Thrushbeard!"



Then they passed through a great town, and she asked:

"Whose is this city, so great and so fine?"

He answered:

"Oh, it is King Thrushbeard's, and might have been thine."

And she cried:

"I was a silly young thing, I'm afeared,
Would I had taken that good King Thrushbeard!"

Then said the beggar-man:

"It does not please me to hear you always wishing for another husband; am I not good enough for you?"

At last they came to a very small house, and she said:

"Oh, dear me! what poor little house do I see?
And whose, I would know, may the wretched hole be?"

The man answered:

"That is my house and thine, where we must live together."

She had to stoop before she could go in at the door.

"Where are the servants?" asked the king's daughter.

"What servants?" answered the beggar-man; "what you want to have done you must do yourself. Make a fire quick, and put on water, and cook me some food; I am very tired."

But the king's daughter understood nothing about fire-making and cooking, and the beggar-man had to lend a hand himself in order to manage it at all. And when they had eaten their poor fare, they went to bed; but the man called up his wife very early in the morning, in order to clean the house. For a few days they lived in this indifferent manner, until they came to the end of their store. Then something must be done.

"Wife," said the man, "this will not do, stopping here and earning nothing; you must make baskets."

So he went out and cut willows, and brought them home; and she began to weave them, but the hard twigs wounded her tender hands.

"I see this will not do," said the man; "you had better try spinning."

So she sat her down and tried to spin, but the harsh thread cut her soft fingers, so that the blood flowed.

"Look now!" said the man, "you are no good at any sort of work; I made a bad bargain when I took you. I must see what I can do to make a trade of pots and earthen vessels; you can sit in the market and offer them for sale."

"Oh, dear!" thought she, "suppose while I am selling in the market people belonging to my father's kingdom should see me, how they would mock at me!"

But there was no help for it; she had to submit, or else die of hunger.

The first day all went well; the people bought her wares eagerly, because she was so beautiful, and gave her whatever she asked, and some of them gave her the money and left the pots after all behind them. And they lived on these earnings as long as they lasted; and then the man bought a number of new pots. So she seated herself in a corner of the market, and stood the wares before her for sale. All at once a drunken horse-soldier came plunging by, and rode straight into the midst of her pots, breaking them into a thousand pieces. She could do nothing for weeping.

"Oh, dear, what will become of me?" cried she; "what will my husband say?" and she hastened home and told him her misfortune.

"Who ever heard of such a thing as sitting in the corner of the market with earthenware pots!" said the man; "now leave off crying; I see you are not fit for any regular work. I have been asking at your father's castle if they want a kitchen-maid, and they say they don't mind taking you; at any rate, you will get your victuals free."

And the king's daughter became a kitchen-maid, to be at the cook's beck and call, and to do the hardest work. In each of her pockets she fastened a little pot, and brought home in them whatever was left, and upon that she and her husband were fed. It happened one day, when the wedding of the eldest prince was celebrated, the poor woman went upstairs, and stood by the parlor door to see what was going on. And when the place was lighted up, and the company arrived, each person handsomer than the one before, and all was brilliancy and splendor, she thought on her own fate with a sad heart, and bewailed her former pride and haughtiness which had brought her so low, and plunged her in so great poverty. And as the rich and delicate dishes smelling so good were carried to and fro every now and then, the servants would throw her a few fragments, which she put in her pockets, intending to take home. And then the prince himself passed in, clothed in silk and velvet, with a gold chain round his neck. And when he saw the beautiful woman standing in the doorway, he seized her hand and urged her to dance with him, but she refused, all trembling, for she saw it was King Thrushbeard, who had come to court her, whom she had turned away with mocking. It was of no use her resisting; he drew her into the room; and all at once the band to which her pockets were fastened broke, and the pots fell out, and the soup ran about, and the fragments were scattered all around. And when the people saw that, there was great laughter and mocking, and she felt so ashamed that she wished herself a thousand fathoms underground. She rushed to the door to fly from the place, when a man caught her just on the steps, and when she looked at him it was King Thrushbeard again. He said to her in a kind tone:

"Do not be afraid, I and the beggar-man with whom you lived in the wretched little hut are one. For love of you I disguised myself, and it was I who broke your pots in the guise of a horse-soldier. I did all that to bring down your proud heart, and to punish your haughtiness, which caused you to mock at me." Then she wept bitterly, and said:

"I have done great wrong, and am not worthy to be your wife."

But he said:

"Take courage, the evil days are gone over; now let us keep our wedding-day."

Then came the ladies-in-waiting and put on her splendid clothing; and her father came, and the whole court, and wished her joy on her

marriage with King Thrushbeard; and then the merry-making began in good earnest. I cannot help wishing that you and I could have been there too.

PRUDENT HANS

ONE day, Hans's mother said:

"Where are you going, Hans?"

Hans answered, "To Grethel's, mother."

"Manage well, Hans."

"All right! Good-by, mother."

"Good-by, Hans."

Then Hans came to Grethel's.

"Good morning, Grethel."

"Good morning, Hans. What have you brought me to-day?"

"I have brought nothing, but I want something."

So Grethel gave Hans a needle; and then he said:

"Good-by, Grethel," and she said, "Good-by, Hans."

Hans carried the needle away with him, and stuck it in a hay-cart that was going along and he followed it home.

"Good evening, mother."

"Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?"

"To Grethel's, mother."

"What did you take her?"

"I took nothing, but I brought away something."

"What did Grethel give you?"

"A needle, mother."

"What did you do with it, Hans?"

"Stuck it in the hay-cart."

"That was very stupid of you, Hans. You should have stuck it in your sleeve."

"All right, mother! I'll do better next time."

When next time came, Hans's mother said:

"Where are you going, Hans?"

"To Grethel's, mother."

"Manage well, Hans."

"All right! Good-by, mother."

"Good-by, Hans."

Then Hans came to Grethel's.

"Good morning, Grethel."

"Good morning, Hans. What have you brought me to-day?"

"I've brought nothing, but I want something."

So Grethel gave Hans a knife, and then he said, "Good-by, Grethel," and she said, "Good-by, Hans."

Hans took the knife away with him, and stuck it in his sleeve, and went home.

"Good evening, mother."

"Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?"

"To Grethel's."

"What did you take her?"

"I took nothing, but I brought away something."

"What did Grethel give you, Hans?"

"A knife, mother."

"What did you do with it, Hans?"

"Stuck it in my sleeve, mother."

"That was very stupid of you, Hans. You should have put it in your pocket."

"All right, mother! I'll do better next time."

When next time came, Hans's mother said:

"Where to, Hans?"

"To Grethel's, mother."

"Manage well, Hans."

"All right! Good-by, mother."

"Good-by, Hans."

So Hans came to Grethel's.

"Good morning, Grethel."

"Good morning, Hans. What have you brought me to-day?"

"I've brought nothing, but I want to take away something."

So Grethel gave Hans a young goat; then he said:

"Good-by, Grethel," and she said, "Good-by, Hans."

So Hans carried off the goat, and tied its legs together, and put it in his pocket, and by the time he got home the poor animal was suffocated.

"Good evening, mother."

"Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?"

"To Grethel's, mother."

"What did you take her, Hans?"

"I took nothing, but I brought away something."

"What did Grethel give you, Hans?"

"A goat, mother."

"What did you do with it, Hans?"

"Put it in my pocket, mother."

"That was very stupid of you, Hans. You should have tied a cord round its neck, and led it home."

"All right, mother! I'll do better next time."

Then, when next time came:

"Where to, Hans?"

"To Grethel's, mother."

"Manage well, Hans."

"All right! Good-by, mother."

"Good-by, Hans."

Then Hans came to Grethel's.

"Good morning, Grethel."

"Good morning, Hans. What have you brought me to-day?"

"I've brought nothing, but I want to take away something."

So Grethel gave Hans a piece of bacon. Then he said:

"Good-by, Grethel."

She said, "Good-by, Hans."

Hans took the bacon, and tied a string round it, and dragged it after him on his way home, and the dogs came and ate it up, so that when he got home he had the string in his hand, and nothing at the other end of it.

"Good evening, mother."

"Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?"

"To Grethel's, mother."

"What did you take her, Hans?"

"I took her nothing, but I brought away something."

"What did Grethel give you, Hans?"

"A piece of bacon, mother."

"What did you do with it, Hans?"

"I tied a piece of string to it, and led it home, but the dogs ate it, mother."

"That was very stupid of you, Hans. You ought to have carried it on your head."

"All right! I'll do better next time, mother."

When next time came:

"Where to, Hans?"

"To Grethel's, mother."

"Manage well, Hans."

"All right! Good-by, mother."

"Good-by, Hans."

Then Hans came to Grethel's.

"Good morning, Grethel."

"Good morning, Hans. What have you brought me?"

"I have brought nothing, but I want to take away something."

So Grethel gave Hans a calf.

"Good-by, Grethel."

"Good-by, Hans."

Hans took the calf, and set it on his head, and carried it home, and the calf scratched his face.

"Good evening, mother."

"Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?"

"To Grethel's, mother."

"What did you take her?"

"I took nothing, but I brought away something."

"What did Grethel give you, Hans?"

"A calf, mother."

"What did you do with the calf, Hans?"

"I carried it home on my head, but it scratched my face."

"That was very stupid of you, Hans. You ought to have led home the calf, and tied it to the manger."

"All right! I'll do better next time, mother."

When next time came:

"Where to, Hans?"

"To Grethel's, mother."

"Manage well, Hans."

"All right, mother! Good-by."

"Good-by, Hans."

Then Hans came to Grethel's.

"Good morning, Grethel."

"Good morning, Hans. What have you brought me to-day?"

"I have brought nothing, but I want to take away something."

Then Grethel said to Hans:

"You shall take away me."

Then Hans took Grethel, and tied a rope round her neck, and led her home, and fastened her up to the manger, and went to his mother.

"Good evening, mother."

"Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?"

"To Grethel's, mother."

"What did you take her, Hans?"

"Nothing, mother."

"What did Grethel give you, Hans?"

"Nothing but herself, mother."

"Where have you left Grethel, Hans?"

"I led her home with a rope, and tied her up to the manger to eat hay, mother."

"That was very stupid of you, Hans. You should have cast sheep's eyes at her."

"All right, mother! I 'll do better next time."

Then Hans went into the stable and, taking all the eyes out of the sheep, he threw them in Grethel's face. Then Grethel was angry, and getting loose she ran away and became the bride of another.

CLEVER ELSE

THERE was once a man who had a daughter who was called Clever Else, and when she was grown up, her father said she must be married, and her mother said:

"Yes, if we could only find someone that she would consent to have."

At last one came from a distance, and his name was Hans, and when he proposed to her, he made it a condition that Clever Else should be very careful as well.

"Oh," said the father, "she does not want for brains."

"No, indeed," said the mother, "she can see the wind coming up the street and hear the flies cough."

"Well," said Hans, "if she does not turn out to be careful too, I will not have her."

Now when they were all seated at table, and had well eaten, the mother said:

"Else, go into the cellar and draw some beer."

Then Clever Else took down the jug from the hook in the wall, and as she was on her way to the cellar she rattled the lid up and down so as to pass away the time. When she got there, she took a stool and stood it in front of the cask, so that she need not stoop and make her back ache with needless trouble. Then she put the jug under the tap and turned it, and, while the beer was running, in order that her eyes should not be idle, she glanced hither and thither and finally caught sight of a pickax that the workmen had left sticking in the ceiling just above her head. Then Clever Else began to cry, for she thought:

"If I marry Hans, and we have a child, and it grows big, and we send it into the cellar to draw beer, that pickax might fall on his head and kill him."

So there she sat and cried with all her might, lamenting the anticipated misfortune. All the while they were waiting upstairs for something to drink, and they waited in vain. At last the mistress said to the maid:

"Go down to the cellar and see why Else does not come."

So the maid went, and found her sitting in front of the cask crying with all her might.

"What are you crying for?" said the maid.

"Oh, dear me," answered she, "how can I help crying? If I marry Hans, and we have a child, and it grows big, and we send it here to draw beer, perhaps the pickax may fall on its head and kill it."

"Our Else is clever indeed!" said the maid, and directly sat down to bewail the anticipated misfortune. After a while, when the people upstairs found that the maid did not return, and they were becoming more and more thirsty, the master said to the boy:

"You go down into the cellar and see what Else and the maid are doing."

The boy did so, and there he found both Clever Else and the maid sitting crying together. Then he asked what was the matter.

"Oh, dear me," said Else, "how can we help crying? If I marry Hans, and we have a child, and it grows big, and we send it here to draw beer, the pickax might fall on its head and kill it."

"Our Else is clever indeed!" said the boy, and sitting down beside her he began howling with a

good will. Upstairs they were all waiting for him to come back, but, as he did not come, the master said to the mistress:

"You go down to the cellar and see what Else is doing."

So the mistress went down and found all three in great lamentations, and, when she asked

THERE THEY SAT, ALL WEEPING

the cause, then Else told her how the future possible child might be killed as soon as it was big enough to be sent to draw beer, by the pickax falling on it. Then the mother at once exclaimed:

"Our Else is clever indeed!" and, sitting down, she wept with the rest.

Upstairs the husband waited a little while, but, as his wife did not return and as his thirst constantly increased, he said:

"I must go down to the cellar myself and see what has become of Else." And when he came into the cellar, and found them all sitting and weeping together, he was told that it was all owing to the child that Else might possibly have, and the possibility of its being killed by the pickax so happening to fall just at the time the child might be sitting underneath it drawing beer; and when he heard all this, he cried:

"How clever is our Else!" and sitting down he joined his tears to theirs.

The intended bridegroom stayed upstairs by himself a long time, but, as nobody came back to him, he thought he would go himself and see what they were all about. And there he found all five lamenting and crying most pitifully, each one louder than the other.

"What misfortune has happened?" cried he.

"Oh, my dear Hans," said Else, "if we marry and have a child, and it grows big, and we send it down here to draw beer, perhaps that pickax which has been left sticking up there might fall down on the child's head and kill it; and how can we help crying at that!"

"Now," said Hans, "I cannot think that greater sense than that could be wanted in my household; so as you are so clever, Else, I will have you for my wife," and taking her by the hand he led her upstairs, and they had the wedding at once.

A little while after they were married, Hans said to his wife:

"I am going out to work, in order to get money; you go into the field and cut the corn, so that we may have bread."

"Very well, I will do so, dear Hans," said she. And after Hans was gone, she cooked herself some nice stew, and took it with her into the field. And when she got there, she said to herself:

"Now, what shall I do? Shall I reap first, or eat first? All right, I will eat first." Then she ate her fill of stew, and when she could eat no more she said to herself:

"Now, what shall I do? Shall I reap first or sleep first? All right, I will sleep first." Then she lay down in the corn and went to sleep. And Hans got home, and waited there a long while, and Else did not come, so he said to himself:

"My clever Else is so industrious that she never thinks of coming home and eating."

But when evening drew near and still she did not come, Hans set out to see how much corn she had cut; but she had cut no corn at all, but there she was lying in it asleep. Then Hans made haste home, and fetched a bird-net with little bells and threw it over her; and still she went on sleeping. And he ran home again and locked himself in, and sat him down on his bench to work. At last, when it was beginning to grow dark, Clever Else woke, and when she got up and shook herself the bells jingled at each movement that she made. Then she grew frightened, and began to doubt whether she were really Clever Else or not, and said to herself:

"Am I, or am I not?" And, not knowing what answer to make, she stood for a long while considering; at last she thought:

"I will go home to Hans and ask him if I am I or not; he is sure to know."

So she ran up to the door of her house, but it was locked; then she knocked at the window, and cried:

"Hans, is Else within?"

"Yes," answered Hans, "she is in."

Then she was in a greater fright than ever, and crying:

"Oh, dear, then I am not I," she went to inquire at another door; but the people hearing the jingling of the bells would not open to her, and she could get in nowhere. So she ran away beyond the village, and since then no one has seen her.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

THERE were once a fisherman and his wife who lived together in a hovel by the sea-shore, and the fisherman went out every day with his hook and line to catch fish, and he angled and angled.

One day he was sitting with his rod and looking into the clear water, and he sat and sat.

At last down went the line to the bottom of the water, and when he drew it up he found a great flounder on the hook. And the flounder said to him:

"Fisherman, listen to me; let me go, I am not a real fish but an enchanted prince. What good shall I be to you if you land me? I shall not taste well; so put me back into the water again, and let me swim away."

"Well," said the fisherman, "no need of so many words about the matter; as you can speak I had much rather let you swim away."

Then he put him back into the clear water, and the flounder sank to the bottom, leaving a long streak of blood behind him. Then the fisherman got up and went home to his wife in their hovel.

"Well, husband," said the wife, "have you caught nothing to-day?"

"No," said the man — "that is, I did catch a flounder, but as he said he was an enchanted prince, I let him go again."

"Then did you wish for nothing?" said the wife.

"No," said the man, "what should I wish for?"

"Oh, dear," said the wife; "and it is so dreadful always to live in this evil-smelling hovel; you might as well have wished for a little cottage; go again and call him; tell him we want a little cottage, I dare say he will give it to us; go, and be quick."

And when he went back, the sea was green and yellow, and not nearly so clear. So he stood and said:

> "Oh man, Oh man! — if man you be,
> Or flounder, flounder, in the sea —
> Such a tiresome wife I 've got,
> For she wants what I do not."

Then the flounder came swimming up and said:

"Now, then, what does she want?"

"Oh," said the man, "you know, when I caught you my wife says I ought to have wished for something. She does not want to live any longer in the hovel, and would rather have a cottage."

"Go home with you," said the flounder, "she has it already."

So the man went home, and found, instead of the hovel, a little cottage, and his wife was sitting on a bench before the door. And she took him by the hand, and said to him:

"Come in and see if this is not a great improvement."

So they went in, and there was a little house-place and a beautiful little bedroom, a kitchen and larder, with all sorts of furniture, and iron and brass ware of the very best. And at the back was a little yard with fowls and ducks, and a little garden full of green vegetables and fruit.

"Look," said the wife, "is not that nice?"

"Yes," said the man, "if this can only last, we shall be very well contented."

"We will see about that," said the wife. And after a meal they went to bed.

So all went well for a week or fortnight, when the wife said:

"Look here, husband, the cottage is really too confined, and the yard and garden are so small; I think the flounder had better get us a larger house; I should like very much to live in

a large stone castle; so go to your fish and he will send us a castle."

"Oh, my dear wife," said the man, "the cottage is good enough; what do we want a castle for?"

"We want one," said the wife; "go along with you; the flounder can give us one."

"Now, wife," said the man, "the flounder gave us the cottage; I do not like to go to him again; he may be angry."

"Go along," said the wife; "he might just as well give us it as not; do as I say!"

The man felt very reluctant and unwilling; and he said to himself:

"It is not the right thing to do"; nevertheless he went.

So when he came to the seaside, the water was purple and dark blue and gray and thick, and not green and yellow as before. And he stood and said:

"Oh man, Oh man! — if man you be,
Or flounder, flounder, in the sea —
Such a tiresome wife I 've got,
For she wants what I do not."

"Now, then, what does she want?" said the flounder.

"Oh," said the man, half frightened, "she wants to live in a large stone castle."

"Go home with you; she is already standing before the door," said the flounder.

Then the man went home, as he supposed, but when he got there, there stood in the place of the cottage a great castle of stone, and his wife was standing on the steps, about to go in; so she took him by the hand, and said:

"Let us enter."

With that he went in with her, and in the castle was a great hall with a marble pavement, and there were a great many servants, who led them through large doors, and the passages were decked with tapestry, and the rooms with golden chairs and tables, and crystal chandeliers hanging from the ceiling; and all the rooms had carpets. And the tables were covered with eatables and the best wine for anyone who wanted them. And at the back of the house was a great stable-yard for horses and cattle, and carriages of the finest; besides, there was a splendid large garden, with the most beautiful flowers and fine fruit trees, and a pleasance full half a mile long, with deer and oxen and sheep, and everything that heart could wish for.

"There!" said the wife, "is not this beautiful?"

"Oh yes," said the man, "if it will only last, we can live in this fine castle and be very well contented."

"We will see about that," said the wife; "in the meanwhile we will sleep upon it." With that they went to bed.

The next morning the wife was awake first, just at the break of day, and she looked out and saw from her bed the beautiful country lying all round. The man took no notice of it, so she poked him in the side with her elbow, and said:

"Husband, get up and just look out of the window. Look, just think if we could be king over all this country. Just go to your fish and tell him we should like to be king."

"Now, wife," said the man, "what should we be kings for? I don't want to be king."

"Well," said the wife, "if you don't want to be king, I will be king."

"Now, wife," said the man, "what do you want to be king for? I could not ask him such a thing."

"Why not?" said the wife; "you must go directly all the same; I must be king."

So the man went, very much put out that his wife should want to be king.

"It is not the right thing to do — not at all the right thing," thought the man. He did not at all want to go, and yet he went all the same.

And when he came to the sea the water was quite dark gray, and rushed far inland, and had an ill smell. And he stood and said:

"Oh man, Oh man! — if man you be,
Or flounder, flounder, in the sea —
Such a tiresome wife I 've got,
For she wants what I do not."

"Now, then, what does she want?" said the fish.

"Oh, dear," said the man, "she wants to be king."

"Go home with you, she is so already," said the fish.

So the man went back, and as he came to the palace he saw it was very much larger, and had great towers and splendid gateways; the

herald stood before the door, and a number of soldiers with kettle-drums and trumpets.

And when he came inside everything was of marble and gold, and there were many curtains with great golden tassels. Then he went through the doors of the saloon to where the great throne-room was, and there was his wife sitting upon a throne of gold and diamonds, and she had a great golden crown on, and the scepter in her hand was of pure gold and jewels, and on each side stood six pages in a row, each one a head shorter than the other. So the man went up to her and said:

"Well, wife, so now you are king!"

"Yes," said the wife, "now I am king."

So then he stood and looked at her, and when he had gazed at her for some time he said:

"Well, wife, this is fine for you to be king! Now there is nothing more to wish for."

"Oh, husband!" said the wife, seeming quite

"TELL HIM I MUST BE EMPEROR"

restless, "I am tired of this already. Go to your fish and tell him that now I am king I must be emperor."

"Now, wife," said the man, "what do you want to be emperor for?"

"Husband," said she, "go and tell the fish I want to be emperor."

"Oh, dear!" said the man, "he could not do it — I cannot ask him such a thing. There is but one emperor at a time; the fish can't possibly make anyone emperor — indeed he can't."

"Now, look here," said the wife, "I am king, and you are only my husband, so will you go at once? Go along! For if he was able to make me king he is able to make me emperor; and I will and must be emperor, so go along!"

So he was obliged to go; and as he went he felt very uncomfortable about it, and he thought to himself:

"It is not at all the right thing to do; to want to be emperor is really going too far; the flounder will soon be beginning to get tired of this."

With that he came to the sea, and the water was quite black and thick, and the foam flew, and the wind blew, and the man was terrified.

But he stood and said:

"Oh man, Oh man! — if man you be,
Or flounder, flounder, in the sea —
Such a tiresome wife I 've got,
For she wants what I do not."

"What is it now?" said the fish.

"Oh, dear!" said the man, "my wife wants to be emperor."

"Go home with you," said the fish, "she is emperor already."

So the man went home, and found the castle adorned with polished marble and alabaster figures, and golden gates. The troops were being marshaled before the door, and they were blowing trumpets and beating drums and cymbals; and when he entered he saw barons and earls and dukes waiting about like servants; and the doors were of bright gold. And he saw his wife sitting upon a throne made of one entire piece of gold, and it was about two miles high; and she had a great golden crown on, which was about three yards high, set with brilliants and carbuncles; and in one hand she held the scepter, and in the other the globe; and on both sides of her stood pages in two rows, all arranged according to their size, from the most enormous giant of two miles high to the tiniest dwarf of the size of my little finger; and before her stood earls and dukes in crowds. So the man went up to her and said:

"Well, wife, so now you are emperor."

"Yes," said she, "now I am emperor."

Then he went and sat down and had a good look at her, and then he said:

"Well, now, wife, there is nothing left to be, now you are emperor."

"What are you talking about, husband?" said she; "I am emperor, and next I will be pope! So go and tell the fish so."

"Oh, dear!" said the man, "what is it that you don't want? You can never become pope; there is but one pope in Christendom, and the fish can't possibly do it."

"Husband," said she, "no more words about it; I must and will be pope; so go along to the fish."

"Now, wife," said the man, "how can I ask him such a thing? It is too bad — it is asking a little too much; and besides, he could not do it."

"What rubbish!" said the wife; "if he could make me emperor he can make me pope. Go along and ask him; I am emperor, and you are only my husband, so go you must."

So he went, feeling very frightened, and he shivered and shook, and his knees trembled; and there arose a great wind, and the clouds flew by, and it grew very dark, and the sea rose mountains high, and the ships were tossed about, and the sky was partly blue in the middle, but at the sides very dark and red, as in a great tempest. And he felt very desponding, and stood trembling and said:

"Oh man, Oh man! — if man you be,
Or flounder, flounder, in the sea —
Such a tiresome wife I 've got,
For she wants what I do not."

"Well, what now?" said the fish.

"Oh, dear!" said the man, "she wants to be pope."

"Go home with you, she is pope already," said the fish.

So he went home, and he found himself before a great church, with palaces all round. He had to make his way through a crowd of people; and when he got inside he found the place lighted up with thousands and thousands of lights; and his wife was clothed in a golden garment, and sat upon a very high throne, and had three golden crowns on, all in the greatest priestly pomp; and on both sides of her there stood two rows of lights of all sizes — from the size of the longest tower to the smallest rush-light, and all the emperors and kings were kneeling before her and kissing her foot.

"Well, wife," said the man, and sat and stared at her, "so you are pope."

"Yes," said she, "now I am pope!"

And he went on gazing at her till he felt dazzled, as if he were sitting in the sun. And after a little time he said:

"Well, now, wife, what is there left to be, now you are pope!"

And she sat up very stiff and straight, and said nothing.

And he said again, "Well, wife, I hope you are contented at last with being pope; you can be nothing more."

"We will see about that," said his wife. With that they both went to bed; but she was as far as ever from being contented, and she could not get to sleep for thinking of what she should like to be next.

The husband, however, slept as fast as a top after his busy day; but the wife tossed and turned from side to side the whole night through, thinking all the while what she could be next, but nothing would occur to her; and when she saw the red dawn, she slipped off the bed and sat before the window to see the sun rise, and as it came up she said:

"Ah, I have it! What if I should make the sun and moon to rise — husband!" she cried, and stuck her elbow in his ribs, "wake up, and go to your fish, and tell him I want power over the sun and moon."

The man was so fast asleep that when he started up he fell out of bed. Then he shook himself together, and opened his eyes and said:

"Oh, wife, what did you say?"

"Husband," said she, "if I cannot get the power of making the sun and moon rise when I want them, I shall never have another quiet hour. Go to the fish and tell him so."

"Oh, wife!" said the man, and fell on his knees to her, "the fish can really not do that for you. I grant you he could make you emperor and pope; do be contented with that, I beg of you."

And she became wild with impatience, and screamed out:

"I can wait no longer, go at once!"

And so off he went as well as he could for fright. And a dreadful storm arose, so that he could hardly keep his feet; and the houses and trees were blown down, and the mountains trembled, and rocks fell in the sea; the sky was quite black, and it thundered and lightened; and the waves, crowned with foam, ran mountains high. So he cried out, without being able to hear his own words:

"Oh man, Oh man! — if man you be,
Or flounder, flounder, in the sea —
Such a tiresome wife I 've got,
For she wants what I do not."

"Well, what now?" said the flounder.

"Oh, dear!" said the man, "she wants to order about the sun and moon."

"Go home with you!" said the flounder, "you will find her in the old hovel."

And there they are sitting to this very day.

CLEVER GRETHEL

THERE was once a cook called Grethel who wore shoes with red heels, and when she went out in them she gave herself great airs, and thought herself very fine indeed. When she came home again, she would take a drink of wine to refresh herself, and as that gave her an appetite she would take some of the best of whatever she was cooking, until she had had enough — "for," said she, "a cook must know how things taste."

Now it happened that one day her master said to her:

"Grethel, I expect a guest this evening; you must make ready a pair of fowls."

"Certainly, sir, I will," answered Grethel. So she killed the fowls, cleaned them, and plucked them, and put them on the spit, and then, as evening drew near, placed them before the fire to roast. And they began to be brown, and were nearly done, but the guest had not come.

"If he does not make haste," cried Grethel to her master, "I must take them away from the fire; it's a pity and a shame not to eat them now, just when they are done to a turn." And the master said he would run himself and fetch the guest. As soon as he had turned his back, Grethel took the fowls from before the fire.

"Standing so long before the fire," said she, "makes one hot and thirsty — and who knows when they will come! In the meanwhile I will go to the cellar and have a drink." So down she ran, took up a mug, and saying, "Here's to me!" took a good draught. "One good drink deserves another," she said, "and it should not be cut short"; so she took another hearty draught. Then she went and put the fowls down to the fire again, and, basting them with butter, she turned the spit briskly round. And now they began to smell so good that Grethel, saying, "I must find out whether they really are all right," licked her fingers, and then cried, "Well, I never! The fowls are good; it's a sin and a shame that no one is here to eat them!"

So she ran to the window to see if her master and his guest were coming, but as she could see nobody she went back to her fowls. "Why, one of the wings is burning!" she cried presently; "I had better eat it and get it out of the way." So she cut it off and ate it up, and it tasted good, and then she thought:

"I had better cut off the other too, in case the master should miss anything." And when both wings had been disposed of she went and looked for the master, but still he did not come.

"Who knows," said she, "whether they are coming or not? They may have put up at an inn." And after a pause she said again, "Come, I will make sure of a good drink and then of a good meal, and when all is done I shall be easy." So first she ran down into the cellar and had a famous drink, and ate up one of the fowls with great relish. And when that was done, and still the master did not come, Grethel eyed the other fowl, saying, "What one is the other must be, the two belong to each other; it is only fair that they should be both treated alike; perhaps when I have had another drink, I shall be able to manage it." So she took another hearty

drink, and then the second fowl went the way of the first.

Just as she was in the middle of it the master came back. "Make haste, Grethel," cried he, "the guest is coming directly!" "Very well, master," she answered, "it will soon be ready." The master went to see that the table was properly laid, and, taking the great carving knife with which he meant to carve the fowls, he sharpened it upon the step. Presently came the guest, knocking very genteelly and softly at the front door. Grethel ran and looked to see who it was, and when she caught sight of the guest she put her finger on her lip, saying, "Hush! Make the best haste you can out of this, for if my master catches you it will be bad for you; he asked you to come to supper, but he really means to cut off your ears! Just listen how he is sharpening his knife!"

The guest, hearing the noise of the sharpening, made off as fast as he could go. And Grethel ran screaming to her master. "A pretty guest you have asked to the house!" cried she.

"How so, Grethel? What do you mean?" asked he.

"What indeed!" said she; "why, he has gone and run away with my pair of fowls that I had just dished up."

"That's pretty sort of conduct!" said the master, feeling very sorry about the fowls; "he might at least have left me one, that I might have had something to eat." And he called out to him to stop, but the guest made as if he did not hear him; then he ran after him, the knife still in his hand, crying out, "Only one! only one!" meaning that the guest should let him have one of the fowls and not take both; but the guest thought he meant to have only one of his ears, and he ran so much the faster that he might get home with both of them safe.

THE MAIDEN WITH HAIR THAT SHONE LIKE GOLD, AND WHAT THE WITCH DID

THERE once lived a man and his wife, who had long wished for a child, but in vain. Now there was at the back of their house a little window which overlooked a beautiful garden full of the finest vegetables and flowers; but there was a high wall all round it, and no one ventured into it, for it belonged to a witch of great might, and of whom all the world was afraid. One day that the wife was standing at the window, and looking into the garden, she saw a bed filled with the finest rampion; and it looked so fresh and green that she began to wish for some; and at length she longed for it greatly. This went on for days, and, as she knew she could not get the rampion, she pined away, and grew pale and miserable. Then the man was uneasy and asked:

"What is the matter, dear wife?"

"Oh," answered she, "I shall die unless I can have some of that rampion to eat that grows in the garden at the back of our house." The man, who loved her very much, thought to himself:

"Rather than lose my wife I will get some rampion, cost what it will."

So in the twilight he climbed over the wall into the witch's garden, plucked hastily a handful of rampion, and brought it to his wife. She made a salad of it at once, and ate of it to her heart's content. But she liked it so much, and it tasted so good, that the next day she longed for it thrice as much as she had done before; if she was to have any rest the man must climb over the wall once more. So he went in the twilight again, and, as he was climbing back, he saw, all at once, the witch standing before him, and was terribly frightened, as she cried, with angry eyes:

"How dare you climb over into my garden like a thief, and steal my rampion! It shall be the worse for you!"

"Oh," answered he, "be merciful rather than just. I have done it only through necessity; for my wife saw your rampion out of the window, and became possessed with so great a longing that she would have died if she could not have had some to eat." Then the witch said:

"If it is all as you say you may have as much rampion as you like, on one condition — the child that will come into the world must be given to me. It shall go well with the child, and I will care for it like a mother."

In his distress of mind the man promised everything; and when the time came when the child was born the witch appeared, and, giving the child the name of Rapunzel (which is the same as rampion), she took it away with her.

Rapunzel was the most beautiful child in the world. When she was twelve years old the witch shut her up in a tower in the midst of a wood, and it had neither steps nor door, only a small window above. When the witch wished to be let in, she would stand below and would cry:

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair!"

Rapunzel had beautiful long hair that shone like gold. When she heard the voice of the witch she would undo the fastening of the upper window, unbind the plaits of her hair, and let it down twenty ells below, and the witch would climb up by it.

After they had lived thus a few years it happened that, as the King's son was riding through the wood, he came to the tower; and as he drew near he heard a voice singing so sweetly that he stood still and listened. It was Rapunzel in her loneliness trying to pass away the time with sweet songs. The King's son wished to go in to her, and sought to find a door in the tower, but there was none. So he rode home; but the song had entered into his heart, and every day he went into the wood and listened to it. Once, as he was standing there under a tree, he saw the witch come up, and listened while she called out:

"Oh, Rapunzel, Rapunzel! let down your hair."

Then he saw how Rapunzel let down her long tresses, and how the witch climbed up by it and went in to her, and he said to himself:

"Since that is the ladder, I will climb it and seek my fortune." And the next day, as soon as it began to grow dusk, he went to the tower and cried:

"Oh, Rapunzel, Rapunzel! let down your hair."

And she let down her hair, and the King's son climbed up by it.

Rapunzel was greatly terrified when she saw a man come into the room, for she had never seen one before; but the King's son began speaking so kindly to her, and told how her singing had entered into his heart, so that he could have no peace until he had seen her herself. Then Rapunzel forgot her terror, and, when he asked her to take him for her husband, and she saw that he was young and beautiful, she thought to herself:

"I certainly like him much better than old Mother Gothel," and she put her hand into his hand, saying:

"I would willingly go with thee, but I do not know how I shall get out. When thou comest, bring each time a silken rope, and I will make a ladder, and when it is quite ready I will get down by it out of the tower, and thou shalt take me away on thy horse."

Then they agreed upon the plan that he should come to her every evening, as the old woman came in the daytime. So the witch

knew nothing of all this until once Rapunzel said to her unwittingly:

"Mother Gothel, how is it that you climb up here so slowly, and the King's son is with me in a moment?"

"Oh, wicked child," cried the witch, "what is this I hear! I thought I had hidden thee from all the world, and thou hast betrayed me!"

In her anger she seized Rapunzel by her beautiful hair, struck her several times with her left hand, and then grasping a pair of shears in her right — snip, snap — the beautiful locks lay on the ground. And she was so hard-hearted that she took Rapunzel and put her in a waste and desert place, where she lived in great woe and misery.

The same day on which she took Rapunzel away she went back to the tower in the evening and made fast the severed locks of hair to the window hasp, and the King's son came and cried:

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel! let down your hair."

Then she let the hair down, and the King's son climbed up, but instead of his dearest Rapunzel he found the witch looking at him with wicked, glittering eyes.

"Aha!" cried she, mocking him, "you came for your darling, but the sweet bird sits no longer in the nest, and sings no more; the cat has got her, and will scratch out your eyes as well! Rapunzel is lost to you; you will see her no more."

The King's son was beside himself with grief, and in his agony he sprang from the tower; he escaped with life, but the thorns on which he fell put out his eyes. Then he wandered blind through the wood, eating nothing but roots and berries and doing nothing but lament and weep for the loss of his dearest wife.

So he wandered several years in misery until at last he came to the desert place where Rapunzel lived with her twin children that she had borne, a boy and a girl. At first he heard a voice that he thought he knew, and when he reached the place from which it seemed to come Rapunzel knew him, and fell on his neck and wept. And when her tears touched his eyes they became clear again, and he could see with them as well as ever.

Then he took her to his kingdom, where he was received with great joy, and there they lived long and happily.

THE THREE LITTLE MEN IN THE WOOD

THERE was once a man, whose wife was dead, and a woman, whose husband was dead; and the man had a daughter, and so had the woman. The girls were acquainted with each other, and used to play together sometimes in the woman's house. So the woman said to the man's daughter:

"Listen to me, tell your father that I will marry him, and then you shall have milk to wash in every morning and wine to drink, and my daughter shall have water to wash in and water to drink."

The girl went home and told her father what the woman had said. The man said:

"What shall I do! Marriage is a joy, and also a torment."

At last, as he could come to no conclusion, he took off his boot and said to his daughter:

"Take this boot, it has a hole in the sole; go up with it into the loft, hang it on the big nail, and pour water in it. If it holds water, I will once more take to me a wife; if it lets out the water, so will I not."

The girl did as she was told, but the water held the hole together, and the boot was full up to the top. So she went and told her father how it was. And he went up to see with his own eyes, and, as there was no mistake about it, he went to the widow and courted her, and then they had the wedding.

The next morning, when the two girls awoke, there stood by the bedside of the man's daughter

milk to wash in and wine to drink, and by the bedside of the woman's daughter there stood water to wash in and water to drink.

On the second morning there stood water to wash in and water to drink for both of them alike. On the third morning there stood water to wash in and wine to drink for the man's daughter, and milk to wash in and wine to drink for the woman's daughter; and so it remained ever after. The woman hated her stepdaughter, and never knew how to treat her badly enough from one day to another. And she was jealous because her stepdaughter was pleasant and pretty and her real daughter was ugly and hateful.

Once in winter, when it was freezing hard, and snow lay deep on hill and valley, the woman made a frock out of paper, called her stepdaughter, and said:

"Here, put on this frock, go out into the wood, and fetch me a basket of strawberries; I have a great wish for some."

"Oh, dear," said the girl, "there are no strawberries to be found in winter; the ground is frozen, and the snow covers everything. And why should I go in the paper frock? It is so cold out-of-doors that one's breath is frozen; the wind will blow through it, and the thorns will tear it off my back!"

"How dare you contradict me!" cried the stepmother; "be off, and don't let me see you again till you bring me a basket of fresh strawberries."

Then she gave her a little piece of hard bread, and said:

"That will do for you to eat during the day"; and she thought to herself, "She is sure to be frozen or starved to death out-of-doors and I shall never set eyes on her again."

So the girl went obediently, put on the paper frock, and started out with the basket. The snow was lying everywhere, far and wide, and there was not a blade of green to be seen. When she entered the wood she saw a little house with three little men peeping out of it. She wished them good day, and knocked modestly at the door.

Then they called her in, and she came into the room and sat down by the side of the oven to warm herself and eat her breakfast. The little men said: "Give us some of it."

"Willingly," answered she, breaking her little piece of bread in two and giving them half. They then said:

"What are you doing here in the wood this winter time in your little thin frock?"

"Oh," answered she, "I have to get a basket of strawberries, and I must not go home without them."

When she had eaten her bread they gave her a broom and told her to go and sweep the snow away from the back door. When she had gone outside to do it, the little men talked among themselves about what they should do for her, as she was so good and pretty and had shared her bread with them. Then the first one said:

"She shall grow prettier every day." The second said:

"Each time she speaks a piece of gold shall fall from her mouth." The third said:

"A king shall come and take her for his wife."

In the meanwhile the girl was doing as the little men had told her, and had cleared the snow from the back of the little house, and what do you suppose she found? — fine ripe strawberries, showing dark red against the snow! Then she joyfully filled her little basket full, thanked the little men, shook hands with them all, and ran home in haste to bring her stepmother the thing she longed for. As she went in and said, "Good evening," a piece of gold fell from her mouth at once. Then she related all that had happened to her in the wood, and at each word that she spoke gold pieces fell out of her mouth, so that soon they were scattered all over the room.

"Just look at her pride and conceit!" cried the stepsister, "throwing money about in this way!" but in her heart she was jealous because of it, and wanted to go too into the wood to fetch strawberries. But the mother said:

"No, my dear little daughter, it is too cold; you will be frozen to death."

But she left her no peace, so at last the mother gave in, got her a splendid fur coat to put on, and gave her bread and butter and cakes to eat on the way.

The girl went into the wood and walked straight up to the little house. The three little men peeped out again, but she gave them no greeting, and without looking round or taking any notice of them she came stumping into the

room, sat herself down by the oven, and began to eat her bread and butter and cakes.

"Give us some of that," cried the little men; but she answered:

"I've not enough for myself; how can I give away any?"

Now when she had done with her eating, they said:

"Here is a broom, go and sweep all clean by the back door."

"Oh, go and do it yourselves," answered she; "I am not your housemaid."

But when she saw that they were not going to give her anything, she went out to the door. Then the three little men said among themselves:

"What shall we do to her, because she is so unpleasant and has such a wicked, jealous heart, grudging everybody everything?" The first said:

"She shall grow uglier every day." The second said:

"Each time she speaks a toad shall jump out of her mouth at every word." The third said:

"She shall die a miserable death."

The girl was looking outside for strawberries, but as she found none she went sulkily home. And directly she opened her mouth to tell her mother what had happened to her in the wood a toad sprang out of her mouth at each word, so that everyone who came near her was quite disgusted.

The stepmother became more and more set against the man's daughter, whose beauty increased day by day, and her only thought was how to do her some injury. So at last she took a kettle, set it on the fire, and scalded some yarn in it. When it was ready she hung it over the poor girl's shoulder, and gave her an ax, and told her to go to the frozen river and break a hole in the ice, and there to rinse the yarn. She obeyed, and went and hewed a hole in the ice, and as she was about it there came by a splendid coach, in which the King sat. The coach stood still, and the King said:

"My child, who art thou, and what art thou doing there?" She answered:

"I am a poor girl, and am rinsing yarn."

Then the King felt pity for her, and, as he saw that she was very beautiful, he said:

"Will you go with me?"

"Oh yes, with all my heart," answered she; and she felt very glad to be out of the way of her mother and sister.

So she stepped into the coach and went off with the King; and when they reached his castle the wedding was celebrated with great splendor, as the little men in the wood had foretold.

At the end of a year the young Queen had a son; and as the stepmother had heard of her great good fortune she came with her daughter to the castle, as if merely to pay the King and Queen a visit. One day, when the King had gone out, and when nobody was about, the bad woman took the Queen by the head, and her daughter took her by the heels, and dragged her out of bed, and threw her out of the window into a stream that flowed beneath it. Then the old woman put her ugly daughter in the bed, and covered her up to her chin. When the King came back and wanted to talk to his wife a little, the old woman cried:

"Stop, stop! she is sleeping nicely; and she must be kept quiet to-day."

The King dreamt of nothing wrong, and came again the next morning; and as he spoke to his wife, and she answered him, there jumped each time out of her mouth a toad instead of the piece of gold as heretofore. Then he asked why that should be, and the old woman said it was because of her great weakness, and that it would pass away.

But in the night, the boy who slept in the kitchen saw how something in the likeness of a duck swam up the gutter, and said:

"My King, what mak'st thou?
Sleepest thou, or wak'st thou?"

But there was no answer. Then it said:

"What cheer my two guests keep they?"

So the kitchen-boy answered:

"In bed all soundly sleep they."

It asked again:

"And my little baby, how does *he?*"

And he answered:

"He sleeps in his cradle quietly."

Then the duck took the shape of the Queen, and went to the child, and gave him to drink, smoothed his little bed, covered him up again, and then, in the likeness of a duck, swam back down the gutter. In this way she came two nights, and on the third she said to the kitchen-boy:

"Go and tell the King to brandish his sword three times over me on the threshold."

Then the kitchen-boy ran and told the King, and he came with his sword and brandished it three times over the duck, and at the third time his wife stood before him living, and hearty, and sound, as she had been before.

The King was greatly rejoiced, but he hid the Queen in a chamber until the Sunday came when the child was to be baptized. And after the baptism he said:

"What does that person deserve who drags another out of his bed and throws him in the water?"

And the old woman answered:

"No better than to be put into a cask with iron nails in it, and to be rolled in it down the hill into the water."

Then said the King:

"You have spoken your own sentence"; and he ordered a cask to be fetched, and the old woman and her daughter were put into it, and the top hammered down, and the cask was rolled down the hill into the river.

THE THREE SPINSTERS

THERE was once a girl who was lazy and would not spin, and her mother could not persuade her to it, do what she would. At last the mother became angry and out of patience and gave her a good beating, so that she cried out loudly.

At that moment the Queen happened to be going by; as she heard the crying, she stopped; and, going into the house, she asked the mother why she was beating her daughter, so that everyone outside in the street could hear her cries.

The woman was ashamed to tell of her daughter's laziness, so she said:

"I cannot stop her from spinning; she is forever at it, and I am poor and cannot furnish her with flax enough."

Then the Queen answered:

"I like nothing better than the sound of the spinning-wheel, and always feel happy when I hear its humming; let me take your daughter with me to the castle — I have plenty of flax, she shall spin there to her heart's content."

The mother was only too glad of the offer, and the Queen took the girl with her. When they reached the castle the Queen showed her three rooms which were filled with the finest flax as full as they could hold.

"Now, you can spin me this flax," said she, "and when you can show it to me all done you shall have my eldest son for bridegroom; you may be poor, but I make nothing of that — your industry is dowry enough."

The girl was inwardly terrified, for she could not have spun the flax, even if she were to live to be a hundred years old and were to sit spinning every day of her life from morning to evening. And when she found herself alone she began to weep, and sat so for three days without putting her hand to it. On the third day the Queen came, and when she saw that nothing had been done of the spinning she was much surprised; but the girl excused herself by saying that she had not been able to begin because of the distress she was in at leaving her home and her mother. The excuse contented the Queen, who said, however, as she went away:

"To-morrow you must begin to work."

When the girl found herself alone again she could not tell how to help herself or what to do, and in her perplexity she went and gazed out of the window. There she saw three women passing by, and the first of them had a broad, flat foot, the second had a big underlip that hung down over her chin, and the third had a remarkably broad thumb. They all of them stopped in front of the window, and called out to know what it was that the girl wanted. She told them all her need, and they promised her their help, and said:

"Then will you invite us to your wedding,

and not be ashamed of us, and call us your cousins, and let us sit at your table; if you will promise this, we will finish off your flax-spinning in a very short time."

"With all my heart," answered the girl; "only come in now, begin at once."

Then these same women came in, and she cleared a space in the first room for them to sit and carry on their spinning. The first one drew out the thread and moved the treadle that turned the wheel, the second moistened the thread, the third twisted it and rapped with her finger on the table, and as often as she rapped a heap of yarn fell to the ground, and it was most beautifully spun. But the girl hid the three spinsters out of the Queen's sight, and only showed her, as often as she came, the heaps of well-spun yarn; and there was no end to the praises she received. When the first room was empty they went on to the second, and then to the third, so that at last all was finished. Then the three women took their leave, saying to the girl:

"Do not forget what you have promised, and it will be all the better for you."

So when the girl took the Queen and showed her the empty rooms, and the great heaps of yarn, the wedding was at once arranged, and the bridegroom rejoiced that he should have so clever and diligent a wife, and praised her exceedingly.

"I have three cousins," said the girl, "and, as they have shown me a great deal of kindness, I would not wish to forget them in my good fortune; may I be allowed to invite them to the wedding, and to ask them to sit at the table with us?"

The Queen and the bridegroom said at once:

"There is no reason against it."

So when the feast began, in came the three spinsters in strange guise, and the bride said:

"Dear cousins, you are welcome."

"Oh," said the bridegroom, "how come you to have such dreadfully ugly relations?"

And then he went up to the first spinster and said:

"How is it that you have such a broad, flat foot?"

"With treading," answered she, "with treading."

Then he went up to the second and said:

"How is it that you have such a great hanging lip?"

"With licking," answered she, "with licking."

Then he asked the third:

"How is it that you have such a broad thumb?"

"With twisting thread," answered she, "with twisting thread."

Then the bridegroom said that from that time forward his beautiful bride should never touch a spinning-wheel.

And so she escaped that tiresome flax-spinning.

SNOW-WHITE

IT was the middle of winter, and the snow-flakes were falling like feathers from the sky, and a queen sat at her window working, and her embroidery frame was of ebony. As she worked, gazing at times out on the snow, she pricked her finger, and there fell from it three drops of blood on the snow. And when she saw how bright and red it looked, she said to herself, "O that I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the wood of the embroidery frame!"

Not very long after she had a daughter, with a skin as white as snow, lips as red as blood, and hair as black as ebony, and she was named Snow-white. And when she was born the queen died.

After a year had gone by the king took another wife, a beautiful woman, but proud and overbearing, and she could not bear to be surpassed in beauty by anyone. She had a magic looking-glass, and she used to stand before it, and look in it, and say:

"Looking-glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?"

And the looking-glass would answer:

"You are fairest of them all."

And she was contented, for she knew that the looking-glass spoke the truth.

Now, Snow-white was growing prettier and prettier, and when she was seven years old she was as beautiful as day, far more so than the queen herself. So one day when the queen went to her mirror and said:

"Looking-glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?"

it answered:

"Queen, you are full fair, 't is true,
But Snow-white fairer is than you."

This gave the queen a great shock, and she became yellow and green with envy, and from that hour her heart turned against Snow-white and she hated her. And envy and pride, like ill weeds, grew in her heart higher every day, until she had no peace day or night. At last she sent for a huntsman and said:

"Take the child out into the woods, so that I may set eyes on her no more. You must put her to death and bring me her heart for a token."

The huntsman consented, and led her away; but when he drew his cutlass to pierce Snow-white's innocent heart, she began to weep and to say:

"Oh, dear huntsman, do not take my life; I will go away into the wild wood and never come home again."

And as she was so lovely the huntsman had pity on her and said:

"Away with you then, poor child"; for he thought the wild animals would be sure to devour her, and it was as if a stone had been rolled away from his heart when he spared to put her to death. Just at that moment a young wild boar came running by; so he caught and killed it, and taking out its heart, he brought it to the queen for a token. And it was salted and cooked and the wicked woman ate it up, thinking that there was an end of Snow-white.

Now, when the poor child found herself quite alone in the wild woods, she felt full of terror, even of the very leaves on the trees, and she did not know what to do for fright. Then she began to run over the sharp stones and through the thorn bushes, and the wild beasts after her, but they did her no harm. She ran as long as her feet would carry her; and when the evening drew near she came to a little house, and she went inside to rest. Everything there was very small, but as pretty and clean as possible. There stood the little table ready laid, and covered with a white cloth, and seven little plates, and seven knives and forks, and drinking-cups. By the wall stood seven little beds, side by side, covered with clean white quilts. Snow-white, being very hungry and thirsty, ate from each plate a little porridge and bread, and drank out of each little cup a drop of wine, so as not to finish up one portion alone. After that she felt so tired that she lay down on one of the beds, but it did not seem to suit her; one was too long, another too short, but at last the seventh was quite right; and so she lay down upon it, committed herself to heaven, and fell asleep.

When it was quite dark, the masters of the house came home. They were seven dwarfs, whose occupation was to dig underground among the mountains. When they had lighted their seven candles, and it was quite light in the little house, they saw that someone must have been in, as everything was not in the same order in which they left it. The first said:

"Who has been sitting in my little chair?"

The second said:

"Who has been eating from my little plate?"

The third said:

"Who has been taking my little loaf?"

The fourth said:

"Who has been tasting my porridge?"

The fifth said:

"Who has been using my little fork?"

The sixth said:

"Who has been cutting with my little knife?"

The seventh said:

"Who has been drinking from my little cup?"

Then the first one, looking round, saw a hollow in his bed, and cried:

"Who has been lying on my bed?"

And the others came running, and cried:

"Someone has been on our beds too!"

But when the seventh looked at his bed, he saw little Snow-white lying there asleep. Then he told the others, who came running up, crying out in their astonishment, and holding up their seven little candles to throw a light upon Snow-white.

"O goodness! O gracious!" cried they, "what beautiful child is this?" and were so full of joy to see her that they did not wake her, but let her sleep on. And the seventh dwarf slept with his comrades, an hour at a time with each, until the night had passed.

When it was morning, and Snow-white awoke and saw the seven dwarfs, she was very frightened; but they seemed quite friendly, and asked her what her name was, and she told them; and then they asked how she came to be in their house. And she related to them how her stepmother had wished her to be put to death, and how the huntsman had spared her life, and how she had run the whole day long, until at last she had found their little house. Then the dwarfs said:

"If you will keep our house for us, and cook, and wash, and make the beds, and sew and knit, and keep everything tidy and clean, you may stay with us, and you shall lack nothing."

"With all my heart," said Snow-white; and so she stayed, and kept the house in good order. In the morning the dwarfs went to the mountain to dig for gold; in the evening they came home, and their supper had to be ready for them. All the day long the maiden was left alone, and the good little dwarfs warned her, saying:

"Beware of your stepmother, she will soon know you are here. Let no one into the house."

Now the queen, having eaten Snow-white's heart, as she supposed, felt quite sure that now she was the first and fairest, and so she came to her mirror, and said:

"Looking-glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?"

And the glass answered:

"Queen, thou art of beauty rare,
But Snow-white living in the glen
With the seven little men
Is a thousand times more fair."

Then she was very angry, for the glass always spoke the truth, and she knew that the huntsman must have deceived her and that Snow-white must still be living. And she thought and thought how she could manage to make an end of her, for, as long as she was not the fairest in the land, envy left her no rest. At last she thought of a plan; she painted her face and dressed herself like an old peddler woman, so that no one would have known her. In this disguise she went across the seven mountains, until she came to the house of the seven little dwarfs, and she knocked at the door and cried:

"Fine wares to sell! Fine wares to sell!"

Snow-white peeped out of the window and cried:

"Good day, good woman, what have you to sell?"

"Good wares, fine wares," answered she: "laces of all colors"; and she held up a piece that was woven of variegated silk.

"I need not be afraid of letting in this good woman," thought Snow-white, and she unbarred the door and bought the pretty lace.

"What a figure you are, child!" said the old woman; "come and let me lace you properly for once."

Snow-white, suspecting nothing, stood up before her, and let her lace her with the new lace; but the old woman laced so quick and tight that it took Snow-white's breath away, and she fell down as dead.

"Now you have done with being the fairest," said the old woman as she hastened away.

Not long after that, towards evening, the seven dwarfs came home, and were terrified to see their dear Snow-white lying on the ground without life or motion; they raised her up, and when they saw how tightly she was laced they cut the lace in two; then she began to draw breath, and little by little she returned to life. When the dwarfs heard what had happened they said:

"The old peddler woman was no other than the wicked queen; you must beware of letting anyone in when we are not here!"

And when the wicked woman got home she went to her glass and said:

"Looking-glass against the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?"

And it answered as before:

"Queen, thou art of beauty rare,
But Snow-white living in the glen
With the seven little men
Is a thousand times more fair."

When she heard that she was so struck with surprise that all the blood left her heart, for

she knew that Snow-white must still be living.

"But now," said she, "I will think of something that will be her ruin." And by witchcraft she made a poisoned comb. Then she dressed herself up to look like another different sort of old woman. So she went across the seven mountains and came to the house of the seven dwarfs, and knocked at the door and cried:

"Good wares to sell! Good wares to sell!"

Snow-white looked out and said:

"Go away, I must not let anybody in."

"But you are not forbidden to look," said the old woman, taking out the poisoned comb and holding it up. It pleased the poor child so much that she was tempted to open the door; and when the bargain was made the old woman said:

"Now for once your hair shall be properly combed."

SNOW-WHITE IS POISONED

Poor Snow-white, thinking no harm, let the old woman do as she would, but no sooner was the comb put in her hair than the poison began to work, and the poor girl fell down senseless.

"Now, you paragon of beauty," said the wicked woman, "this is the end of you," and went off. By good luck it was now near evening, and the seven little dwarfs came home. When they saw Snow-white lying on the ground as dead, they thought directly that it was the stepmother's doing, and looked about, found the poisoned comb, and no sooner had they drawn it out of her hair than Snow-white came to herself, and related all that had passed. Then they warned her once more to be on her guard, and never again to let anyone in at the door.

And the queen went home and stood before the looking-glass and said:

"Looking-glass against the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?"

And the looking-glass answered as before:

"Queen, thou art of beauty rare,
But Snow-white living in the glen
With the seven little men
Is a thousand times more fair."

When she heard the looking-glass speak thus she trembled and shook with anger.

"Snow-white shall die," cried she, "though it should cost me my own life!" And then she went to a secret lonely chamber, where no one was likely to come, and there she made a poisonous apple. It was beautiful to look upon, being white with red cheeks, so that anyone who should see it must long for it, but whoever ate even a little bit of it must die. When the apple was ready she painted her face and clothed herself like a peasant woman, and went across the seven mountains to where the seven dwarfs lived. And when she knocked at the door Snow-white put her head out of the window and said:

"I dare not let anybody in; the seven dwarfs told me not."

"All right," answered the woman; "I can easily get rid of my apples elsewhere. There, I will give you one."

"No," answered Snow-white, "I dare not take anything."

"Are you afraid of poison?" said the woman. "Look here, I will cut the apple in two pieces; you shall have the red side, I will have the white one."

For the apple was so cunningly made, that all the poison was in the rosy half of it. Snow-white longed for the beautiful apple, and as she saw the peasant woman eating a piece of it she could no longer refrain, but stretched out her hand and took the poisoned half. But no sooner had she taken a morsel of it into her mouth than she fell to the earth as dead. And the queen, casting on her a terrible glance, laughed aloud and cried:

"As white as snow, as red as blood, as black as ebony! This time the dwarfs will not be able to bring you to life again."

And when she went home and asked the looking-glass:

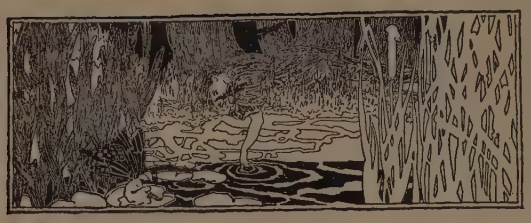
"Looking-glass against the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?"

at last it answered:

"You are the fairest now of all."

Then her envious heart had peace, as much as an envious heart can have.

The dwarfs, when they came home in the evening, found Snow-white lying on the ground, and there came no breath out of her mouth, and she was dead. They lifted her up, sought if



anything poisonous was to be found, cut her laces, combed her hair, washed her with water and wine, but all was of no avail, the poor child was dead, and remained dead. Then they laid her on a bier, and sat all seven of them round it, and wept and lamented three whole days. And then they would have buried her, but that she looked still as if she were living, with her beautiful blooming cheeks. So they said:

"We cannot hide her away in the black ground." And they had made a coffin of clear glass, so as to be looked into from all sides, and they laid her in it, and wrote in golden letters upon it her name, and that she was a king's daughter. Then they set the coffin out upon the mountain, and one of them always remained by it to watch. And the birds came too, and mourned for Snow-white, first an owl, then a raven, and lastly, a dove.

SAVED BY THE KING'S SON

Now for a long while Snow-white lay in the coffin and never changed, but looked as if she were asleep, for she was still as white as snow, as red as blood, and her hair was as black as ebony. It happened, however, that one day a king's son rode through the wood and up to the dwarfs' house, which was near it. He saw on the mountain the coffin, and beautiful Snow-white within it, and he read what was written in golden letters upon it. Then he said to the dwarfs:

"Let me have the coffin, and I will give you whatever you like to ask for it."

But the dwarfs told him that they could not part with it for all the gold in the world. But he said:

"I beseech you to give it me, for I cannot live without looking upon Snow-white; if you consent I will bring you to great honor, and care for you as if you were my brethren."

When he so spoke the good little dwarfs had pity upon him and gave him the coffin, and the king's son called his servants and bid them carry it away on their shoulders. Now it happened that as they were going along they stumbled over a bush, and with the shaking the bit of poisoned apple flew out of her throat. It was not long before she opened her eyes, threw up the cover of the coffin, and sat up, alive and well.

"Oh, dear! where am I?" cried she. The king's son answered, full of joy, "You are near me," and, relating all that had happened, he said:

"I would rather have you than anything in the world; come with me to my father's castle and you shall be my bride."

And Snow-white was kind, and went with him, and their wedding was held with pomp and great splendor.

But Snow-white's wicked stepmother was also bidden to the feast, and when she had dressed herself in beautiful clothes she went to her looking-glass and said:

"Looking-glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?"

The looking-glass answered:

"O Queen, although you are of beauty rare,
The young bride is a thousand times more fair."

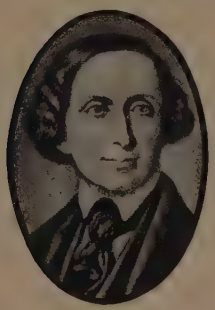
Then she railed and cursed, and was beside herself with disappointment and anger. First she thought she would not go to the wedding; but then she felt she would have no peace until she went and saw the bride. And when she saw her she knew her for Snow-white, and could not stir from the place for anger and terror. For they had ready red-hot iron shoes, in which she had to dance until she fell down dead.

THE FAIRY REALM

In which Imagination is King, and makes all sorts of invisible subjects do all sorts of impossible things. Here the Tailor can sit on clouds, and cut and sew and iron; and here "Once upon a time" begins what "they lived happily ever afterward" ends.

STORIES FROM ANDERSEN

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN was born at Odense, Denmark, April 2, 1805. His father died when Hans was a little boy, and he and his mother were very poor. He was put to work in a factory, and then sent to school, but he ran away from both because he was awkward and ugly, and everyone made fun of him.



HANS ANDERSEN

He was so bright that the King heard of him, and had him educated at the expense of the State. Later on he traveled through Germany, France, and Italy. He fell in love with a beautiful young girl, but she loved another man, so Hans never married.

He wrote novels and stories, but he is best loved for the stories he wrote for children. After he began to write he went to Copenhagen, where he lived until his death, in 1875. Whenever he walked in the streets, the children came running to greet him. When you have read these stories of his, you will understand why they loved him as they did. You will be interested, too, to read in the part called "When They Were Little" of Volume IX the story of his childhood, and of how he came back to his birthplace, Odense, when he was a famous man.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

SHOWING A MOST INGENIOUS DEVICE FOR SUCCESSFUL ROGUERY

MANY years ago there lived an emperor who was so fond of having new clothes, that he spent all his money upon dress and finery. He did not trouble himself about his army, nor had he any taste for the theater, nor did he care even to drive out, except it was to show his new clothes. He had a coat for every hour in the day; and just as in other countries they say of a king, "His Majesty is in his council chamber," they said of him, "The emperor is in his dressing-room."

The large city where he lived was very gay, and was daily visited by numerous foreigners.

One day there came, among the rest, a couple of rascals, who gave themselves out as weavers and pretended that they could weave the most beautiful stuff imaginable. Not only were the colors and the pattern of remarkable beauty, but the clothes made of this material had the wonderful quality of being invisible to the eyes of such persons as were either not fit for the office they held, or were hopelessly stupid.

"Those would indeed be valuable clothes," thought the emperor; "for when I put them on I should be able to find out which men in my empire are unfit for their offices, and I should be able to know the wise from the stupid ones. I must have some of this stuff woven for me directly." And he gave the two rascals a handsome sum as earnest-money to begin their work.

They then put up two looms, and acted as if they were at work, though there was nothing whatever upon the looms. They next asked for the finest silk that could be had, and the most splendid gold thread; all of which they put into their pockets, and continued working at the empty looms till late at night.

"I should like to know how they are getting on with the stuff," thought the emperor. Yet he felt some doubts when he recollected that stupid persons, or such as were unfit for their office, could not see the material; and though he trusted that he had nothing to fear personally, still he preferred sending someone else to see how the matter stood.

All the people of the town had heard of the properties of the stuff, and everybody was curious to see how unfit or how stupid his neighbor might be.

"I will send my worthy old minister to the weavers," thought the emperor; "he is best capable of judging of this stuff, for he has a great deal of good sense, and nobody is more fit for his office than he."

SHOWING HOW ONE CAN SEE WHAT IS NOT THERE, WHEN NECESSARY

The good old minister, accordingly, went into the room where the two rascals sat working at the empty looms. "Mercy on us!" thought the old minister, staring with all his might, "I can see nothing at all." But he took care not to say so.

The two rascals requested him to step nearer, and asked if he did not think the patterns very pretty and the colors extremely beautiful. They then pointed to the empty loom, while the poor old minister kept staring as hard as he could, but without being able to see anything.

"CAN I BE SO STUPID?"

"Have mercy on us!" thought he, "can I be so stupid after all? I never thought myself so, and I must not let anyone know it. Can I be unfit for my office? No, it will never do for me to own that I could not see the stuff."

"You have not told us what you think of our stuff," said one of the weavers.

"Oh, it is most elegant — most lovely!" answered the minister, looking through his spectacles; "both the pattern and the colors. I shall be sure to tell the emperor how pleased I am with the stuff."

"We are delighted to hear you say so," observed the weavers; and hereupon they gave the names of the colors, and explained the peculiarities of the pattern. The old minister listened very attentively, in order to be able to repeat what they said to the emperor, which he accordingly did.

The two rascals now asked for more money, more silk, and more gold, to go on with their work. They put it all into their pockets, as before, and not a thread was fastened to either shuttle, though they continued pretending to work at the empty looms.

The emperor soon sent another honorable statesman to see how the weaving was getting on, and whether the stuff would soon be ready. The same thing happened to him as had befallen the minister. He looked and looked, and, as there was nothing but an empty loom, he could not contrive to see anything.

"Is not this a beautiful stuff?" asked the two rascals, pretending to show him the beautiful pattern which was not there.

"I am not stupid," thought the statesman; "it would therefore seem as if I were unfit for my office. That would be comical, indeed; only I must not let anybody perceive it." So he praised the cloth which he did not see, and assured them he admired its beautiful colors and remarkable pattern. "It is really exquisite," reported he to the emperor.

Everybody in the town spoke of the splendid stuff that was being woven.

SHOWING HOW EVEN THE EMPEROR HAD TO FOOL HIMSELF

The emperor had now a mind to see it himself, while it was still on the loom. So he went into the room where the two cunning rascals were working away at a great rate without either woof or warp, followed by a train of picked men, among whom were the two worthy statesmen who had been there already.

"Is it not magnificent?" said the two latter. "Will Your Majesty be pleased just to examine the pattern and the colors?" And they pointed to the empty loom, concluding that those present would be able to see the tissue.

"Why, how is this?" thought the emperor. "I see nothing whatever. This is quite alarming. Can I be stupid? Am I not fit to be em-

peror? That would be the most shocking thing that could happen to me. Oh, it's very pretty!" cried he; "it has our most gracious approval." And he nodded graciously as he gazed at the empty loom, for he would not own that he saw nothing.

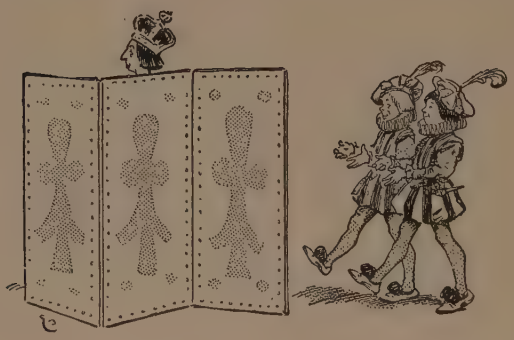
His whole train looked and looked in turn, but could not make anything more out of it than the others had done; still they repeated after the emperor, "Oh, it's very pretty!" And they advised him to wear these beautiful new clothes on the occasion of a grand procession that was about to take place.

The words, "elegant!" "splendid!" "magnificent!" were bandied about from mouth to mouth. Everybody seemed vastly delighted, and the emperor conferred on the two rascals the title of "Weavers to the Imperial Court."

The two rascals sat up the whole of the night before the day on which the procession was to take place, and had lit up more than sixteen tapers. People could see them busy at work, finishing the emperor's new clothes.

They imitated the action of taking the stuff off the loom; then they cut it out in the air with large scissors, and proceeded to sew the garments without either needles or thread, till at length they said, "The clothes are now ready."

The emperor then came in, accompanied by the principal lords of his court, when the two rascals each raised an arm as if they were



THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

holding something up, saying: "Here are the trunk-hose; here is the vest; here is the mantle"; and so forth. "The cloth is as light as a cobweb, and one might fancy one had nothing on; but that is just its greatest beauty."

"So it is," said the courtiers, though they could see nothing, as nothing was there to be seen.

"Will Your Imperial Majesty be graciously pleased to take off your clothes?" said the rascals, "and we will dress you in the new ones before this large glass."

The emperor accordingly took off all his clothes, and the rascals made believe to put on

LOOKING AT HIMSELF IN HIS FULL SUIT

each of the new garments they had just finished, while His Majesty turned and twisted himself round before the looking-glass.

"How capitally the clothes fit!" said all present. "What a beautiful pattern, and what vivid colors! What a costly attire!"

"They are waiting outside with the canopy that is to be carried over Your Majesty's head in the procession," said the master of the ceremonies, now coming in.

"I am quite ready, as you may perceive," answered the emperor. "My dress fits nicely — does it not?" added he, turning once more to the glass, to make it appear as if he were examining its beauties most minutely.

The lords of the bedchamber, who were to bear the train, pretended to pick it up from the floor with both hands, and then did as if they were holding something in the air; for they did not venture to show that they could see nothing.

The emperor then went forth in grand procession, under the splendid canopy, while the people in the street, and others at their windows, all exclaimed: "Dear me! how remarkably beautiful are the emperor's new clothes! What a fine train he has, and how well it is cut!" No

one, in short, would let his neighbor think that he saw nothing, for it would have been like declaring himself unfit for his office, whatever that might be, or, at best, extremely stupid. None of the emperor's clothes had ever met with such general approval as these.

"But he has got nothing on," cried at length one little child.

"Only listen to that innocent creature," said the father; and the child's remark was whispered from one to the other as a piece of laughable simplicity.

"But he has got nothing on," cried at length the whole crowd.

This startled the emperor, for he had an inkling that they were in the right, after all; but he thought, "I must, nevertheless, face it out till the end, and go on with the procession."

And the lords-in-waiting went on marching as stiffly as ever, and carrying the train that did not exist.

THE PROCESSION

LITTLE KLAUS AND THE CHEST

LITTLE KLAUS AND BIG KLAUS

WHICH TELLS HOW THE CLEVER LITTLE MAN USED HIS WITS

IN a village there once lived two persons of the same name. Both were called Klaus; but one had four horses, while the other owned only a single horse. In order, however, to distinguish them, the one that owned the four horses was styled Big Klaus, while he who had but a single horse was called Little Klaus. Now you shall hear how it fared with them both: for this is a true story.

Little Klaus was obliged to plow all the week for Big Klaus, and to lend him his only horse; and then Big Klaus helped him in turn with his four horses, but only once a week, and that was on Sundays. And proudly did Little Klaus crack his whip over the five horses, for they were as good as his on that one day.

The sun was shining, and the bells were ringing for church, as the people passed by in their holiday clothes and with their prayer-books under their arms, on their way to hear the preacher, when they saw Little Klaus plowing with five horses; and he was so pleased, that he kept cracking the whip, and saying, "Gee-ho, my five horses!"

"You must not say so," quoth Big Klaus, "for only one of them is yours."

But no sooner did somebody go past than Little Klaus forgot he was not to say so, and he called out, "Gee-ho, my five horses!"

"Now, really, I wish you would hold your tongue," said Big Klaus, "for if you say that again, I 'll knock your horse on the head, so that he shall drop down dead on the spot; and then there will be an end of him."

"I won't say it again — indeed I won't," said Little Klaus. But when some more people came past and nodded to him, and bade him good morning, he was so pleased, and thought it looked so well for him to have five horses to plow his field, that he cracked the whip and cried, "Gee-ho, my five horses!"

"I'll gee-ho your horse for you!" said Big Klaus; and snatching up a hammer he knocked Little Klaus's only horse on the head so that he dropped down quite dead.

"Now I have no horse left," said Little Klaus, weeping. He afterwards took the horse's skin off, dried it in the wind, and then put it into a bag, which he slung upon his back, and went to a neighboring town to sell it.

He had a long way to go, and was obliged to cross a thick, gloomy forest, where he was overtaken by a storm. He lost himself completely; and before he could find his way again evening had already set in, and he was too far off either to reach the town or to go back home before it would be completely dark.

Near the road stood a large farm. The shutters were closed outside the windows; still the light shone through at the top. Little Klaus thought he might, perhaps, obtain leave to spend the night under cover, so he went and knocked at the door.

The farmer's wife opened the door; but when she found what he wanted, she told him to go his ways, for her husband was not at home, and she could not take in strangers.

"Well, then, I must lie down outside," said Little Klaus, as the farmer's wife slammed the door in his face.

Close by there stood a haystack, and between it and the house was a little shed, with a smooth, thatched roof.

"I can lie up there," thought Little Klaus, on seeing the roof, "and a capital bed it will make. I suppose the stork won't fly down to bite my legs." For a live stork was standing above on the roof where he had built his nest.

WHICH TELLS HOW LITTLE KLAUS GOT HIS SUPPER AND FOOLED THE SEXTON

Little Klaus now crept up on the shed, where he lay down, and turned himself about in order to get a comfortable berth. The wooden shutters outside the windows did not reach to the top, so that he could see into the room.

There stood a large table loaded with wine, roast meat, and excellent fish. The farmer's wife and the sexton were sitting at table all alone, and she was pouring him out wine, while he was busy with his fork in the fish, for it was his favorite dish.

"I should like to get a bit of that," thought Little Klaus, stretching out his head close to the window. Goodness! what nice pastry he did see, to be sure! It was a regular feast.

He now heard someone riding towards the farmhouse, and this was the woman's husband coming home.

He was a very good sort of man, but he had an odd fancy: he could not bear the sight of a sexton; and if he saw one, he fell into a rage. That was the reason why the sexton had gone to see his wife in his absence: and the good woman had given him the best of everything she had to eat. But when she heard her husband coming she was frightened, and she begged the sexton to conceal himself in a large empty chest.

This he did, for he knew the husband could not bear to see a sexton. The wife hid the wine, and popped all the nice things into the oven; for if her husband had seen them, he would, of course, have asked for whom they had been dished up.

"Oh dear!" sighed Little Klaus, on his shed, when he saw all the eatables disappear.

"Is there anyone above?" asked the farmer, looking up at Little Klaus. "Why are you lying there? Come rather into the house with me."

Now Little Klaus told him how he had got lost, and begged leave to spend the night.

"That you shall do," said the farmer, "but we must first have something to eat."

The woman welcomed them both in a friendly manner, and spread a long table, and gave them a large dish of gruel. The farmer was hungry, and ate with a good appetite; but Little Klaus could not help thinking of the nice roast meat, the fish, and the pastry, that he knew were hidden in the oven.

He had laid the bag containing the horse's skin which he had set out to sell in the next town, under the table at his feet. He did not relish the gruel, so he trod on his bag, when the dried skin squeaked aloud.

"Hush!" said Little Klaus to his bag, at the same time treading upon it again, when it squeaked much louder than before.

"Hulloa! What 's that you've got in your bag?" asked the farmer.

"Oh, it is a magician," said Little Klaus, "and he says we ought not to be eating gruel when he has conjured the oven full of roast meat and fish."

"Zounds!" said the farmer, hastily opening the oven, where he found all the nice, savory things which his wife had concealed in it, and which he believed the magician in the bag had conjured up for them. The wife did not say a word, but laid the things on the table; and they ate of the fish, the roast meat, and the pastry. Little Klaus now trod again upon his bag, so that the skin squeaked.

"What says he now?" inquired the farmer.

"He says," answered Little Klaus, "that he has conjured us three bottles of wine, which are standing in the corner, near the stove." So the woman was obliged to fetch out the wine she had hid, and the farmer drank and was right merry. He would have liked vastly to have had such a magician as Little Klaus carried about in his bag.

"Can he conjure up the Evil One?" inquired the farmer; "I should like to see him, now I'm in a merry mood."

"Yes," said Little Klaus; "my magician will do anything that I please. Won't he?" asked he, treading on the bag till it squeaked. "You hear he answers 'Yes'; only the Evil One is so ugly that we would rather not see him."

"Uh, I'm not afraid. What will he look like?"

"He will look the living image of a sexton."

"Nay, that's ugly indeed!" said the farmer. "You must know that I can't abide seeing a sexton. But never mind — as I shall know it is the Evil One, I shall bear the sight more easily. Now, I'm all courage! Only he must not come too near me."

"Now, I'll ask my conjurer," said Little Klaus, as he trod on the bag, and stooped his ear.

"What does he say?"

"He says that you may go and open that chest in the corner, and you'll see the Evil One cowering inside it; only you must hold the lid fast, so that he shall not escape."

"Will you help me to hold it?" asked the farmer; and he went up to the chest into which his wife had put the sexton, and who was sitting inside in a great fright.

The farmer opened the lid a little and peeped

OPENING THE CHEST

in. "Oh!" cried he, jumping backward, "now I've seen him, and he is exactly like our sexton. It was a shocking sight!"

So thereupon he must needs drink again, and they drank on till the night was far advanced.

"You must sell me your conjurer," said the farmer; "ask anything you like for him. Nay, I'll give you at once a whole bushelful of money."

"No, I can't, indeed!" said Little Klaus; "only think of all the benefit I can derive from such a conjurer."

"But I should so like to have him," said the farmer, and continued entreating.

"Well," said Little Klaus at length, "as you

were so kind as to give me a night's shelter, I won't say nay. You shall have the conjurer for a bushel of money, only it must be full measure, mind you."

"You shall have it," said the farmer. "But you must take away the chest with you, for I would n't let it stay an hour longer in the house; there 's no knowing but what he may still be inside it."

Little Klaus then gave the farmer his bag containing the dried skin, and received a bushel of money — full measure — in exchange. The farmer gave him a wheelbarrow into the bargain to enable him to take away the chest and the bushel of money.

"Farewell!" said Little Klaus, and away he went with his money and the large chest containing the sexton.

At the other end of the forest was a broad, deep river, whose waters were so rapid that one could hardly swim against the tide. A new bridge had just been built over it. Little Klaus now stopped in the middle of the bridge, and said, loud enough to be heard by the sexton, "What shall I do with this stupid chest? It is as heavy as if it were filled with a stone. I am tired of wheeling it any farther, so I'll throw it into the river; if it swims after me till I reach home, it's all well and good; if not, I don't care."

He then seized hold of the chest, and began to lift it up a little, as if he were going to throw it into the water.

"Leave it alone!" cried the sexton, inside the chest; "let me out first."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said Little Klaus, pretending to be frightened; "he is still inside! I must make haste and fling him into the river, that he may get drowned!"

"Oh! no, no, no!" cried the sexton; "I'll give you a whole bushelful of money if you will set me free."

"That is something like!" said Little Klaus, opening the chest.

The sexton, badly scared, crept out, pushed the empty chest into the water, and went home, where he measured out a whole bushel of money for Little Klaus. As he had already received one from the farmer, his wheelbarrow was now full of coins, and he was well satisfied with himself and his bargain.

WHICH TELLS HOW BIG KLAUS OVER-REACHED HIMSELF

"I have been well paid for the horse, at all events," said he to himself, when he had reached home and had shaken out all the money into a heap on the floor of his room. "It will vex Big Klaus when he hears how rich I have become through my only horse; but I shan't tell him exactly how it all came about."

He now sent a lad to Big Klaus to borrow a bushel.

"What can he want it for?" thought Big Klaus, as he smeared the bottom of it with tar, that some particles of what was to be measured might stick to it. And sure enough this came to pass; for on receiving back the bushel, three new silver half-florins were adhering to the tar.

"How comes this?" said Big Klaus; and running off to Little Klaus, he asked: "Where did you get so much money?"

"Oh! it was given me for my horse's skin, which I sold yesterday."

"It was pretty handsomely paid for, seemingly," said Big Klaus, who ran home, and seizing a hatchet knocked his four horses on the head, and then took their skins to town to sell.

"Skins! skins! who'll buy skins?" he cried through all the streets.

A number of shoemakers and tanners came and inquired what he asked for them.

"A bushel of money for each," said Big Klaus.

"Are you crazy?" cried they; "do you think we measure money by the bushel?"

"He means to make game of us," said they; and the shoemakers took up their stirrups, and the tanners their leather aprons, and fell to belaboring Big Klaus's shoulders. "Skins! skins!" cried they, mocking him; "I'll warrant we'll tan your skin for you till it is black and blue. Out of the town with him!" hooted they, and Big Klaus ran as fast as he could, for he had never been beaten so thoroughly before.

"Little Klaus shall pay me for this!" said he, on reaching home; "I'll kill him for his pains."

Meantime Little Klaus's old grandmother had died in his house. She had always been very cross and very unkind to him; still he was sorry, and he put the dead body into his warm bed, to see if it would not bring her back to life. Here he left her all night, while he sat in a corner,

and slept in a chair, which he had often done before.

In the middle of the night, the door opened, and in came Big Klaus with his hatchet. He knew the place where Little Klaus's bed stood, and therefore went right up to it, and knocked the old grandame on the head, thinking it must be Little Klaus.

"There!" said he, "now you'll not play off any more of your tricks on me!" And he then went home.

"What a wicked man!" thought Little Klaus. "He wanted to kill me. It was lucky for my old grandame that she was already dead, or he would have put an end to her life."

He now dressed his old grandmother in her holiday clothes, borrowed a horse of his neighbor, and harnessed it to his cart, and then placed the old grandame on the back seat, so that she would not fall out when he began to drive, and away they went through the forest. By sunrise they had reached a large inn, at which Little Klaus stopped and went in for some refreshment.

The landlord was a wealthy man, and he was a good one too; only as passionate as if he had been made of pepper and snuff.

"Good morning!" said he to Little Klaus; "you are stirring betimes to-day."

"Yes," said Little Klaus; "I'm going to town with my old grandmother. She's outside there, in the cart, for I can't well bring her in. Perhaps you will take her a glass of mead. Only you must speak very loud, for she is hard of hearing."

"Yes, I will," said mine host, pouring out a large glassful of mead, which he carried to the dead grandame, who was sitting upright in the cart.

"Here's a glass of mead from your grandson," said the landlord; but the dead woman did not answer a word, and remained stock still.

"Don't you hear me?" said the landlord. "Here's a glass of mead from your grandson."

This he bawled out a third time, and then a fourth; but as she did not stir, he flew into a passion, and flung the mead in her face, right across her nose, when she fell backward over the cart; for she had only been set up, and not tied fast.

"Hulloa!" cried Little Klaus, rushing to the door and seizing hold of the landlord; "you have killed my grandmother. Look! here's a great hole in her forehead!"

"What a misfortune!" exclaimed the landlord, wringing his hands. "This all comes of my hasty temper! My dear Little Klaus, I'll give you a bushel of money, and I'll have your grandmother buried as if she were my own, if you will but say nothing about what has happened; or else my head will be struck off, and that would be rather disagreeable, you know."

So Little Klaus received a whole bushel of money, and the landlord buried the old dame as if she had been his own grandmother.

When Little Klaus had once more reached home with his load of money, he immediately sent a lad to Big Klaus to borrow a bushel of him.

"What's the meaning of this?" said Big Klaus. "Have n't I struck him dead? I must look into the matter myself." And so he went over himself with the bushel to Little Klaus's dwelling.

"Why, where did you get all that money?" asked he, in great astonishment, on beholding the addition to his neighbor's wealth.

"You killed my grandmother instead of me," said Little Klaus; "so I've sold her for a bushel of money."

"That's handsomely paid for, at all events!" quoth Big Klaus; and hastening home he seized his hatchet and killed his old grandmother at a blow; after which he placed her in a cart and drove to a town where a doctor lived, and asked if he would purchase a dead body.

"Whose is it, and how did you come by it?" asked the doctor.

"It is my grandmother's," said Big Klaus; "I struck her dead to get a bushel of money in exchange."

"Lord help us!" said the doctor, "you are out of your mind! Don't say such things, or your head will be in danger." And he now pointed out the wickedness of the deed he had committed, and told him he was a very bad man, and would assuredly be punished; all of which frightened Big Klaus to such a degree, that he ran out of the doctor's house, jumped into his cart, and drove home like mad. But as the doctor, and everybody else, believed him to be beside himself, they let him go as he pleased.

WHICH TELLS HOW LITTLE KLAUS ESCAPED FROM THE BAG

"You shall pay me for this," said Big Klaus the moment he was on the highroad—"that you shall, Little Klaus!" And the moment he reached home, he took the largest bag he could find, and went to Little Klaus, and said, "You have played me another trick: I first killed my horses, and now I've killed my old grandmother, and all through your fault; but you shall never play me any more tricks." And he seized hold of Little Klaus, and popped him into his bag, which he slung across his shoulder, saying, "Now, I'll go and drown you!"

He had a long way to go before he reached the river, and Little Klaus was none of the lightest to carry. On passing by the church, the organ was pealing forth, and the people were singing so beautifully! So Big Klaus set down his load beside the church-door, and thought he might as well go in and hear a psalm before he went any farther. He felt certain Little Klaus could not get out, and everybody was inside the church; so in he went.

"Heigh-ho!" sighed Little Klaus, turning and twisting about in the bag, but without being able to untie the string.

Just at that moment an old, gray-haired drover, with a large staff in his hand, chanced to come by; he was driving a flock of cows and bullocks, and, as they pushed against the bag containing Little Klaus, he was thrown down.

"Heigh-ho!" sighed Little Klaus; "I'm very young to be already bound for the kingdom of heaven!"

"And I," said the drover, "who am so old, have not yet had the good luck to reach it."

"Open the bag," cried Little Klaus, "and creep into it instead of me, and you will go to heaven in a trice."

"With all my heart," said the drover, and opened the bag, when out sprang Little Klaus in a moment.

"But will you take care of my cattle?" said the old man, creeping into the bag, which Little Klaus had no sooner closed, than he went his ways with all the cows and bullocks.

Soon after Big Klaus came out of the church, and slung his bag over his shoulder, though it seemed to him as if it had become somewhat lighter; for the old drover was not half so heavy as Little Klaus. "How light he now seems!" quoth he. "That comes of my having heard a psalm." So he went towards the river, that was broad and deep, and flung the bag and the drover into the water, exclaiming, in the belief that it was Little Klaus, "There you may lie! And now you won't be able to play me any more tricks."

Thereupon he began to walk home; but, on coming to a crossway, whom should he meet but Little Klaus, who was driving along his cattle.

"How's this?" said Big Klaus. "Did n't I drown you?"

"Yes," said Little Klaus; "you threw me into the river some half-hour ago."

"But where did you get all these fine cattle?" asked Big Klaus.

"They are sea cattle," said Little Klaus. "I 'll tell you the whole story, and thank you into the bargain for having drowned me; for, since I have escaped, I shall be very wealthy. I was much frightened while I was still in the bag, and the wind whistled through my ears as you flung me down from the bridge into the cold waters. I sank immediately to the bottom; but I did not hurt myself, for the softest and most beautiful grass grows below.

"The moment I fell upon it, the bag was opened, and a lovely girl dressed in snow-white robes, and wearing a wreath on her hair, took me by the hand, saying, 'Is that you, Little Klaus? First of all, there's some cattle for you. A mile farther down the road there is another herd that I will make you a present of.' I now perceived that the river is a great highroad for the sea-folks.

"They were walking and driving below, from the sea far away inland, to the spot where the river ceases. And it was so beautiful, and there was such a quantity of flowers, and the grass looked so fresh! The fishes that were swimming in the water shot past my ears, just as the birds do here in the air. And what handsome people there were! — and what splendid cattle were grazing on the dikes and ditches!"

"But why have you returned hither so soon?" asked Big Klaus. "I should not have done so, since it is so beautiful below."

"Why," said Little Klaus, "it is a piece of

policy on my part. You heard me say, just now, that the sea-nymph told me that, a mile farther down the road — and by road she meant the river, for she can't journey any other way — there was another large herd of cattle for me. But I, who know the river's many windings, thought it rather a roundabout way; so I preferred making a short cut, by coming up to land, and crossing right over the fields back to the river; by doing which I shall save almost half a mile, and shall reach my sea-cattle all the sooner."

"Oh, what a lucky man you are!" exclaimed Big Klaus. "Do you think that I, too, would obtain some sea-cattle if I went down to the bottom of the river?"

"No doubt you would," said Little Klaus; "only I can't carry you in a bag to the river, for you are too heavy; but if you like to go there, and then creep into the bag, I would throw you in with all the pleasure in the world."

"Thank you!" said Big Klaus; "but if I don't get any sea-cattle by going down, I'll beat you famously when I return."

"No — now, don't be so hard upon me," said Little Klaus. And then they went to the river. The cattle, being very thirsty, no sooner saw the water than they ran down to drink.

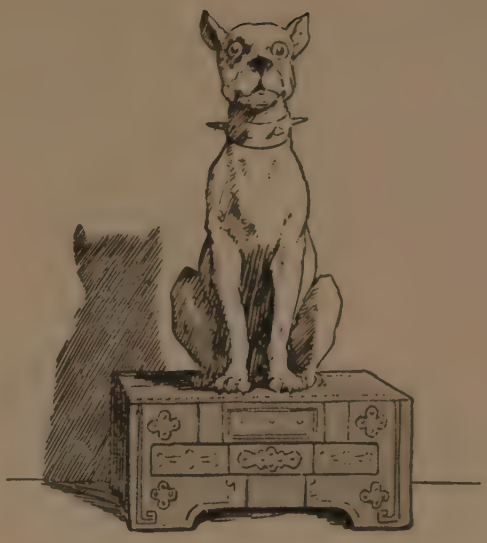
"Look what a hurry they are in!" said Little Klaus. "They are longing to be below again."

"Now, make haste and help me," said Big Klaus, "or else you shall be beaten," and he crept into the large bag that had been lying across the back of one of the bullocks. "Put in a stone, for fear I should not sink," said Big Klaus.

"There 's no fear about that," said Little Klaus; still, he put a large stone into the bag, and then gave it a push.

Plump! Into the river fell Big Klaus, and immediately sank to the bottom.

"I am afraid he won't find the cattle," said Little Klaus; and away he drove his own beasts home.



THE TINDER-BOX

HOW THE SOLDIER MET THE WITCH AND WHAT CAME OF IT

A SOLDIER came marching along on the highroad. Left! Right! Left! Right! He had his knapsack on his back, and his sword at his side, for he had been to war and was returning home.

On his way he happened to meet a very ugly old witch, whose underlip hung down to her chin. She said: "Good evening, soldier — what a handsome sword, and what a large knapsack you have got! You are a very proper sort of soldier! And you shall have as much money as ever you like."

"Thank you, you old witch," said the soldier.

"You see that large tree?" said the witch, pointing to a tree near at hand. "Well, it is quite hollow inside. You must climb to the top, and then you will see a hole, through which you must let yourself down quite deep into the tree. I will tie a rope round your body, that I may be able to draw you up again when you call out."

"But what am I to do down in the tree?" asked the soldier.

"Get money," said the witch; "for know that the moment you will have reached the

"GOOD EVENING, SOLDIER," SAID THE DAME

bottom of the tree, you will find yourself in a large hall, brilliantly lighted up by above three hundred lamps. You will then see three doors, which you can open, for the key is in the lock of each of them. If you go into the first chamber, you will see a large chest in the middle of the floor, and on the chest will be sitting a dog with a pair of eyes as big as teacups. But you need not mind him. I will give you my checked apron to spread on the floor; then go right up to the dog, seize hold of him, and place him on my apron, open the chest, and take as many pennies as you please. They are copper ones.

"If you prefer silver, go into the next chamber. Only there sits a dog with eyes as big as mill-wheels. But never mind him. Place him on my apron, and take some money.

"If you want gold, you can take as much as you can carry away by going into the third chamber. Only that dog that sits on the money chest in that room has eyes as big as a tower. Believe me, he is a bad dog! Yet you need not mind. If you set him on my apron, he won't hurt you, and then take as much gold as you like out of the chest."

"This is no bad job!" said the soldier; "but what shall I give you, you old witch; for, of course, you don't want me to do this for nothing?"

"Yet not a single penny do I require," said the witch. "The only thing I ask you to bring me is an old tinder-box, which my grandmother forgot last time she went down there."

"Well, then, tie the rope round me," said the soldier.

"Here it is," said the witch, "and here is my checked apron."

HOW THE SOLDIER MET THE DOG AND BECAME RICH

The soldier then climbed up the tree, slid down through the hole, and then found himself, as the witch had told him he would, in a large hall below, where many hundreds of lamps were burning.

He now opened the first door! oh dear! — there stood the dog staring at him with eyes as big as teacups.

"You are a nice fellow!" said the soldier,

setting him on the witch's apron; and then he took as many copper pennies as his pockets could hold; and, shutting down the lid, he replaced the dog upon it and went into the other room. And, sure enough, there sat the dog with eyes as big as mill-wheels.

"You had better not stare at me so," said the soldier, "or you will have tears in your eyes!" And he then set the dog on the witch's apron.

When he saw what a load of silver there was in the chest, he flung away all the copper he had taken, and filled his pockets and knapsack with nothing but silver. Then he went into the third chamber. Now, that was really hideous! The dog had, positively, a pair of eyes as large as two towers, that kept turning about like wheels.

"Good evening," said the soldier, touching his cap, for he had never seen such a dog before. On a closer inspection, however, he thought he had made enough ado, and therefore lifted him on to the floor, and opened the chest.

HOW THE SOLDIER GOT GOLD ENOUGH TO BUY UP A WHOLE TOWN

Bless us, what a deal of gold was there to be seen! Enough to buy up the whole town, and all the sugar-pigs of all the stall-women, all the lead-soldiers, whips, and rocking-horses in the whole world! It was, indeed, a huge sight of gold! The soldier now flung away all the silver with which he had loaded his pockets and his knapsack, and exchanged it for gold; and he crammed not only all his pockets and his knapsack, but even his cap and his boots so full that he could hardly walk.

"Now draw me up, you old witch!" said he.

"Have you got the tinder-box?" asked the witch.

"Zounds!" said the soldier, "I clean forgot it!" And he went back and fetched it. The witch then drew him up, and he found himself once more on the highway, with his pockets, boots, knapsack, and cap filled with gold.

"What are you going to do with the tinder-box?" asked the soldier.

"That's nothing to you," said the witch. "You have got plenty of money — now give me the tinder-box."

"Do you know what?" said the soldier. "You must either tell me at once what you mean to do with it, or I'll draw my sword and cut your head off."

"I won't," said the witch.

The soldier immediately struck off her head — and there she lay! Then he tied up all his money in her apron, and slung it at his back like a bundle, put the tinder-box into his pocket, and walked towards the town.

A very pretty town it was. He turned into the nicest inn he could find, asked for the best room, and ordered his favorite dishes for dinner; for now he was rich, having so much money in his possession.

The waiter who cleaned his boots did, to be sure, think them wonderfully shabby boots for such a wealthy gentleman; for he had not yet purchased new ones. On the following day, however, he procured proper boots and handsome clothes. From a mere common soldier he had now become a grand gentleman; and the people told him of all the fine things to be seen in their city, and what a handsome princess the king's daughter was.

"Where can she be seen?" asked the soldier.

"She is not to be seen at all," said they. "She lives in a large copper castle, flanked with towers, and surrounded by walls. Nobody but the king is allowed to go in or out; for it has been foretold that she will marry a common soldier, and the king can't endure such an idea."

"I should like to see her, however," said the soldier. But he could not by any means obtain leave to do so.

He now led a very pleasant life. He visited the theaters, drove in the king's park, and gave abundant alms to the poor; and that was good of him, because he remembered, by his early days, how sad it is not to possess a penny in the world.

HOW THE SOLDIER SPENT HIS MONEY AND AGAIN MET THE DOG

He was now rich, and had plenty of friends, who all declared that he was an excellent fellow, and a real gentleman; and the soldier was nothing loth to hear this said. As, however, he kept daily giving away money, and never receiving any, he at last had nothing but two pennies left, and he was obliged to give up the

elegant rooms he had inhabited, and to take a little garret, where he had to clean his own boots, and even to mend them with a darning needle. None of his friends came to see him now there were so many stairs to go up.

One dark evening, he had not enough money to buy a light; but he happened to recollect that there was a candle-end in the tinder-box which he had fetched out of the tree into which the witch had helped him to slide down. So he looked for the tinder-box and the candle-end; but no sooner had he struck a few sparks from the flint, than the door flew open and the dog whose eyes were as big as teacups, whom he had seen down in the tree, stood before him, saying, "What orders, master?"

"How is this?" asked the soldier. "Well, it's a pleasant tinder-box indeed, if it can give me all I wish for. Bring me some money!" added he to the dog.

And away went the dog; and back he came, in a trice, carrying a large bag of copper in his mouth.

The soldier now knew the value of the tinder-box he had in his possession. If he struck the flint once, there appeared the dog that sat on the lid of the copper coins; if he struck it twice, there came the dog belonging to the chest of silver; and if he struck it three times, it brought the dog that watched over the gold. The soldier now returned to the handsome rooms below, and appeared once more in fine clothes. His friends then recognized him immediately, and made a great fuss about him.

HOW THE SOLDIER SAW THE PRINCESS, AND WHAT THE CLEVER QUEEN DID

He once thought: "It is very strange that one cannot manage to get a sight of this princess. People say she is so very beautiful, but that's not of much use to her if she is obliged to remain shut up in a large copper castle, flanked by turrets. Can't I somehow get a look at her? Where's my tinder-box?" And he struck a light, when, lo! there came the dog with eyes as big as teacups.

"Though it is in the middle of the night," said the soldier, "yet I have a great mind to see the princess, if it were only for a moment."

The dog was gone in a jiffy, and before the soldier could look round had returned with the princess. She lay asleep on the dog's back, and was so lovely that everybody might see she was a real princess. The soldier could not help kissing her, like a true soldier as he was.

The dog then ran back with the princess. But next morning, when the king and queen were drinking tea, the princess related what an odd dream she had had in the night about a dog and a soldier. She had ridden upon the dog, and been kissed by the soldier.

"Really, this is a pretty story," said the queen.

An elderly lady-in-waiting was set to watch that night by the princess's bed, in order to see whether it had been a real dream, or whether there might be any truth in it.

The soldier longed excessively to see the princess once more; so the dog was sent again in the night to fetch her, and ran away as fast as he could. But the old lady-in-waiting put on snow-boots, and ran after him at almost as quick a pace. When she saw that they went into a large house, she thought she should know how to find it again by making a huge cross on the door with a piece of chalk. She then went home, and lay down, and presently the dog returned with the princess; but when he saw the cross on the door of the house where the soldier lived, he took a piece of chalk and marked every door in the town with a cross, so that the lady-in-waiting should not be able to find the right one.

Early next morning the king and queen, and the old lady-in-waiting, and all the officers of the household, came to see where the princess had been.

"It must be here," said the king, on perceiving the first door that was marked with a cross.

"No, there, my dear husband," said the queen, seeing the second door similarly marked.

"But there's one, and there's another," said all present; for whichever way they looked, there were crosses on all the doors. They were then convinced that it was no use seeking any farther.

But the queen was a clever woman, who knew something beyond merely riding out in a coach. She took up her large gold scissors, and cut out a piece of silk into small bits, and made a pretty little bag; having filled it with buckwheat flour, she fastened it to the princess's back, and then cut a small hole in the bag, so

that the flour should strew the whole way the princess went.

During the night, the dog came again, and took the princess on his back, and ran with her to the soldier, who had grown so fond of her, that he wished to be a prince, that he might marry her.

The dog did not remark that the flour had bestrewed the way from the castle to the soldier's very window, as he ran up to the wall with the princess. In the morning the king and queen found out where their daughter had been, and they had the soldier taken and put into prison.

HOW THE SOLDIER BECAME KING, INSTEAD OF BEING HANGED

And there he sat, and dark and dull enough it was! Besides, they said to him, "You shall be hanged to-morrow!" which was not a very pleasant prospect, especially as he had left his tinder-box at the inn. Next morning, he could see, through the grating of his little window, the crowds that were hastening out of the town to see him hanged.

He heard the drums beating, and saw the soldiers marching. Everybody ran out to look at them, among the rest a shoemaker's apprentice. He galloped away at such a rate, that one of his slippers flew off, and hit the wall just where the soldier sat looking through the iron grating.

"I say, you shoemaker's 'prentice, you need n't be in such a hurry," said the soldier. "The execution can't take place till I am there. But if you have a mind to run and fetch me my tinder-box, you shall have four shillings; only you must go as fast as your legs will carry you." The shoemaker's apprentice liked the notion of earning four shillings, so away he ran, and fetched the tinder-box, and handed it over to the soldier. But we shall see what came to pass.

Outside the town stood a large gibbet, surrounded by walls. The king and queen sat on a magnificent throne, opposite the judges and the whole council.

The soldier stood already on the ladder; but, just as the rope was being put round his neck, he asked to smoke a pipe, as it would be the last pipe he could enjoy in this world.

The king could not refuse his request; so the soldier took out his tinder-box, and struck the flint once — twice — and thrice! And there came all the dogs: the one with eyes as big as teacups, the one with eyes like mill-wheels, and the one whose eyes were as large as the towers.

"Help me, so that I may not be hanged!" said the soldier.

And the dogs fell upon the judges and the whole council, seized some by the legs, and others by the nose, and flung them several fathoms high into the air, so that when they fell down again they were shattered to pieces.

"I command you to stop!" said the king; but the largest dog seized him, as well as the queen, and tossed them up like the others. The soldiers were then frightened, and the whole population cried out, "Good soldier, you shall be our king, and marry the beautiful princess."

They then placed the soldier in the king's carriage, and the three dogs ran before, crying "Hurrah!"

The princess left the copper castle, and became a queen, all of which she liked vastly. The wedding entertainment lasted eight days, and the dogs sat at table, and stared with all their might.

THE NIGHTINGALE

WHICH TELLS OF THE ROYAL SEARCH FOR A BIRD

IN China, you know, the emperor is a Chinese, and all those about him are Chinamen. It is now many years ago — but for that very reason the story is better worth hearing before it is quite forgotten — the emperor's palace was the most magnificent in the whole world; it was built entirely of the finest porcelain, and was

costly to a degree, but so brittle and so ticklish, that one scarcely dared to touch it.

In the garden were the most singular flowers, and to the most beautiful of these were fastened little silver bells, that kept jingling so that one could not pass by without observing them. Everything in the emperor's garden was made after the same fashion.

The garden itself extended so far that even the gardener did not know where it ended. Beyond its limits, one reached the finest forest, with lofty trees and deep lakes. The forest sloped down to the deep blue sea; large ships could sail under its branches, in one of which dwelt a nightingale that sang so sweetly that even the poor fishermen, who had something else to do, were fain to stand still and listen whenever they heard her.

"Oh, how beautiful!" said they; and then they were forced to attend to their business, and forgot the bird. Yet if the bird happened to sing again on the following night, and any one of the fishermen came near the spot, he was sure to say to himself, "Dear me, how beautiful that is, to be sure!"

Travelers flocked from all parts of the earth to the emperor's capital, and admired it, as well as the palace and the garden. Yet when they came to hear the nightingale, they all declared, "This is better still."

And the travelers, on their return home, related what they had seen, and learned men wrote many volumes upon the town, the palace, and the garden. Nor did they forget the nightingale, which was reckoned the most remarkable of all; and those who could write poetry, penned the most beautiful verses about the nightingale in the forest near the lake.

The books went through all the world, and some of them fell into the emperor's hands. He sat on his golden throne, and kept reading and reading, and nodding his head every moment, for he was delighted with the beautiful descriptions of the town, palace, and the garden. "But the nightingale is the most lovely of all," said the book.

"What is that?" said the emperor. "I don't know of any nightingale! Can there be such a bird in my empire, and in my very garden, without my ever having heard of it? Must one learn such things from books?"

He then called his lord-in-waiting, who was so grand a personage that, if anyone of inferior rank to himself dared to speak to him, or ask him a question, he only answered "P!" which meant nothing at all.

"This must be a very remarkable bird that is called a nightingale," said the emperor. "They say it is the finest thing in my large kingdom. Why was I never told anything about it?"

"I never heard of her before!" said the lord-

THE NIGHTINGALE BEGAN TO SING MOST DELIGHTFULLY

in-waiting. "She has never been presented at court."

"I choose that she should come and sing before me this very evening," said the emperor. "The whole world knows what I possess, while I myself do not."

"I never heard her mentioned before," repeated the lord-in-waiting, "but I will seek for her and find her."

But where was she to be found? The lord-in-waiting ran up and down all the stairs in the

palace, looked through all the rooms and passages, but none of those whom he met had ever heard of the nightingale. So the lord-in-waiting returned to the emperor, and said that it must be a mere fiction invented by those who wrote the books. "Your Imperial Majesty is not to believe all that is written," said he; "these are mere poetical fancies, and what is called the black art."

"But the book in which I read this," said the emperor, "was sent to me by the high-potent Emperor of Japan, and therefore it cannot contain a falsehood. I will hear the nightingale! She must come hither this evening. She enjoys my gracious favor. And if she does not come, the whole court shall have their bodies trampled upon the moment supper is over."

"Tsing-pe!" said the lord-in-waiting, and he again ran up and down all the stairs, and looked through all the rooms and passages, and half of the courtiers accompanied him in his search, for they did not relish the thought of being trampled upon. And there was a mighty inquiry after the wonderful nightingale, which all the world knew of, except those who resided at court.

HOW THE LITTLE KITCHEN GIRL BROUGHT THE BIRD TO THE EMPEROR

At last they found a little girl in the kitchen, who said: "Oh, dear, I know the nightingale well enough, and beautifully she sings! I have leave to take home to my poor, sick mother the remains of the dinner-table; and she lives down by the shore, and when I come back and am tired, and sit down to rest in the forest, then I hear the nightingale sing. And the tears come into my eyes, and it is just as if my mother kissed me."

"Little cook," said the lord-in-waiting, "I will obtain for you a lasting situation in the kitchen, and permission to see the emperor dine, if you will show us the way to the nightingale, for she is bespoken for this evening."

And so they all went out into the forest, where the nightingale used to sing. Half the court was there. As they walked along a cow began lowing.

"Oh," cried some of the young lords of the court, "now we've found her! What wonderful strength for so small an animal! I have certainly heard this before!"

"Nay, those are cows a-bellowing," said the little cook. "We are at a good distance yet from the spot."

The frogs now began to croak in a neighboring marsh.

"Magnificent!" said the Chinese court-preacher. "Now I hear her — it sounds like little church bells."

"Nay, those are frogs," said the little cook, "but I think that we shall soon hear her now."

The nightingale then began to sing.

"There she is," said the little girl. "Hark! hark! and there she sits," added she, pointing to a little gray bird up in the boughs.

"Is it possible?" said the lord-in-waiting. "I should never have fancied her like that! How simple she looks! She has certainly lost her color at seeing so many persons of rank around her."

"Little nightingale," cried the little cook aloud, "our most gracious emperor wishes you to sing before him."

"With the greatest pleasure!" said the nightingale, and sang so exquisitely, that it was a delight to hear her.

"It sounds like glass bells," said the lord-in-waiting; "and look how her little throat is working! It is surprising that we never heard her before! She will have great success at court."

"Shall I sing once more before the emperor?" asked the nightingale, who thought the emperor was there.

"My sweet little nightingale," said the lord-in-waiting, "I have the pleasure to invite you to a court assembly for this evening, at which you will enchant his Imperial Highness with your delightful singing."

"It is best when heard in the greenwood," said the nightingale; still she went willingly, on hearing the emperor wished it.

HOW THE NIGHTINGALE CHARMED THE EMPEROR AND HIS COURT

The preparations in the palace were magnificent. The walls and the floor, both of porcelain, were shining in the light of several thousand gold lamps; the rarest flowers, such as had a

right to ring their bells, were placed in the passages. What with the running to and fro, and the draught, there was such a jingling of bells that one could scarcely hear oneself speak.

In the middle of the state room, where the emperor sat, there was a golden perch for the nightingale. The whole court was present, and the little cook had leave to stand behind the

THE WHOLE COURT WAS PRESENT

door, as she had now obtained the title of a real court cook. All present were dressed in their best, and all eyes were turned towards the little gray bird, to whom the emperor now made a sign by nodding his head.

And the nightingale sang so exquisitely that tears came into the emperor's eyes. The tears rolled down his cheeks, and then the nightingale sang in still more touching strains, that went to one's very heart. And the emperor was so enchanted, that he declared the nightingale should have his golden slipper to wear round her neck. But the nightingale declined the honor with thanks: she was sufficiently rewarded already.

"I have seen tears in the emperor's eyes, and these are like the richest treasures to me! An emperor's tears possess a peculiar virtue! God knows that I am sufficiently rewarded." And thereupon she sang again in her sweet, melodious voice.

"This is the prettiest thing that I know of," said the ladies present, and they put water into their mouths, to make a kind of liquid, clucking sound, when anybody spoke to them. They then fancied themselves nightingales. Even the footmen and chambermaids gave out that they were satisfied with the performance; and that is saying a great deal, for they are the most difficult to please. In short, the nightingale's success was complete.

She was now invited to take up her abode at court, where she was to have her own cage, besides the liberty of going out twice a day, and once in the night; on which occasions she was attended by twelve servants, each of whom had fastened a ribbon round her leg to hold her fast. There was no pleasure to be had in flying after such a fashion as that.

The whole talk of the town ran on no other subject than the wonderful bird. Eleven old-clothes-men's children were christened after her, but not one of them had a note in its throat.

HOW THE IMITATION NIGHTINGALE CAME INTO FAVOR

One day the emperor received a large parcel, on which was written "The Nightingale."

"Here's no doubt a new book about our celebrated bird," said the emperor. But, instead of a book, it was a piece of mechanism that lay in a box — an artificial nightingale made to imitate the living one, only set all over with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. As soon as the artificial bird was wound up, it could sing one of the pieces that the real one sang; and then it wagged its tail up and down, all sparkling with silver and gold. Round its neck was slung a little ribbon, on which was written, "The Emperor of Japan's nightingale is poor indeed compared with that belonging to the Emperor of China."

"This is splendid," said all present, while he who had brought the bird was immediately invested with the title of Imperial Chief Nightingale-bringer.

"Now they must sing together," said the courtiers; "and what a duet that will be!"

And they were accordingly set to sing together. But it did not do, for the real nightingale sang after her fashion, and the artificial bird according to the barrel. "It is not the fault of the latter," observed the musical conductor, "for the bird keeps good time, quite after my school." So the artificial bird was made to sing alone. It obtained just as much success as the real bird, and then it was thought so much prettier to look at, for it sparkled like bracelets and breast-pins.

Three and thirty times did it sing the same piece without being tired. The company would willingly have heard it anew, but the emperor said that it was time the living nightingale should take her turn. But where was she? Nobody had remarked that she had flown out at the open window, and back to her green woods.

"How comes this?" said the emperor. And all the courtiers blamed her, and set down the nightingale for a most ungrateful creature.

"But we have the better bird left," said they; and accordingly the artificial bird was made to sing again, and they heard the same tune for the four and thirtieth time. Only they had not yet learned it by heart completely, for it was difficult to catch. And the conductor praised the bird to the skies, and even maintained that it was superior to a real nightingale, not only as regards outward appearance, and the profusion of diamonds, but in point of merit.

"For you perceive, my gracious lord and emperor of us all," said he, "with a real nightingale, you can never depend on what is coming; but with an artificial bird, all is laid out beforehand. One can analyze it, one can open it, and show the human skill that contrived its mechanism, and how the barrels lie, how they work, and how one thing proceeds from another."

"Those are quite my own thoughts," said all present; and the musical conductor was allowed to exhibit the bird to the people on the following Sunday, and the emperor commanded that the people should likewise hear it sing. They accordingly heard it, and were as delighted as though they had got drunk with tea, for it was so thoroughly Chinese.

And they all cried out "Oh!" and held up their forefingers, and nodded their heads. But the poor fisherman, who had heard the real nightingale, said, "It sounds pretty enough, and the melodies are all alike; but there 's a something wanting, though I can't tell what."

The real nightingale was banished from the land.

The artificial bird was placed on a silk cushion beside the emperor's bed. All the presents of gold and precious stones which had been showered upon it lay around, and the bird had risen to the title of Imperial Toilet-singer, and to the rank of number one on the left side. For the emperor reckoned the left side the noblest, as being the seat of the heart; for an emperor's heart is on the left, just as other people's are.

And the conductor of the music wrote a work in twenty-five volumes about the bird, which was so learned, and so long, and full of the hardest Chinese words, that everybody said they had read it and understood it, for fear of being thought stupid, or being trampled to death.

A whole year passed by. The emperor and his court, and all other Chinese, now knew by heart every little flourish in the artificial bird's song. But that was the very reason why it pleased them better than ever, because they could now sing with the bird — which they accordingly did. The boys in the street would go about singing: "Zi-zi-zi — cluck-cluck — cooo-oo"; and the emperor sang it likewise. It was really quite delightful.

HOW THE ARTIFICIAL USURPER LOST ITS VOICE

But one evening, when the artificial bird was singing its best, and the emperor lay in bed listening, something inside the bird seemed to say "crick!" Then a spring flew — whir-r-r-r! All the wheels ran round, and suddenly the music came to a standstill.

The emperor jumped out of bed and called for his physician. But of what use could he be? They next fetched a watchmaker; and after a deal of talking and examination, he managed to set the bird in order to a certain degree; but he said that it must be used sparingly, for the uvula was worn away, and it was impossible

to put in a new one so as to be sure not to injure the music. Here was a cause for deep mourning! The artificial bird was now only to be heard once a year, and that was almost too often for its safety. But the conductor of the music made a speech, consisting of very hard words, in order to prove that it was just as good as ever; and so, of course, it was considered so.

Five years had now flown past, when a real affliction threatened the land. The Chinese all loved their emperor, and he now lay so ill that it was said he could not recover. A new emperor was already chosen; and the people who stood outside in the street asked the lord-in-waiting how it fared with their old emperor. "P!" said he, shaking his head.

The emperor lay pale and cold in his fine large bed. The whole court thought he was dead, and everybody had run away from him to pay their respects to the new emperor. The valets had run away to prate about the event, and the chambermaids had a large company to coffee.

Coverings had been laid down in the rooms and passages, that nobody's step might be heard, and therefore all was silent as the grave. But the emperor was not yet dead, though he lay stiff and pale in his magnificent bed, with its long velvet curtains and heavy gold tassels.

The poor emperor could scarcely breathe; he felt as if a weight were lying on his chest; and on opening his eyes he saw that it was Death who was sitting on his breast, and had put on his gold crown, and was holding the imperial sword in one hand, and his beautiful banner in the other. Strange heads were peeping out on all sides through the velvet bed-curtains, some of which were quite ugly, while others were mild and lovely. These were the emperor's good and bad actions, which looked him in the face now that Death was at his heart.

"Do you remember this?" whispered one after another. "Do you remember that?" and they told him so many things that the perspiration stood on his brow.

"I never knew it," said the emperor. "Music! music! — the large Chinese drum!" cried he, "to drown what they say!"

But they went on, and Death nodded to all they said, like a true Chinese.

"Music! music!" said the emperor; "you charming little golden bird, sing away! — sing, can't you? I have given you gold and precious stones, and I have even hung my golden slipper round your neck. Sing, I tell you, sing!"

But the bird remained silent. There was nobody there to wind it up; and without that it could not sing a note. And Death went on staring at the emperor with his hollow sockets, and a frightful stillness reigned around.

HOW THE GOOD NIGHTINGALE SAVED THE EMPEROR'S LIFE

Suddenly a gust of melody sounded through the window. It proceeded from the little living nightingale, who sat on a bough. She had heard of her emperor's danger, and had hastened hither to sing hope and comfort to his soul. And as she sang, the phantoms grew fainter and fainter, while the blood began to flow faster and faster through the emperor's weak limbs; and even Death listened, and said, "Go on, little nightingale, go on!"

"But will you give me that costly golden sword? Will you give me that rich banner? Will you give me the emperor's crown?"

And Death gave each of the baubles for a song; and the nightingale continued singing. She sang of the quiet churchyard, where the white roses blossom, where the elder sheds its perfumes, and where the cool grass is moistened by the tears of the survivors. Then Death longed to go to his garden; and he floated out through the window, like a cold, white mist.

"Thanks! thanks!" said the emperor, "you heavenly little bird! I know you well. I banished you from my dominions; and yet you have sung away those evil faces from my bedside, and expelled Death from my heart. How can I reward you?"

"You have rewarded me," said the nightingale. "I beguiled tears from your eyes the first time I sang; I shall never forget that. Those are the jewels that rejoice a singer's heart. But now sleep and grow strong and healthy. I will sing to you."

And she sang, and the emperor fell into a sweet sleep. And most mild and healing was that slumber.

The sun was shining through the window when he awoke, refreshed and restored to health. None of his servants had returned, for they

thought he was dead; but the nightingale still sat and sang.

"You must always remain with me," said the emperor. "You shall only sing when you choose, and I will break the artificial bird into a thousand pieces."

"Do not do that," said the nightingale; "the bird did good as long as it could. Keep it as before. I cannot build my nest and live in the palace, but let me come when I have a mind; and I will sit on the bough near the window of an evening, and sing to you, that you may be at once glad and thoughtful. I will sing of the happy, and of those who suffer. I will tell of the bad and the good that is concealed from you by those about your person.

"For the little songster flies to the poor fisherman, and to the peasant's humble roof, and to all who live at so great a distance from yourself and your court. I love your heart better than your crown; and yet the crown has a perfume of sacredness about it too. I will come and sing to you, but you must promise me one thing."

"All I possess!" said the emperor, as he stood in his imperial robes, which he had himself put on, and pressed his sword of gold to his heart.

"One thing only I require of you; that is, to let no one know you have a little bird who tells you everything; and all will be for the best."

And away the nightingale flew.

The servants came in to look after their late emperor; when there, they stood in amazement on hearing the emperor say, "Good morning!"

"THE FLYING TRUNK"

"It was indeed a wonderful trunk. Press the lock and it could fly. The story tells how the merchant's spendthrift son pressed the lock and flew away to the land of the Turks, where he met the Sultan's daughter, of course, and would have married her, but —"

THE FRENCH KING, LOUIS XI

And the manner in which he sought relief from the duties and dignities of state by having performing animals exhibited before him. The mad monarch thought monkeys more entertaining than courtiers, and they were certainly as honest.

WHY SHOULD NOT A FAIRY SHOEMAKER MAKE A GLASS SHOE, AS WELL AS ANY OTHER KIND?

THE LITTLE GLASS SHOE

A PEASANT named John Wilde who lived in Rodenkirchen, found one time a little glass shoe on one of the hills where the little people used to dance. He clapped it instantly into his pocket and ran away with it, keeping his hand close on his pocket, for he knew he had found a treasure which the underground people must redeem at any price.

At midnight John, who knew the ways of the little folk, went to the Nine Mountains, and cried with all his might: "John Wilde of Rodenkirchen has got a beautiful glass shoe. Who will buy it? Who will buy it?"

He knew the little people would hear, and would want it very much, for the one who lost it would have to go barefoot till he got it again. He was right. The first day that the little fellow might come out in the daylight — for there are only a few days in the year when the little people may come up to daylight, and then they can never appear in their true form — this first day he came as a respectable merchant, knocked at John Wilde's door, and asked if John had not got a glass shoe to sell — "For," he said, "glass shoes are now in great demand, and are sought for in every market."

John replied it was true he had a very pretty tiny glass shoe, but it was very precious to him, and it was not every merchant that could afford to pay for it. The merchant asked to see it, and, when he had examined it, said:

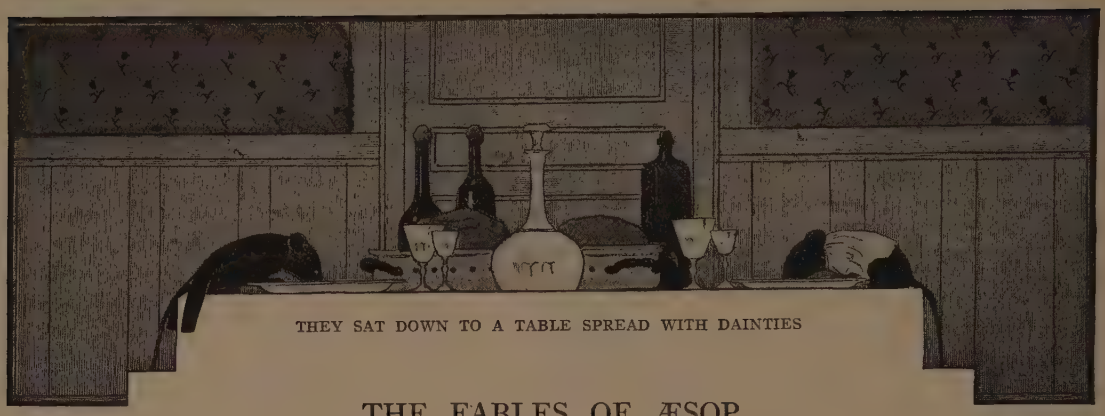
"Glass shoes are by no means so valuable, my good friend, as you seem to think here in Rodenkirchen. However, I will give you a good price for it."

He pretended to be indifferent, but, when he found John would not sell it for a small sum, he offered him a thousand dollars for it.

"A thousand dollars," said John Wilde, in a mocking tone; "indeed, it will not leave my hands for that shabby price. I will give it to my little girl for the foot of her doll. See here, my friend, I am not so stupid as you think. I have heard a little song about a glass shoe, and it is not for a parcel of dirt it will go out of my hands. Tell me now, my good fellow, should you happen to know the knack of it, how, in every furrow I make when I am plowing, I may find a ducat? If you do not tell me that, the shoe is still mine, and you may inquire for glass shoes in other markets."

The merchant made a great many attempts to get the shoe, telling John such a request was foolish and impossible; but, when he found the farmer inflexible, he agreed to tell him the spell by which he could be sure of always finding a ducat in every furrow he himself plowed, and swore it should always work. John believed him and gave up the shoe, for he knew with whom he had to do. So the merchant went away with his glass shoe.

From that day, his neighbors did not know what to make of John Wilde, for, instead of working in the daylight like a sensible man, he always did his plowing by night. This was because he was afraid some of his neighbors or the passers-by would discover his secret of wealth, and see him pick up gold ducats out of the furrows. Whenever he wanted money, all he had to do was to harness his horses and go out to the fields, for, under every clod he turned up, he always found a gold ducat.



THEY SAT DOWN TO A TABLE SPREAD WITH DAINTIES

THE FABLES OF ÆSOP

FABLES are stories about animals, with now and then a man in them. But he is never a man with a name; any man might be put in his place, just as any fox might be the Fox in "The Fox and Grapes," or any wolf the Wolf in "The Wolf and the Crane."

When you have read these Fables, you will see that they were all really written to make clear some wise saying.

These Fables are supposed to have been written by a slave named Æsop. He is said to have been a Phrygian, who was brought to Athens when young and sold as a slave.

He was so wise that when his master got into a serious difficulty Æsop was able to get him out of it, and so won his freedom.

He became so famous as a writer that the King of Lydia invited him to live at his court. He sent him to consult the oracle at Delphi. The Delphians were angry with Æsop because he had made fun of them, so they accused him of having hidden one of the sacred vessels of Apollo's temple, and put him to death by throwing him from a rock. His Fables have been translated into nearly every language of Europe.

THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE

NOW you must know that a Town Mouse once upon a time went on a visit to his cousin in the country. He was rough and ready, this cousin, but he loved his town friend and made him heartily welcome. Beans and bacon, cheese and bread, were all he had to offer, but he offered them freely. The Town Mouse

"I DO NOT LIKE THAT MUSIC . . ."

rather turned up his long nose at this country fare, and said: "I cannot understand, Cousin, how you can put up with such poor food as this, but of course you cannot expect anything better in the country; come you with me and I will show you how to live. When you have been in town a week you will wonder how you could ever have stood a country life." No sooner said than done: the two mice set off for the town and arrived at the Town Mouse's residence late at night. "You will want some refreshment after our long journey," said the polite Town Mouse, and took his friend into the grand dining-room. There they found the remains of a fine feast, and soon the two mice were eating up jellies and cakes and all that was nice. Suddenly they heard growling and barking. "What is that?" said the Country Mouse. "It is only the dogs of the house," answered the other. "Only!" said the Country Mouse; "I do not like that music at my dinner." Just at that moment the door flew open, in came two huge mastiffs, and the two mice had to scamper down and run off.

"Good-by, Cousin," said the Country Mouse. "What! going so soon?" said the other. "Yes," he replied. "Better beans and bacon in peace than cakes and ale in fear."

The ANT & the GRASSHOPPER.

IN a field one summer's day a Grasshopper was hopping about, chirping and singing to its heart's content. An Ant passed by, bearing along with great toil an ear of corn he was taking to the nest.

"Why not come and chat with me," said the Grasshopper, "instead of toiling and moiling in that way?"

"I am helping to lay up food for the winter," said the Ant, "and recommend you to do the same."

"Why bother about winter?" said the Grasshopper; "we have got plenty of food at present." But the Ant went on its way and continued its toil. When the winter came the Grasshopper had no food, and found itself dying of hunger, while it saw the ants distributing every day corn and grain from the stores they had collected in the summer. Then the Grasshopper knew that

It is best to prepare for the days of necessity.

THE TWO CRABS

ONE fine day two Crabs came out from their home to take a stroll on the sand. "Child," said the mother, "you are walking very ungracefully. You should accustom yourself to walking straight forward without twisting from side to side."

"Pray, mother," said the young one, "do but set the example yourself, and I will follow you."

Example is the best precept.

THE MAN, THE BOY, AND THE DONKEY

A MAN and his son were once going with their Donkey to market. As they were walking along by its side a countryman passed them and said, "You fools, what do you think a Donkey is for but to ride upon?"

So the Man put the Boy on the Donkey and they went on their way. But soon they passed a group of men, one of whom said to his companions, "See that lazy youngster, he lets his father walk while he rides."

So the Man, overhearing these words, ordered his Boy to get off, and got on himself. But they had n't gone far when they passed two women, one of whom said to the other:

"Shame on that lazy lout to let his poor little son trudge along."

Well, the Man didn't know what to do, but at last he took his Boy up behind him on the Donkey, and they went ahead.

By this time they had come to the town, however, and the many passers-by began to jeer and point at them. The Man stopped and asked what they were scoffing at. The men said, "What a question. Are n't you thoroughly ashamed of yourself for overloading that poor old Donkey of yours — you and your hulking son?"

The Man and Boy got off and tried to think what to do next.

They thought and they thought, till at last they cut down a long pole, tied the Donkey's feet to it, raised the pole and the Donkey to their shoulders, and in this strange fashion proceeded.

They went along amid the laughter of all who met them till they came to Market Bridge, when the Donkey, getting one of his feet loose, kicked out and caused the Boy to drop his end of the pole.

In the struggle the Donkey fell over the bridge, and, his fore-feet being tied together, he could not swim but was drowned.

"That will teach you a lesson," said an old man who had followed them:

"Please all, and you will please none."

There once was a funny Giraffe
Who lived upon chocolates and
chaff;
He spent all his dollars
On neckties and collars
To wear with his wink
and his laugh.

THE FUNNY GIRAFFE

THE Frogs were living as happy as could be in a marshy swamp that just suited them; they went splashing about, caring for nobody and nobody troubling with them. But some of them thought that this was not right, that they should have a king and a proper constitution, so they determined to send up a petition to Jove to give them what they wanted. "Mighty Jove," they cried, "send unto us a king that will rule over us and keep us in order." Jove laughed at their croaking, and threw down into the swamp a huge Log, which came down — *kerplash* — into the swamp. The Frogs were frightened out of their lives by the commotion made in their midst, and all rushed to the bank to look at the horrible monster; but after a time, seeing that it did not move, one or two of the boldest of them ventured out towards the Log, and even dared to touch it; still it did not move. Then the greatest hero of the Frogs jumped upon the Log and commenced dancing up and down upon it. Thereupon all the Frogs came and did the same; and for some time the Frogs went about their business every day without taking the slightest notice of

their new King Log lying in their midst. But this did not suit them, so they sent another petition to Jove, and said to him, "We want a real king; one that will really rule over us." Now this made Jove angry, so he sent among them a big Stork that soon set to work gobbling them all up. Then the Frogs repented when too late.

Better no rule than cruel rule.

The Fox & the Cat.

A FOX was boasting to a Cat of its clever devices for escaping its enemies. "I have a whole bag of tricks," he said, "which contains a hundred ways of escaping my enemies."

"I have only one," said the Cat; "but I can generally manage with that." Just at that moment they heard the cry of a pack of hounds coming towards them, and the Cat immediately scampered up a tree and hid herself in the boughs. "This is my plan," said the

Cat. "What are you going to do?" The Fox thought first of one way, then of another, and while he was debating the hounds came nearer and nearer, and at last the Fox in his confusion was caught up by the hounds and soon killed by the huntsmen. Miss Puss, who had been looking on, said:

"Better one safe way than a hundred on which you cannot reckon."

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

A WOLF found great difficulty in getting at the sheep, owing to the vigilance of the shepherd and his dogs. But one day it found the skin of a sheep that had been flayed and thrown

aside; so it put it on over its own pelt and strolled down among the sheep. The Lamb that belonged to the sheep whose skin the Wolf

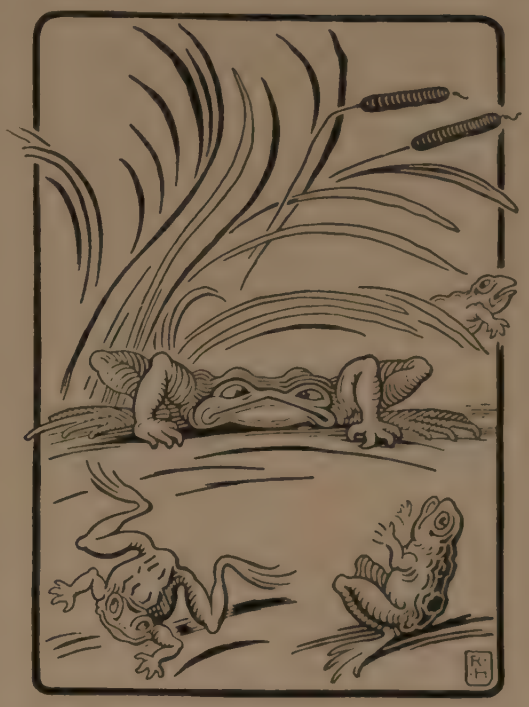
was wearing, began to follow the Wolf in the Sheep's clothing; so, leading the Lamb a little apart, he soon made a meal off her, and for some time he succeeded in deceiving the sheep, and enjoying hearty meals.

Appearances are deceptive.

THE FROG AND THE OX

"OH, FATHER," said a little Frog to the big one sitting by the side of a pool, "I have seen such a terrible monster! It was as big as a mountain, with horns on its head, and a long tail, and it had hoofs divided in two."

"Tush, child, tush," said the old Frog,



"that was only Farmer White's Ox. It is n't so big either; he may be a little bit taller than I, but I could easily make myself quite as broad; just you see."

So he blew himself out, and blew himself out, and blew himself out. "Was he as big as that?" asked he.

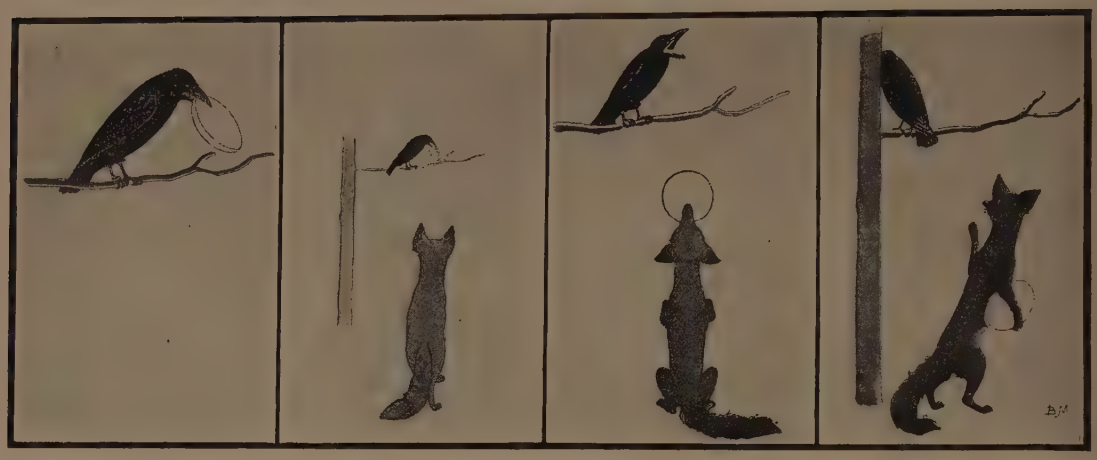
"Oh, much bigger than that," said the young Frog.

Again the old one blew himself out, and asked the young one if the Ox was as big as that.

"Bigger, father, bigger," was the reply.

So the Frog took a deep breath, and blew and blew and blew, and swelled and swelled and swelled. And then he said: "I 'm sure the Ox is not as big as —" But at this moment he burst.

Self-conceit may lead to self-destruction.



THE FOX AND THE CROW

A CROW sat on a tree holding in his beak a piece of cheese. A Fox, walking by, smelled it, and called: "Good morning, Master Crow. If your voice is as beautiful as your plumage, you are the phœnix of the woods." The Crow was so flattered that he opened his beak wide to sing, and let the cheese fall. The Fox caught it, and said: "Learn that all flattery is at the expense of him who listens."

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

ONE day a Fox was strolling through an orchard till he came to a bunch of Grapes just ripening on a vine trained over a lofty branch. "Just the thing to quench my thirst," quoth he. Drawing back a few paces, he took a run and a jump, and just missed the bunch. Turning round he jumped again, but with no greater success. At last he had to give it up, and walked away with his nose in the air, saying, "I am sure they are sour."

It is easy to despise what you cannot get.

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE

A WOLF had been gorging on an animal he had killed, when suddenly a small bone in the meat stuck in his throat and he could not swallow it. He soon felt a terrible pain in his throat, and ran up and down, groaning and groaning and seeking for something to relieve the pain. He tried to induce everyone he met to remove the bone. "I would give anything," said he, "if you would take it out." At last the Crane agreed to try, and told the Wolf to lie on his side and open his jaws as wide as he could. Then the Crane put its long neck down the Wolf's throat, and with its beak loosened the bone, till at last he got it out.

"Will you kindly give me the reward you promised?" said the Crane.

The Wolf grinned and showed his teeth and said: "Be content. You have put your head inside a Wolf's mouth and taken it out again in safety; that ought to be reward enough for you."

Gratitude and greed go not together.

The Fox & the Lion

WHEN first the Fox saw the Lion he was terribly frightened, and ran away and hid himself in the wood. Next time, however, he came near the King of Beasts he stopped at a safe distance and watched him pass by. The third time they came near one another the Fox went straight up to the Lion and passed the time of day with him, asking him how his family were, and when he should have the pleasure of seeing him again; then, turning his tail, he parted from the Lion without much ceremony.

Familiarity breeds contempt.

THE FOX AND THE STORK

AT one time the Fox and the Stork were on visiting terms and seemed very good friends. So the Fox invited the Stork to dinner, and for a joke put nothing before her but some soup in a very shallow dish. This the Fox could easily lap up, but the Stork could only wet the end of her long bill in it, and left the meal as hungry as when she began. "I am sorry," said the Fox, "the soup is not to your liking."

"Pray do not apologize," said the Stork. "I hope you will return this visit, and come and dine with me soon." So a day was appointed when the Fox should visit the Stork; but when they were seated at table all that was for their dinner was contained in a very long-necked jar with a narrow mouth, in which the Fox could not insert his snout, so all he could manage to do was to lick the outside of the jar.

"I will not apologize for the dinner," said the Stork:

"One bad turn deserves another."

"NEVER TRUST A FRIEND WHO DESERTS YOU AT A PINCH"

THE TWO FELLOWS AND THE BEAR

TWO Fellows were traveling together through a wood, when a Bear rushed out upon them. One of the travelers happened to be in front, and he seized hold of the branch of a tree, and hid himself among the leaves. The other, seeing no help for it, threw himself flat down upon the ground, with his face in the dust. The Bear, coming up to him, put his muzzle close to his ear, and sniffed and sniffed. But at last with a growl he shook his head and slouched off, for bears will not touch dead meat. Then the fellow in the tree came down to his comrade, and, laughing, said, "What was it that Master Bruin whispered to you?"

"He told me," said the other:

"Never trust a friend who deserts you at a pinch."

THE MILKMAID AND HER PAIL

PATTY, the Milkmaid, was going to market carrying her milk in a Pail on her head. As she went along she began calculating what she would do with the money she would get for the milk. "I 'll buy some fowls from Farmer Brown," said she, "and they will lay eggs each morning, which I will sell to the parson's wife. With the money that I get from the sale of these eggs I 'll buy myself a new dimity frock and a chip hat; and when I go to market,

won't all the young men come up and speak to me! Polly Shaw will be that jealous; but I don't care. I shall just look at her and toss my head like this."

As she spoke, she tossed her head back, the Pail fell off it and all the milk was spilt. So she had to go home and tell her mother what had occurred.

"Ah, my child," said her mother:

"Do not count your chickens before they are hatched."

ONE wintry day a Woodman was tramping home from his work when he saw something black lying on the snow. When he came closer, he saw it was a Serpent, to all appearance dead. But he took it up and put it in his bosom to warm while he hurried home. As soon as he got indoors he put the Serpent down on the hearth before the fire. The children watched it and saw it slowly come to life again. Then one of them stooped down to stroke it, but the Serpent raised its head and put out its fangs and was about to sting the child to death. So the Woodman seized his ax, and with one stroke cut the Serpent in two. "Ah," said he:

"No gratitude from the wicked."

THE TWO POTS

TWO Pots had been left on the bank of a river, one of brass, and one of earthenware. When the tide rose they both floated off down the stream.

Now the earthenware pot tried its very best to keep aloof from the brass one, which cried out, "Fear nothing, friend, I will not strike you."

"But I may come in contact with you," said the other, "if I come too close; and whether I hit you, or you hit me, I shall suffer for it."

The strong and the weak cannot keep company.

"JUST THE AGE FOR FAIRY AND FOLK TALES"

THE FOLK TALES OF MANY LANDS

FOLK TALES are stories that have been handed down by a people, the children learning the stories from their parents and telling them to their own children in turn. Fairy tales and myths are stories that different people have written, so that they might belong to any country; but folk tales reflect the customs and traditions of the country they come from, so that if you know much about Germany and Norway and Sweden and Denmark and India and Japan, you can tell by reading a folk tale what country it comes from.

Legends are stories that are partly true and partly made up. If you have ever tried the game of starting a sentence in a company of people, and having them whisper from one to another, until they come to the last one, who says out loud what he heard, you will know how a sentence can change in just a short time; and when you think that legends are often hundreds of years old, you can understand why it is impossible to tell what part of the legend is true and what has been added by the people who have told it.

THE SNOW-WHITE COW

HOW THE FAIR-HAIRED KRINKA FOUND HER PRINCE, BY THE AID OF HER COW, "GOOD LUCK"

ON the outskirts of a city built on many islands, where the hills slope down to the water's edge, lived a worthy peasant and his wife and daughter. So happy were these three that neither drought nor flood made them sigh for long, and fair-haired Krinka sang as gayly as the birds do when she milked the cow which had been her godmother's gift to her on her twelfth birthday.

Save at Krinka's christening, when she had suddenly appeared beside the font, declaring she had come to stand sponsor to the blue-eyed babe who, instead of weeping, smiled and cooed as the holy water touched her brow, this mysterious stranger had never been seen by the peasant and his wife. But one eve at twilight she had met Krinka in the woods, and told her she was sending her a present. This was the Cow, and Krinka's mother named her "Good Luck," for things went better than ever from the day of her arrival.

She was a lovely animal — white as snow save for a red star on her forehead, and when Krinka looked into her deep, soft eyes, she saw herself there. No one knew whence Good Luck had come, nor who had bred her; for she trod alone to the peasant's door, with one end of the twisted rope of gold and silver threads round her glossy neck trailing on the ground. Krinka laid the cord at the bottom of the press which held her Sunday gown, for the snow-white Cow needed no halter — she went where she should of her own accord, and obeyed each inflection of Krinka's voice.

When Krinka was seventeen, sorrow came to her; her parents were drowned through the breaking of a bridge between two of the islands, and this dearly-loved child was an orphan. Her only possession of any value was the snow-white Cow; but though her neighbors urged her to sell her, that she might have money to live until she found another home, the girl would not consent to this.

"Don't send me away, dear mistress, for I

love you!" the animal pleaded, and Krinka, scarce surprised that the gentle and intelligent creature should speak to her in her own language, vowed that only as a last resource would she part with her godmother's gift.

Soon there was nothing to eat in the house, and Krinka was very hungry.

"Mount on my back," said the snow-white Cow, "and we will set out together. But first fasten round your waist the gold and silver

"THESE PATHS ARE MINE," ROARED THE ANGRY GIANT

cord which I trailed after me when first I came. It was well that you did not sell it with the ebony press."

So Krinka twined the gold and silver rope round her slim waist. It went oddly with her scant brown dress and well-worn shoes, but her face was as fair as a Princess's, and her long plaits of hair shone bright as her girdle, as she mounted the back of her snow-white Cow. And the white Cow bore her over hill and dale, till they came to a wood where the trees were all gold and silver.

"On the other side much joy awaits you," said the Cow, "but be careful you touch not a single leaf as we go through, for if you do, you or I must die." And though twigs struck her eyes and made them smart, Krinka did not lift a finger until a drooping branch tangled in her hair. Forgetting the white Cow's caution, she then raised her hand to free herself, and as she touched the golden leaves a monster rushed out of the wood.

"These paths are mine," roared the angry giant, "and none but royal travelers dare tread my ways. Since you have trespassed, one or other of you shall die. Which life shall I take as a forfeit?"

"Mine!" said the snow-white Cow; and first stooping gently down so that Krinka could dismount, she threw herself on the giant's sword. He fell back scowling, bitterly disappointed that she had thus deprived him of his right to seize the maid, and Krinka was left to soothe the last moments of her only friend.

"Even in death will I serve you, dear mistress," said the Cow. "Bury me under that silver apple tree, and stay beside me for seven days."

Krinka toiled day and night to bury the Cow where she had said. It was all she could do for her now, and, though she had only her hands and nails to dig with, she did not rest until the Cow was covered with earth, and the ground was smoothed down over her. Then she lay beside the tree and slept; and silver leaves fell and hid her.

Next day a Prince came riding by, and, seeing the golden apples on a silver tree, reined in his horse that he might pluck one. Immediately the boughs shot high in the air, and the silver leaves round Krinka stirred.

"What magic is in this tree?" he demanded, when the loveliest maiden he had ever seen sat up and looked at him. As she slept, her brown gown had changed to green velvet, and the dewdrops which fell in the night had crowned her with sparkling diamonds.

"The magic of love," she answered; for this was what the snow-white Cow had told her to say if she were questioned. And the apple tree bent its branches, so that the Prince might

gather its fruit; and when he had looked at Krinka again, he lifted her up beside him on his horse, and bore her away to his own country to be his bride.

MARAQUITA AND THE SERPENT

HOW FLORITA THE SNAKE REPAID MARAQUITA THE MAIDEN FOR HER KINDNESS AND DEVOTION

GREEN is the Vale of Chili, and neither savage beasts nor poisonous snakes lie in wait amidst its pleasant shades. The father of Maraquita had never a fear for his little daughter as she played beneath the lofty pines, or gathered wild currants and strawberries from amidst the undergrowth.

Maraquita was his only daughter, coming after two sons, and she was the very apple of his eye. He could scarcely bear her out of his sight, for she had no mother; and, though her nurse professed great devotion, he was often warned by some unseen power not to trust the old woman too far.

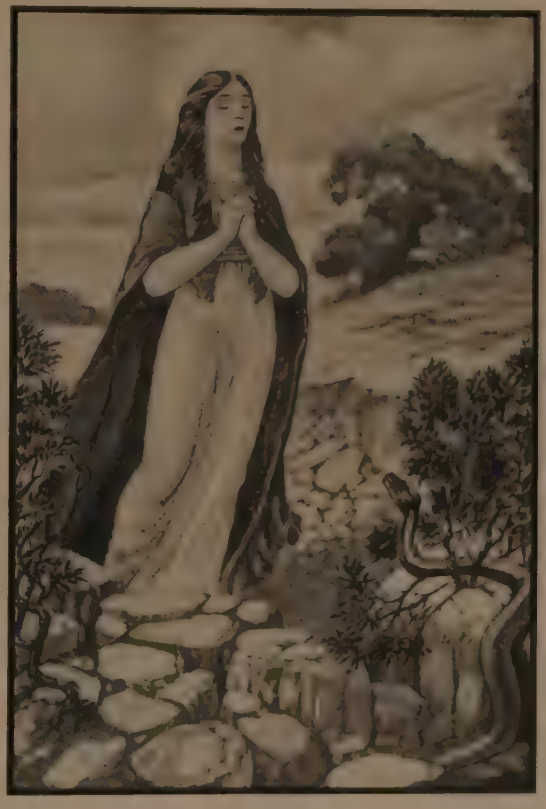
The nurse had a child of the same age, Estefania, who was Maraquita's foster sister. Estefania was beautiful, but not so beautiful as Maraquita, and this made the old nurse angry. And whereas Maraquita was so sweet and good that when she laughed pearls fell from her lips, and water, touched by her gentle hands, turned presently into silver, Estefania's speech was rough and rude, and her spirit cruel and envious. She was often unkind to Maraquita, but the little maid would not grieve her father with complaints, and bore her ill humors patiently.

Maraquita spent much of her time in the garden when her father and brothers were away; for she loved the flowers, and the elves who slept in the fragrant petals smiled at her when she came. But, even so, she was sometimes lonely; for her father and brothers were often from home, and she knew too well that the old nurse loved her no more than did Estefania.

She was sitting alone beneath a fig tree one summer day when a little Snake glided from a clump of ferns, passing close to her feet. Maraquita put out her hand and touched it.

"Have you no one to play with, either?" she asked it, wistfully. "Poor little Snake! Stay with me, for I 'm lonely too. I won't let anyone hurt you."

The little Snake crept into her lap, and nestled happily against her. Maraquita hid it in the folds of her frock when she left the garden, and made a safe home for it in a carven box pushed away out of sight in a lumber room. Here she fed and tended her strange pet. The



"OH, FLORITA! I WISH YOU WERE HERE"

little Snake grew rapidly into a great one, and before long began to talk to her.

"I am Florita, little sister!" it said, "and I love thee well, for thou hast been kind to me." And she twined her glistening folds round Maraquita's neck and bosom, fondling her with her smooth head.

After this Maraquita was never lonely, for the Snake and she had much to say.

"Are you there, little sister?" she would call softly, as she entered the lumber room.

"I am here, Dearheart; what wantest thou?" Florita would reply; and they would talk together of forest lore, and of things not commonly known to mortals.

It happened at length that Maraquita's father followed her into the lumber room, curious to discover why she passed so many hours there. His horror was great when he saw the Snake with its folds around her, and he said that Florita must be destroyed.

"If you kill her," sobbed Maraquita, "you will break my heart, dear Father! She has kept me company these many months, and I love her dearly."

But all her prayers, and all her tears, did not avail to persuade her father to let the Snake remain, and the most he would allow was that Maraquita should take her back to the spot where she had found her, and there give her her liberty.

So the little maid carried her playmate to the flower-filled garden, and Florita, ere she glided away, entreated Maraquita that if she were ever in distress, she would call her name three times.

Time passed swiftly, and Maraquita grew to womanhood; so fair and gracious and sweet was she that all men's hearts went out to her as she rode abroad on her milk-white pony. A neighboring King heard of her beauty, and of the pearls which fell from her lips when she laughed. He sent for her brothers, and questioned them closely as to the truth of the report.

"Yea, it is true, O King; likewise water turns to silver an she touches it with her hands," declared the elder, proudly, "while the combings of her hair are solid gold."

"And withal, she is so sweet a maid that joy lingers in her footsteps, and the birds sing more gladly for the sight of her," added the younger. The King looked at him approvingly.

"We would see this maiden," he said. And her father promised to send her to Court ere the month should wane.

HOW ESTEFANIA MISTREATED MARAQUITA AND DECEIVED THE YOUNG KING

But as he and her brothers made ready to accompany her, they were smitten by a mysterious sickness caused by an essence of noxious herbs which the old nurse had rubbed upon the bottom of their drinking vessels. As the King must not be gainsaid, it was decided that Maraquita should go to Court attended by Estefania and the nurse. The serving-men who were to have been their escort fell sick ere the distance was halfway traversed, and could proceed no farther. And now the old woman was free to carry out her evil plot.

When they reached a dark wood at nightfall, she dragged Maraquita from her horse, took off her silken robes and her rich mantle, and bound her hand and foot. At dawn of day she tore out her eyes, flinging them from her on to the grass. Then Estefania put on her robes, and mounted the milk-white pony, setting the mare she had ridden free, to return as it would to the stables.

She was about to ride away with the nurse, heedless of Maraquita's cries of anguish, when she caught sight of the eyes lying where her mother had thrown them. They shone like gems so vividly and brightly blue that they might have fallen from the sky.

"Let us keep them!" she cried, dismounting. "Some day — who knows? — we may find a use for them: they are better in a trinket box than in that girl's head!"

With a glance of hatred at poor Maraquita, she wrapped them in a leaf and placed them in a crystal casket which was Maraquita's, and which she now claimed as her own. Then Maraquita was left to die in the wood, while Estefania rode gayly away to impersonate her at Court, and seek to win the favor of the King.

Decked in Maraquita's robes and jewels, and imitating her manner as best she could, she found it no difficult task to capture the fancy of the young monarch, who was in the mood to wed. When he begged her to laugh, that he might see if what her brothers had said were true, she bowed her head, and feigned deep sorrow and embarrassment.

"I may not laugh, or wash my hands, or even pass a comb through my hair, until a wedding ring be fitted on my finger," she said sadly. "Such are my father's express commands and I dare not disobey him."

"Perchance her brothers did not speak the truth," muttered the courtiers, as they saw how

eagerly their master hung upon the maiden's every look and word. But the young King cared not for their doubts, and as there was none to say him nay, in a short space Estefania and he were wed. The Court talked less of the bride's grace and beauty, than of how much gold the royal coffers would hold when the Queen combed her golden hair.

The next day the kingdom was plunged into mourning. No lustrous pearls fell from Estefania's lips; water remained water after she had touched it, and the hairs that were left in her comb showed no sign of becoming precious metal. She assured the King that some enemy had bewitched her, and though he had found her less lovely than he thought, he did his best to believe her, and refused to put her away from him.

But the people's wrath had to be satisfied, and so Maraquita's father and brothers were cast into prison. Estefania and her mother would, of course, have preferred them to have been put to death, but they dared not suggest this, and wisely held their peace.

HOW MARAQUITA ENRICHED THE KIND PEOPLE WHO SAVED HER, AND BECAME QUEEN AFTER ALL

Meanwhile Maraquita was found by an old woodman, who, too feeble to cut down trees, had been sent into the forest by his daughters to pick up the fallen boughs, and bring these home on his donkey, that they might be sold for food. His packs were laden, but he emptied them out and lifted Maraquita instead on to his animal's back.

"Alas!" he sighed, "you have suffered indeed. I am poor myself, but my eyes have been left to me. You shall share what I have, though this is little." And he took her home with him to his hut, where three daughters awaited his coming.

When they found he had brought no wood but only this stranger to share their crusts, they had hard words for him. Nevertheless, being touched with pity, they would not turn Maraquita out, since night was at hand; but they vowed that early next morning she should go, as they were hard pressed for food already.

When morning came, however, the sight of her affliction softened their hearts, and they bade the poor girl stay.

"We can give you shelter, poor thing, at least," said the eldest, who herself was gaunt as a wolf from hunger. The second brought her a basin of water, that she might bathe her face, while the youngest combed her tangled hair. And when, later on, they came to fetch the basin away, instead of water they found a solid block of silver, while in the comb were threads of gold. Maraquita was so much amused at their cries of bewilderment that she laughed aloud. A stream of pearls fell to the ground, and the woodman thought that his senses were leaving him.

"Take the silver and gold, and the pearls, too, into the town," said the blind girl, "and sell them for what you can get. You shall be hungry no more, for you shared with me what you had." Then they crowded round her, full of rejoicing, and, in spite of her pain and her sightless eyes, sweet Maraquita was glad.

That afternoon as she sat outside the hut in the warmth of the sun, listening to the joyful song of the birds, it was borne in upon her that never more would she see the colors of sea or sky, nor the light of welcome on her father's face; and she burst into bitter weeping.

"Oh, Florita!" she cried, thinking of the little sister who had often comforted her when she was sad over Estefania's unkindness, "I wish you were here. Florita! Florita!"

"What wantest thou, Dearheart?" asked a voice at her feet, and the Snake enwound her in her glistening folds, and tenderly licked the burning sockets of her eyes. At this the pain went out of them; and if Maraquita wept now, it was for joy at finding her friend again.

Then Florita told her to send the old man into the city to buy the loveliest nosegay he could find — roses so fragrant that their scent would be carried a mile away, and gorgeous in hue like the sunset sky.

"Let him stand with them under the Palace windows," went on the Snake, "and Estefania will see and desire them, for all she sees now she desires. When she sends her ladies to ask the price, he must say he will give them for nothing but eyes; and the eyes must be very blue ones."

The woodman accordingly bought the nose-

gay, and, as Florita had said, the moment he stood beneath the Palace windows, Estefania desired the flowers. Her ladies thought the old man crazy when he asked as their price a pair of blue eyes, and jestingly offered him the eyes of a dog. But these were brown, and would not serve him. Nor would he accept the eyes of a cat, which were golden amber. When the false Queen was told what he demanded, she instantly thought of the blue eyes she had preserved, and calling for the crystal casket, desired that these should be sent out to the man. The woodman gave up the nosegay, and took the eyes back to Maraquita. They were bright as ever, and perfectly clear, for the leaf which Estefania had folded round them had been the leaf of a magic herb.

As he laid them in Maraquita's lap, the Snake glided out once more from the bushes and skillfully put them back in their place. If they had been beautiful before, much more beautiful were they now, when the fires of sorrow had awakened Maraquita's soul; and the woodman and his daughters were abashed before her loveliness.

Then Florita changed herself into an old woman, and, having robed Maraquita in cloth of gold and pearl embroideries, took her straight to the King's Palace. At the sight of her standing beneath her windows, her exquisite eyes more bright than ever, Estefania fell dead with fright, and the old nurse rushed into the river and was drowned.

When the King heard all that Florita had to tell, and learned how he had been deceived, he set free Maraquita's father and brothers, and made what amends were in his power for the injustice that had been shown them. As to sweet Maraquita, who could have helped loving her? Certainly not the King, who now recognized that Estefania had pleased his sight only. In due course Maraquita became his Queen, and they lived together in happiness and peace for many long years.

THE HYENA'S GUEST

WHICH SHOWS THAT IT PAYS TO BE KIND, EVEN TO BEASTS WE CALL SAVAGE

AMONG the Bedawi, at the time of which this story tells, and it may be to the present day, the killing of one member of the tribe was avenged by all his relatives. And when Mukatta was slain in the night, his kinsmen swore that an Arab named Haslim, who was known to have had high words with him, should die the death of a dog. Haslim vowed he had raised no hand against the man, and that far from wishing Mukatta evil he would gladly have protected him from assault.

Nevertheless, he was accounted guilty, and would have suffered death. But he escaped from his bonds in the gloom of the night, and fled to the desert.

For many days he wandered on its borders until he was driven by hunger towards fertile land. He set his face northward, but he had not journeyed far when a compassionate Sheik warned him that his foes lay in ambush not far ahead.

Then he turned to the west, and then to the east; each time he was warned by one who had pity that the avengers were on his track. Smitten with despair, he climbed to the summit of a rocky crag, and lifting his eyes to heaven made piteous plaint.

"Great Allah, Who seest all things," he cried, "Thou knowest that not even in my thoughts did I harm Mukatta. Yet I cannot turn to a single point in Thy world but avengers wait to slay me. Help me, or I must die."

Then came a sign to him, in the falling of a stone from the path at his feet far down into the valley; and Haslim plunged through the thick brushwood of the mountain side, careless of torn garments or bleeding face, as the sharp-thorned briers strove vainly to hold him back.

On gaining the valley, he found it riddled with many caves, and crawling into one of these he sighed with thankfulness that here at last he was safe.

A low, soft sound, half growl, half whisper, made him shrink back fearfully; it came again, and, peering into the darkness, he found he had

taken refuge in the den of a hyena, whose litter of cubs it was that had disturbed him.

"Unfortunate that I am!" he groaned, "even this refuge is denied me!" And he made haste to leave the cave before the mother hyena, seeking her prey, should return and find him there.

As he crawled to the mouth of the gloomy entrance, a new sound broke upon his ear. It was the footstep of a man without, and Haslim shrank into a far corner. The man crept in as he had done, and made straight for the litter of cubs. Tossing three of these into the folds of his *abba*, he would have left the cave; but Haslim, who recognized him as an honest, though needy, fellow from his own neighborhood, betrayed his presence.

"Let the young creatures be, O brother!" he said. "Life is doubtless sweet to them, as it is to us. Though I am an innocent man, a price is set upon my head, and I risk much in speaking to you. But they are such little things, and their mother is not here to defend them. Let them be, I pray you."

The man was greatly astonished.

"Verily," he said, "you must indeed have a tender heart to think of brute creatures' peril when your own is so great. I will spare the cubs since you so entreat me; and as I take it that you are innocent, I will let you know when it is safe for you to return home. If you heed my advice, you will stay in this valley. None knows of these caves except myself."

Then he went away, and Haslim, too, would have left the cave, had he not been utterly spent. Before he could recover himself sufficiently to stir, the mother hyena returned; and, believing that he intended harm to her children, she was about to spring upon him.

But her little ones ran in between them, and with strange sounds which Haslim could not understand, they told her all that had happened. As she listened, her mane ceased to bristle, and her fierce, dark eyes became gentle as a fawn's.

"You must pardon me," she murmured to Haslim contritely, "because of the love I bear my young. I wronged you by my suspicions, but I am not ungrateful. What can I do to make amends?"

Then Haslim told her all that had happened to him, and she bade him stay in the cave as her guest till word was brought that all was well.

"I will go hunting for you," she promised, "and will bring food such as is good for

SHE WAS ABOUT TO SPRING UPON HIM

you to eat. And when winter comes and the nights are cold, my body shall warm your feet."

So Haslim stayed in the cave till his innocence was proved by the confession of Mukatta's true assailant, whose conscience would not let him rest. And when word was brought to him of this, Haslim rejoined his people; and though he lived long, he never forgot the kindness shown him by the scorned and despised hyena.

KAMALA JAUHARI

HOW THE WISE "ROYAL" ELEPHANT BROUGHT THE RIGHTFUL HEIR RAHMA TO HIS THRONE

THERE is not a more wonderful place in the world than the islands men call the Malay Archipelago. They are Nature's playground, the home of some of the loveliest birds that she ever endowed with life; while the most gorgeous orchids you can conceive festoon the boughs of the forest trees.

Hundreds, aye *thousands*, of years ago the islands were peopled with men who built wonderful temples, and knew how to fashion the treasures of the earth into marvelous works of art. But the work of their hands has long since fallen into ruin, and the natives now are content to dwell in the roughest huts, and to fare as the beasts do, from day to day. They stare with surprise if white men talk to them of bygone ages, when those who came before them were among the great ones of the earth, and cannot be persuaded that the ruined temples and forts and palaces, which are often found hidden under dense masses of trailing fern, were the work of human hands.

It was in these early days that Kamala Jauhari trod the heart of the forests, and lay down to rest in a tangle of undergrowth that obscured the light of the sun.

At that time all elephants were "royal" in the East. According to an ancient custom, the favored claimants for the vacant throne passed one by one before the sacred Elephant, and to him whom she thought most worthy did she trumpet a salute and bow the knee. Forthwith the people hailed him as king; for they believed the Elephant to be inspired, and accepted her judgment as from their god.

While yet but the height of a small-sized man, Kamala Jauhari broke away from her keepers' care, desiring to live in solitude, and made her way to a trackless wood. Not one of the herds which she met in her wandering could she be induced to join; for she was gifted beyond her kind, and the portion of such is loneliness.

There was little, however, of what went on even in the habitations of men, of which Jauhari was not aware. When the small twin sons of a neighboring ruler crept from their sleeping attendant's side, to bathe in the deep river, she knew, and was near at hand when the swift current bore them beyond their depth and they were in danger of drowning. At their first cry, the splendid creature stepped into the water, and lifting each child in turn with her trunk placed it safely on dry land. So gentle was she, that the children did not fear her, and were playing between her feet when the distracted attendants came up.

Jauhari had reached the age of a hundred years when an evil spirit entered into the young Rajah Bersiyong, or Tusk-toothed, and impelled him to do great wrong. His people murmured among themselves, and looked darkly upon him when he rode abroad, but, though at times the thought of their anger and of his wife's pain grieved him, this could not avail to break the evil spell. At last the people rose in wrath against him, and drove him forth from his kingdom.

For many days he hid himself in the thicket, ashamed to meet the light of day. Abasing himself in thought, he wept and fasted; and the evil spirit at last went out of him, and left him pure as a child.

When he had bathed his face, and rearranged his disordered garb, he made his way down a winding path, led thither by a thin gold thread which appeared to him in the bushes. Ere long he came to an open space where the trees had been cut down; in the center of this stood a peasant's hut, surrounded by a pleasant garden. A lovely girl was plucking the fruit of a laden fig tree; her neck was as graceful as a bird's, her ankles as slender as stalks of paddy, and her blackened teeth as exquisitely polished as the wings of some great beetle.

Bersiyong bowed low before her.

"Fair maiden," he said, "I am very weary, and it is long since I have tasted food. If you will let me rest in your garden, I will bless your shadow, even as it falls."

Andeiyei, for that was the name of the maiden, bade him enter, and offered him water in a quaint stone cup. Then she set before him dried buffalo flesh and salted ducks' eggs, and as he satisfied his hunger she told him how her father, a Rajah of inferior rank, had long years since become so weary of strife and warfare

that he had left his kingdom, and, together with his wife, who was of fairy lineage, had retired to this forest home.

"He is happy now — my dear father," she said in her gentle voice, "for there is none to offend or hurt him here, and day by day he tends his rice, which grows by the river bank. When he returns he will bid you welcome, for I see by your looks that you are sad, and he is pitiful and kind."

"I will help you to gather your fruit," said the Rajah. And this he did till her parents' return.

By this time Bersiyong was deeply in love with the maiden, and he meditated upon how he could remain near her. He set himself to win the confidence of her father and mother, and he soon succeeded, since his manner was frank and open. Then he craved permission to stay with them, and help to cultivate the garden, saying that the task was too much for one so tender as their daughter. To this they willingly assented, and the maiden was not ill pleased.

It was not strange that ere many moons had waned Andeiyei's sweet eyes would fall before Bersiyong's ardent gaze, and her dainty fingers would tremble as he touched them in helping to tie up a vine. And since in those lands it was lawful for a man to take to himself several wives, Bersiyong did no wrong to the maiden nor to his absent Queen when he asked her father for her hand.

Andeiyei and he were happily wed when the last grain of rice had been gathered in; and next year she bore him a little son.

Until now Bersiyong had been childless, but his delight in his first-born was clouded by the thought that the boy, who should one day have been a king, had lost his birthright through his father's evil.

"Pray that he may be worthy of a better sire!" he groaned to Andeiyei, who knew not the reason for his clouded brow. "Great was my sin, and I am punished. Even in the midst of joy am I an unhappy man."

Then Andeiyei soothed him as best she could, and held up their babe for his caresses until he forgot his sorrow and rejoiced.

The little Râma, as was his mother's pet name for her child, grew as comely and well favored as any young prince in the kingdoms of the East. From his very babyhood he knew no fear, and as soon as he could lisp spoke as one whose right it is to speak and be obeyed. Once, escaping from his mother's keeping that he might chase a bird with emerald and turquoise wings who would not stay in his garden, he found himself lost in the mazes of the thicket.

JAUHARI LIFTED HIM

Where another child would have wept and trembled, the little Râma only crowed with glee.

"I am king of the forest — king — king — king!" he piped in his shrill young voice. And Kamala Jauhari, browsing on a distant bank, trampled down the bushes and made her way to where he sat.

"A son has been born to the Rajah Bersiyong!" she trumpeted. "Though the stars had not told me, I had known it at once by his eyes and brow, and the way he strides the path."

Then Râma, knowing well that she talked of him, tossed back his head and laughed.

"Lift me up!" he commanded, "and carry me home. It pleases me rather to ride than walk."

Jauhari lifted him on to her back, and thus he rode to the log hut, where his mother waited for him in dread and longing.

"Some day I will return for thee, O child," trumpeted Jauhari softly while she knelt that he might slide off her back; and Râma, as though he understood, answered, "O Elephant, come soon." But his mother crushed him to her breast, and held him fast, with many kisses.

Not long after this, the people of the kingdom, which had been his father's, began to look for a successor to the Rajah they had dethroned. Aided by the advice of four wise Mantris, or nobles, Bersiyong's Queen had ruled them wisely, but she was a woman and had no son.

"We must have a king!" they cried. And the Queen bowed her head in silence, for this she had long expected.

Then the Mantris sent a letter to the King of Siam, entreating him to help them. The King consulted his astrologers, who read their books and looked at the stars, and told him that only by the aid of Kamala Jauhari, in whom dwelt a spirit of divination, could the people of Kedda find the ruler who should rightly succeed Bersiyong.

"The sacred Elephant roams the confines of Kedda and Patani," they concluded. "Let her be summoned, and she will appear. This is all that the Mantris can do in the matter."

The King of Siam wrote a letter to this effect to the four great nobles, who forthwith called the people to a feast. The Palace was decked as for a fête, and its walls were hung with many lanterns. For seven nights and seven days there was no end to the sport and feasting.

On the eve of the seventh day came a solemn hush. Incense was burned in the banquet hall, and sweet perfumes were strewn around. When the air was thick with the scented smoke, the name of Kamala Jauhari was called three times, and all present bent to the ground. As its echoes rang from the lofty roof, there came from the east a sound as of distant thunder; it was the mighty trampling of Kamala Jauhari, whose feet made the solid earth to shake. A shout of triumph rent the air as the magnificent beast reached the hall, thrusting her trunk into their midst, and waving it towards the roof.

The Mantris prostrated themselves, and immediately set to work to rub her whole body with sweet-smelling oils. A royal meal was then put before her, and as she ate, the letter of the King of Siam was read into her right ear. When the gilded state "howdah" had been placed on her back, Jauhari rose to her full height, and turned her steps in the direction of the east.

Four hundred men, armed with glittering weapons, followed in her train, and far off, in the forest clearing, Râma heard the clank of their spears. He heard also the trumpeting of Kamala Jauhari, and was certain she came for him.

"My mother must know where I have gone," he murmured, and with this in his mind he wound round his body a loin cloth, or "sarong," belonging to his father, the while he waited for Jauhari on the threshold of his home.

Yet a few moments more, and she had come. Lifting him in her trunk, as she had done before, she now placed him in the silken-cushioned howdah, trumpeting loud, as if to say, "People of Kedda, this is your King!" The warriors shouted by way of answer and Bersiyong, then on his way from the rice fields, fled into the thicket and was no more seen.

But Andeiyei hastened back to the hut, full of fears for her son's safety. She found him gone and the flowers and fruit in her pleasant garden trampled to the earth by many feet.

The Elephant bore the son of Bersiyong to his father's kingdom, now to be his, and the boy was dressed in the richest attire, and led to the steps of the throne. None needed to tell him what he should say or how he should act, for this he seemed to know by instinct. It was as natural for him to reign as it is for another boy to play.

Now, so that his mother should know whither he had been taken, at each turn of the path as they journeyed to the palace Râma had torn off a piece of his father's loin cloth, which had been some forty cubits long, and secretly flung it to the ground. In this way Andeiyei tracked Jauhari, and when she gained the ivory walls

A FAIRY STORY IN THE TELLING

of the Palace she smote her breast and wept aloud beneath one of its many windows.

"It is our dear mother — bring her instantly to our presence!" cried the young King, as he heard her wailing. And he ran to meet her with outstretched arms, embracing her fondly and kissing her hands.

Then the childless Queen, who had recognized the remains of Bersiyong's loin cloth, and guessed Râma to be his son, spoke kindly to this, her rival, calling her "Sister," and drawing her to her side.

"Let me share thy pride in the boy," she whispered, "since heaven did not think well to gladden mine heart with one of mine own." And Andeiyei clung to her, so that their tears mingled.

Thus the two women who had loved Bersiyong became close friends, and, learning this from Kamala Jauhari in his exile, the outcast Rajah covered his face and was glad.

HOW RASALU WON THE GAME

THE MOST MAGICAL GAME OF CHESS THAT EVER WAS PLAYED, AND HOW THE RAT OUTWITTED THE DAZZLING CAT

RASALU was the younger son of a powerful Rajah, who, on the death of his first wife, had married again. The stepmother was of a jealous and overbearing disposition, and her ill nature had driven Rasalu's elder brother to flee from her persecutions to the wilderness, where he became a Fakir. She would fain have banished Rasalu also, but he was so high-spirited and brave that he long withstood her evil influence. With all her wiles, she could not turn his father against him, and, so long as Rasalu let discretion rule him, his position at the Palace was secure.

But Rasalu's weakness lay in his youthful pride, and he loved to display his unerring aim by shooting marbles from the Palace walls at the stone water bottles, or chatties, of the Queen's women as they returned from the well, shouting with glee when he shattered the vessels and so drenched the women's shoulders with water.

This greatly enraged his stepmother, who saw in his action disrespect towards herself, and her constant complaints to the much-worried King, who was anxious above all to keep the peace, induced him to command that in future the women's chatties should be made of brass. Then Rasalu cast his pellets of iron, and so strong was he, and so true of aim, that the brass ones were shattered as completely as those of stone had been.

"Choose now between me and this son of thine!" demanded the angry Queen. She was terrible in her passion, and the Rajah, who was craven at heart and feared her, once more gave way.

"I will banish him from my kingdom, even as thou wilt," he promised.

And he caused to be set in the market place the statue of a man with a blackened face, and his right hand held behind him. This signified that Rasalu must leave the kingdom, on pain of death. And when the youth saw it he knew that he must go. So he called together his chosen followers, and when he had armed them went forth to do the deeds of a hero.

Most valiant was he, and of kingly courage, wherefore Fortune favored him. Ere long he regained possession of various kingdoms which had been lost through the old King's weakness; and he made himself overlord of these. For all his youth, so well and so wisely did he rule that when men brought their troubles to him he was able to give them relief, and he was as the father of all.

In a neighboring kingdom reigned Rajah Sirikap, the most renowned chess player in the world. As was the custom of the East in ancient days, he challenged prince after prince to play with him, and pride forbade their refusal. With each he insisted that in the first game the wager should be horses and lands; in the second game liberty; and in the third, nothing less than his own and his adversary's head. Since those whom honor impelled to accept his challenge invariably lost and suffered, no matter how skilled in the game they might be, this Rajah was known as Sirikap the Beheader, and the sound of the hated name made men grow pale.

When Rajah Rasalu heard of his many victims, he determined to make an end of the fatal games. Causing his finest horse to be

caparisoned with cloth of gold inlaid with pearls, he rode in state to Sirikap's Palace, which stood high on a rocky mountain.

Rajah Sirikap received his guest in the royal audience chamber, ablaze with jewels. On learning that the object of the visit was that Rasalu might pit his skill against his at chess, Sirikap's somber eyes were lit with fire.

"We will play this night, O Rasalu," he said. "One game, and he who loses shall pay forfeit with his life."

"Let it be so!" Rasalu replied. And when Sirikap pressed him first to feast with him, he courteously refused. He preferred, he said, to commune with himself for a while ere he played, and leaving the Palace he made his way on foot to the banks of the river which wound below, followed afar by a group of his sorrowful nobles, who feared greatly the issue of the contest.

"He will surely lose his head!" they whispered fearfully, one to the other. "Sirikap has never been beaten yet; there are evil spirits who aid him."

Meanwhile Rasalu strolled slowly on, wrapped in deep thought. His was to be the opening move, and on this would depend the issue of the game. So abstracted was he, that he scarcely noted whither his footsteps led him, and when presently he threw himself down by the water's edge to rest, in the waning light, he had reached the foot of a towering rock. His movement disturbed a busy community of Ants, and a cluster of the tiny creatures fell into the stream. Rasalu roused himself from his reverie to help them.

"Poor little things," he murmured pitifully; and bending over he carefully lifted them out of the water, putting them back by the anthill. Some minutes later, as he gazed into the darkening waters, a drowning Hedgehog was borne swiftly toward him by the whirling current.

In the East all men are pitiful to animals. "I cannot leave that creature to die!" Rasalu exclaimed; and striding knee-deep into the river he caught the Hedgehog and set it on dry land. As he shook the water from his garments, he heard a voice from the rock above.

"Merciful One," it murmured, "it would be grievous that a man so humane should die, and I, even I, will help you to foil Rajah Sirikap, my father even though he be. I know by the crystal hid in my bosom that you are to play chess with him, and at daybreak he thinks to behead you. But do as I say, and you will be safe."

Rasalu looked around, but no human being was in sight. Respecting his evident desire for solitude, his attendants had withdrawn behind a clump of deodar trees; to all appearances he was alone.

"You shall see me soon," the voice continued, "but you must first watch the holes in the river bank until you catch sight of a small brown Rat with a black head. Call her gently, and she will come. Then bring her with you, and climb the rock."

Wondering greatly, Rasalu did as this mysterious voice bade him, and presently caught sight of a small black head peering at him through the twilight from the opposite bank of the river. He whistled softly, and a little Rat sprang into the water and swam to his feet, allowing him then to pick her up without making any resistance, or showing any trace of fear. She had seen his treatment of the Ants and the Hedgehog, and trusted him with her life.

Rasalu placed her in the bosom of his robe, and returned to the foot of the rock. Guided by the hidden voice, he clambered up its rugged side, and midway between earth and sky he found a cleft which led to a wide cell.

"Welcome, O King!" cried the voice; and by the light of a swinging lamp in the vaulted roof he beheld an exquisite Princess, decked with pearls, and held captive to the floor by a golden chain fastened to her foot. Rasalu's first thought was to sever the chain, but the damsel waved him aside as he approached.

"Freedom would avail me little," she told him mournfully, "without the forgiveness of my father, the Rajah Sirikap, whose vengeance reaches to the far horizon. He has placed me here in punishment for a fault I must not reveal; but I know by my crystal that if I help you, you in your turn will think of me when you have power to serve me.

"Now, listen. The Rajah Sirikap is a magician, and wins the game by the help of a yellow Cat, which is his familiar spirit. His skill is great; but should it ever appear that his opponent is likely to get the better of him,

he gives a certain signal, and the Cat creeps forth from his sleeve.

"She is invisible to all save him, and so is the wonder light which she bears on her head, and with which she dazzles the eyes of her master's adversary at the critical moment. While he is yet half blinded by the strange white light which he feels but cannot see, she so arranges the pieces on the chess-board that at the next move Rajah Sirikap is able to cry 'Checkmate!'

"Thus his victim loses the game, and dies at dawn; but the little Rat will be to you as a *swastika*, a symbol of good fortune. Take her with you to the Hall of Many Jewels, where the contest will be held, and in your hour of victory remember me in my rocky cell."

So Rasalu went back to the Palace with the Rat still nestling against his bosom, and took his place at the appointed time in the Hall of Many Jewels, where the walls were encrusted with precious gems, and the air was heavy with the scent of the lotus. The chess-board itself was of solid gold, its squares being marked in sapphire mosaic. Each piece was carved from a single emerald or ruby; but no ruby could match the baleful light in Sirikap's dark eyes.

The game began, and went on until long past midnight, breathlessly watched by the nobles, to whom the minutes seemed like hours, as each player paused before taking his move. Now Rasalu had the advantage, now Sirikap, for they were well-matched opponents. But presently it was seen that Rasalu's skill excelled that of Sirikap the Beheader. The latter's king was at last in danger, and Rasalu knew that his triumph was near at hand.

Then Sirikap gave the secret signal, and the Cat sprang forth with her wonder light. But before she could do any mischief, she smelt the Rat, and instinct became too strong with her. Forgetting all else, she made a rush at the sleek black head which peered forth from Rasalu's bosom, eager to strike her prey.

Now was the Rat's opportunity to repay Rasalu for the consideration he had shown to the Ants and the Hedgehog. Had she stayed in her refuge, Rasalu's eyes might have been blinded by the mysterious rays which only she and the Cat who bore the wonder light could see, so she left the shelter of her master's breast, and darted across the hall.

The Cat, hissing loudly, followed; the wonder light swayed to and fro as the black-headed Rat bounded from floor to seat, from silken cushion to sumptuous drapery, and back to the floor again.

Never was rat so agile before; the Cat's leaps and bounds availed her little, for her prey eluded her, time after time. At length the Rat

HE CLAMBERED UP ITS RUGGED SIDE

sprang on to the very cushion where Sirikap sat in state, and as the Cat leaped after her the wonder light she bore on her head was extinguished in the folds of the monarch's gold-broidered robes.

The Rat now flew back to Rasalu, who, quite undisturbed at the little animal's strange behavior, had been carefully considering his next move. With a smile he bent forward and touched his castle.

HOW THE NATIVES HUNT THE CROCODILES

"Checkmate!" he cried, and now at last the Rajah Sirikap tasted the bitterness of defeat.

Rasalu was a royal conqueror, and his first care was to send the Rat back to her home by the river, since this was the way in which he could best befriend her. He then bethought himself of his other helper, the Princess.

Sirikap would have met with less than his deserts had he lost his head at daybreak, but Rasalu listened to his plea for pardon, and spared his life on condition that he should restore his daughter to freedom and favor, and that he should cease his bloodthirsty games and become Rasalu's vassal.

Soon thereafter, Rasalu wedded the exquisite Princess, and the kingdom of Sirikap came to know peace; for Rasalu, its overlord, was both strong and merciful.

WHY THE LARK-HEELED CUCKOO GOES FREE

THE QUAINT STORY OF A RECKLESS MALAGASY, A CRUEL CROCODILE, AND A BIRD

MANY kinds of cuckoos live on the Island of Madagascar, but none are more interesting than the Lark-heeled Cuckoo, or Tolòho. She has a pleasant whistle of several notes, and often ends her song on one, which she sings three times, as though she were saying: "Dig-Dig-Dig."

The arrows of the Ménabés shoot far, but the Tolòho is sacred, and always goes free. Why, you shall hear.

When Madagascar was first peopled with men, and gigantic porpoises basked in the sun with other animals, now extinct, there were crocodiles lurking on river banks, ready to

devour all victims who came their way. The ancestor of a famous tribe was in a hurry one morning to cross a stream, in order quickly to reach his *ketsa* ground — a series of terraces formed on the margin of the bank, so that the rice to be afterwards transplanted might be easy to water when first it grew. The stream was wide, and the man knew well that to swim across was dangerous; but it would have taken him long to fetch a boat, and what risk there was would soon be past.

A Lark-heeled Cuckoo, the Tolòho, who saw him throw off his *lamba* — a large square of stuff which the Malagasy wear over their loin cloths like a Roman toga — tried in vain to tell him of danger near; for though she fluttered close to his shoulder, warning him as she would have done her young ones by short, sharp cries, he paid no heed to her. Weighting his lamba with a stone, he tossed it across the water, and then plunged in; next moment he gave a shriek of horror, for the cruel jaws of a crocodile had him in their firm grip. The last thing he heard ere his senses left him was the wail of the Tolòho, who circled pityingly above his head.

When his soul returned from its wanderings, it seemed to him that his limbs were bound in iron. Darkness was all around, and a sickening odor of stagnant mud greeted his nostrils as he moved his head. This was all he could do, for his body was completely buried in the slimy mass; and at last he realized what had happened.

Crocodiles, he knew, never devoured their prey while in the water, but buried it in their holes in the river bank, keeping it there for days. This was the larder of his captor, and presently she would return to eat him.

Even as he realized the horror of his position, he heard the compassionate notes of the Tolòho, who was hovering among the bushes that grew by the river's edge.

"*Dig-Dig-Dig!*" she cried, over and over again. And the clearness with which he heard her told him that he could not be far below the surface of the bank.

"*Dig-Dig-Dig!*" Oh, blessed bird! She had shown him the way back to life.

Yes, he would dig; first with his teeth, and then with his hands and nails — dig himself clear of this stagnant mud, until once more he could breathe the fragrance of the mimosa. Hope brought him courage, and he worked on. Gradually he loosened the mud round his shoulders, then round his arms, till his hands were free. And now his task was easier.

Ere the crocodile returned, bearing a mangled fawn, he had reached the sunlight, and crawling into the shade of a traveler's tree, whose stately crown of plantain leaves formed a basin for heaven's dew, gave thanks to Zanabary, the Creator, for his miraculous escape.

"And thou, O sweet bird," he cried to the gentle Tolòho, as she dipped her wings in the basin of leaves, and splashed his brow with cooling drops, "thou shalt not know the meaning of fear from this time forth. For no man's arrows shall be sped against thee, since thou hast saved a life."

And thus it is that the Lark-heeled Cuckoo goes free, though the arrows of the Ménabés shoot very far.

A MADAGASCAR CREATION STORY

HOW MOUSSA THE OBSTREPEROUS MADE CLAY INTO PEOPLE

THE Creator of the world had two wives, who were called Andriannahary and Zanahary. The first had two children. The eldest, Zaomanery, was a mild, obliging sort of person, who gave his parents no trouble; but the younger son, Moussa, was at times so exuberant in spirit and so obstreperous as to cause his father no little anxiety. One day he forgot himself so far as to start a flirtation with his mother's co-wife, Zanahary. The father was so annoyed that he kicked Moussa out of heaven and into space.

After turning innumerable somersaults Moussa's head struck the earth. Greatly to his surprise, he was, comparatively speaking, quite uninjured. He at once began to make himself comfortable, and laid out a beautiful garden

with a clear sparkling stream of water running through it. Yet he was unhappy and bored, for he was quite alone in this earthly Paradise. But his mother did not forget her erring and absent boy; she asked Zaomanery to see what had happened to him.

This obliging individual peeped through the hole made in the wall of heaven (which had not, as yet, been repaired), and, returning to his mother, reported that Moussa had made himself a very comfortable home and looked well in health, but extremely unhappy and melancholy. The mother, bursting into tears, went to her husband and asked mercy for her rash and impetuous boy.

The father, not unaffected by her distress, replied: "Of course, after what has occurred, it is quite impossible for me to receive Moussa in my house. But if you care to do so, you may send down Zaomanery to find out his wishes and I will endeavor to gratify his desires."

Accordingly the good-natured Zaomanery went down to the earth to find out the reason of his brother's depression. "What is it weighs upon my spirits?" said Moussa. "I am lonely! Let me have the source of life." Zaomanery rapidly hurried home and soon returned with a bundle of sticks. "These contain life," he said. But he had been in such a hurry to relieve his brother's distress that he had quite forgotten to inquire what Moussa was to do with the sticks. He had therefore to return to heaven to get the exact details.

Then the good-natured Zaomanery came back in triumph.

"You must make little clay figures in the shape of yourself near a river; then you must cross the river and throw the sticks at the figures from the other side: the clay images will become living men and women. Moreover," he continued, "the sticks, and fair interest for their use, will be required at the end of thirteen years."

Moussa carefully followed the directions, and his joy may be imagined when the figures became real live men and women!

At the end of thirteen years Moussa would not pay interest, and his father was so annoyed that he took the life of Moussa's creatures whenever he wished to do so.

Moussa is the father of the white men. That is why they succeed.

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

TELLING HOW SUDHAM RESCUED THE DOG, THE CAT, AND THE MUNGUS

IN days gone by, there dwelt in the Punjab the widow of a merchant, with one young son. He was all she had in the world to live for, and she oft communed with herself as to how she should deal with him that he might follow worthily in his father's footsteps. "If I keep him by my side," she reasoned, "he will think the thoughts of a woman, instead of those of a man. I will send him away, to his father's friends, though it fills my soul with sorrow. Very drear is an empty nest when the young have flown, but woman is born to weeping."

When Sudham heard what his mother purposed, he was filled with joy, though he loved her well. "Now I shall see the world!" he said, and his cheeks flushed with pride. Before the next moon was out, he had started on his journey, bearing with him a leather bag which held three hundred pieces of silver.

"Husband this wisely, my son," said the good woman, "that it may suffice for all your needs. And do not forget I await your return as the farmer the coming of harvest."

It was the time of spring, and the short, green shoots in the wheat fields in the valleys swayed stiffly in the wind. Away in the forests the boughs of the great deodars, the sacred trees, made a pleasant shade, and beneath them rested many wild creatures, all glad to be strong and free.

Not so the tawny dog with pointed nose that limped at the end of a long rope carried by a bearded man, and panted in the hot sun. As Sudham approached, the poor beast laid back his ears and fawned at the young lad's feet, entreating, as though with words, that he would take pity on him and set him free. His handsome coat was thick with dust, and his lolling tongue dry and blistered. Sudham looked at him with deep compassion, and asked at what price the Jat would sell him.

"For one hundred pieces of silver, O master!" said the man cunningly, not thinking he would have so much. But Sudham counted out these from his bag, and bade him take the dog to his mother.

"Brave fellow!" cried Sudham, as he patted its tawny head. "I know well you will befriend me in days to come, when I may need your help. But I have much to learn before I am a man, and you must guard my mother."

The man and the dog passed on, but with a turn of the road came a second claimant to Sudham's pity. From a sack carried by a Hindu on his back came muffled cries of some animal in distress, and on being questioned the fellow announced that he was taking his uncle's cat to be skinned, to gain the large sum which a neighbor had offered for her curiously marked fur.

"How much?" asked Sudham, and the Hindu stopped, and put down the sack that he might exhibit his prize; whereupon the cat sprang on the boy's shoulder and purred caressingly.

"Fifty pieces of silver," said the man.

"Then I will give you twice that sum to spare her life!" cried Sudham; and the cat also was sent home to his mother.

When the day was far spent, and Sudham was beginning to wish he were near a town, so that he might rest and refresh himself, and perhaps continue next morning by a way less toilsome than trudging along on foot, he met a young lad of his own age carrying a mungus, a kind of ferret, its mouth tightly muzzled with string.

The lad looked red and angry, and his lips were set in a long, cruel line.

"What are you going to do?" Sudham asked.

"I am going to kill it!" returned its captor. "It bit me, and it shall die."

"It only used the means which Nature has given it to defend itself," pleaded Sudham earnestly. "Revenge is unworthy, especially upon so small a creature, and if you will carry it for me to my mother's house I will give you a hundred pieces of silver!" And heedless of the fact that this would leave him penniless, he poured the coins remaining in his bag into the hands of the astonished lad.

So the dog, and the cat, and the mungus were taken to the house of the widow, who was delighted with such evidence of her son's love, not knowing what they had cost him. As for Sudham, though he had now to sleep by the roadside, and to live as best he could until he reached his father's friends, he also was content. For he knew that he had saved three children of the All-Wise from suffering.

Swiftly the years passed on, and while Sudham applied himself to books, abiding in turn with three of his father's friends, the dog and the cat attached themselves to his mother, one or the other accompanying her wherever she went. The mungus, however, caused her much distress; it would not eat from her hand or sleep by her side as did the dog and the cat, and the fierceness of its restless glance often made her cheek turn pale.

"Give the wild thing its liberty," counseled the holy man to whom she confessed her terror of it. "Thy son would not wish thee to dwell in fear, and the mungus is plainly anxious to leave thee." So early one summer morning she set the little animal free, and, as it darted hither and thither, its heart was big with gratitude.

TELLING HOW THE MUNGUS GAVE SUDHAM A MAGIC RING AND FORTUNE

At last the time came for Sudham's return, and the mungus was there to meet him at the very spot where its life had been bought for one hundred pieces of silver. To the surprise of the young man, it gripped between its sharp white teeth a ring set with ruby stones which glowed and shone with a lurid fire; and as Sudham stooped to take it, the mungus spoke to him as man to man.

"This ring has lain for centuries under the soil. Place it upon your finger, and whatever you wish for will be yours if you but touch it. Never be persuaded to take it off, and you will enjoy good fortune to the end of your days."

Sudham had some ado not to smile, but he did not wish to hurt his small friend's feelings, and thanking it warmly for its gift, which he promised should not leave his hand, he hastened on to his mother, whom he greeted so tenderly that her heart grew light, though she had bad news to tell him.

"My son," she sighed, as they sat by the open fire — for the evenings were cold, and frost lay upon the ground — "I have been most foolish where I should have been wise, and for promises of much gold from evil men have parted with all the money your father left. I am penniless, and even your patrimony has gone."

"Never mind, sweet mother!" cried Sudham. "I am a man now, and will work for you. I wish for your sake I were rich already, and had a palace for you to live in, with servants to do your bidding. It is not fitting that my father's wife should roughen her hands with toil, or have to consider wherewith she should be fed."

As he spoke, he touched the ring on his finger, scarce conscious of what he did. And behold! the room in which they sat was transformed into a great banquet hall with polished walls, lit by hundreds of opal lights. The cedar table in the center was spread with the richest viands; silent-footed attendants moved swiftly to and fro, ready to serve Sudham and his mother with delicacies unknown to them before. When their hunger was satisfied, and they had dipped their fingers in crystal bowls filled with rare perfume, the chief attendant bowed many times, and presently conducted them over the vast palace which had sprung into existence through the power of the ruby ring. The dog and the cat, which had scarcely left Sudham's side since his return, confided to each other that such grandeur was not to their taste, but that since their master appeared content, it was not for them to cloud his pleasure. Before long, however, they became quite reconciled to the change; the cat took her rest on a velvet cushion stuffed with the softest down, and the dog stretched himself on costly rugs at Sudham's feet.

There was nothing now left for the young man to wish for save a wife, and it chanced that among the many visitors who came to see the wondrous palace with silver towers, which had sprung so mysteriously into existence, was the beautiful daughter of a neighboring king, who had come with her father to view its splendors. Sudham gazed with delight on her crimson lips, curved like some wondrous blossom, and noted the velvet depths of her eyes; and a great longing awoke in his heart to make her his own. Now in the length and breadth of the land there was none whose riches would compare with his, so the king was not disposed to say him nay. As for the princess, she was so dazzled by the pearls which he humbly offered for her acceptance that she scarcely knew whether he pleased or displeased her. They were the most magnificent jewels she had ever seen, and with small hesitation she consented to become his wife.

The fire that burns in the bowels of the earth is not more fierce than was Sudham's passion for the princess; but he was as gentle as his passion for her was strong, and so gallant in his bearing, and so considerate to the weak and small, that ere long the gems he had given her became as naught beside the treasure of his love. That moment — for women are the strangest of God's creatures — she began to fret herself lest he should love her less, or find her beauty waning. Did he seek for a while the solitude which is as second life to those who would follow wisdom, she would weep in secret and fill the air with sighs. A learned Brahman, who had been her teacher, and who came frequently to the palace to unfold to her the secrets of the sky, noted her fears, and was quick to take advantage of them. He had observed the ring on Sudham's finger, and, guessing something of its mysterious origin, and suspecting its magic power, he coveted it greatly, and with much guile set himself to obtain it.

One morning, when he reached the palace, he found the princess very sad, for Sudham had not referred to his love for her even once during their morning meal. The Brahman soon induced her to confide in him, when he at once suggested a way in which she might put her husband to the test.

TELLING HOW JEALOUSY BROUGHT WOE TO THE PRINCESS AND SUDHAM

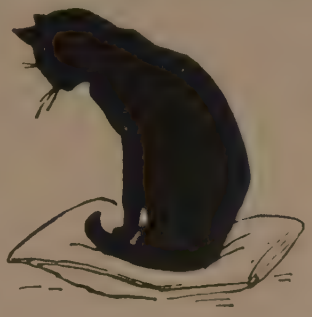
"He appears to attach much value," he said, "to the blood-red ring on his middle

finger, since it is never off his hand. Ask him to let you wear it for a while; should he refuse, you will have cause for sadness; but if, on the contrary, he grants your wish, you will know that your doubts are traitors."

The princess was greatly taken by this idea, and that same evening, when Sudham came to her in the gloaming and took her in his arms, she begged him so piteously to lend her the ring that he could not well refuse her.

"But whatever you do, dear love," he said, "do not be tempted to take it off your hand, unless to return it to me. All my good fortune I owe to its power, and its loss would affect us both."

The princess promised; but when, next day, she proudly showed it to the Brahman in token that there was nothing her husband would not do for her, he managed to persuade her to let him hold it for a moment, that he might admire its ancient setting. No sooner had she placed it in his hand than he turned himself into a crow, and flew away with it, cawing in derision at her distress.



Great was Sudham's discomfiture when he heard what had happened, though he willingly forgave the weeping princess.

"Since I could not keep my promise," he told her sadly, "it would ill become me to reproach you for forgetting yours. For the loss of my wealth I should care little—I only pray that Fate will not separate me and you!" And they drew yet closer to each other in their dread of what the future might hold in store.

The dog and the cat were smitten with grief as they saw their beloved master grow pale and thin, while the princess trembled at every sound.

"They're *afraid*," said the dog; "that's the whole matter. Afraid of something, they know not what; and if this goes on it will kill them, and we shall be left to mourn."

TELLING HOW THE FAITHFUL CAT AND DOG PROVED THEIR FRIENDSHIP

Then the cat, who was crafty, hid herself in the silken curtains about their bed, and heard every word the princess muttered as she tossed and turned in a troubled sleep.

"Aha!" said the wise creature. "I knew that that Brahman was at the bottom of it. I must see what the Devis can do to help us."

But the Devis, who lived in the innermost recesses of the forest, and cared not at all for the joys and sorrows of men, refused their aid with scornful laughter, amazed that the cat should come to them with such a story. They thought they had done with her as she turned meekly away, but they were much mistaken.

Overlooking the pool where they bathed at midnight was a rocky cave, and here the cat hid herself to watch them. Casting aside their gauzy scarves and golden necklaces, they plunged into the clear, cool waters; now was her opportunity, and, creeping towards the pool, she collected the golden necklaces in her mouth while they sported with each other in ignorance of her presence. These she buried deep in the cave, and, when the Devis had searched half the night for them vainly, she discreetly offered to find them for them if they would fulfill her condition.

"I happen to know," she said, "that the Brahman flew as a crow to a desert island, where he took his own form again, and wished for a palace even grander than my master's. Build me a bridge by which I can reach this island, and before I set out to cross it I will restore your property."

The Devis consented to do as she said, and, between the next dawn and sunset, the deep blue waters were spanned. Having kept her promise as to the necklaces, the cat crept over the bridge at dusk, gently withdrew the ring from the sleeping Brahman's hand, and returned with it to Sudham, whose gratitude knew no bounds. The princess and he made so much of the cat, indeed, that the dog, who was growing old, hung his head in grief, jealous that he had found no opportunity of serving his master.

"It is clear that I am useless to him," he sighed, and went sorrowfully away to a far corner.

But Sudham would not suffer him to be hurt. Calling him to his side, he fondled him kindly,

and bade him sleep outside his door that no robber might surprise him. It was said half in jest, but it comforted the old dog to think that his master had need of him, and night by night he kept his vigil while Sudham and the princess slept.

Scarce a month had passed when at dead of night the breeze bore to the nostrils of the old dog, as he lay dozing, the scent of strangers. Two ruffians had entered the palace through a window which they had bribed a servant to leave unfastened, and sought to take Sudham's life. A short time since he had refused them some boon which they had insolently demanded, and for this they had vowed vengeance.

The old dog waited for them, a crouching figure in the shadows, his breath coming thick and fast. As they neared him, he sprang full at the throat of the foremost, bearing him to the ground. The second robber, thinking some evil spirit had attacked them, dropped his weapon and fled; but the old dog, foaming with rage, his shoulder streaming with blood from the first man's knife, dragged him back and mauled him.

The corridor now was thronged with startled attendants, awakened by the robbers' cries. Lights were turned on, and Sudham threw open his bedroom door. When he saw how he owed to the old dog his deliverance from the deadly peril that had threatened him, he had no words to utter; but the faithful animal was recompensed right well for the pain of his wound as he felt the pressure of his master's hand upon his head.

Thus the dog, and the cat, and the mungus all paid their debt of gratitude according to their ability; and since now the mungus had lost its teeth and was glad to take refuge from want in the palace, they lived together in peace beside their master.

It presently came to pass that there was some dissent between them as to who should eat first. The mungus considered itself the founder of Sudham's fortunes, and so entitled to the chief place among his servants, while the cat argued that, but for her, the Brahman might have ruined him. The dog was silent, but he felt in his heart that he loved his master best. On the advice of a Devi, who espoused the cause of the cat, Sudham's three friends went before a learned and wise princess known as "The Doer of Good Law," and the mungus stated the case to her. Her words were swift.

"Of all animals," she declared, "the dog best shows his gratitude. Wealth is good, but life is better, and since the dog is ever ready to defend his master's life with his own, he is therefore entitled at all times to eat first, and shall be counted Man's best friend."

So the animals went their way contented, and abode with Sudham until they died.

HOW THE HARE HELPED THE DEER

THE WOODCUTTER'S STRANGE HOUSE, THE DEER THAT HUNTED FOR GRATITUDE, AND THE SILVER HARE

ON the sloping plateau of a snow-capped mountain, there dwelt a Woodcutter all alone, since his parents were dead and he had no wife. But in spite of this, he knew not the meaning of loneliness; for he loved birds and beasts as if he were indeed their kinsman, and he found the forest creatures so friendly that he scarcely missed the companionship of his own kind. One autumn it seemed to him that it would be wise to build himself a log house, instead of the rough shelter with which he had hitherto been content.

"It shall be a house for a man to be proud of," he said, and the Fox and the Jackal, and even a woolly-haired White Wolf, trotted down from the uplands to watch him at work, and to aid him with good advice.

"Make your larder outside," urged the Jackal wistfully. "What you don't want to finish at one sitting will keep better in the open air." And he licked his lips at the thought of what he might find when Torbet the Woodcutter forgot to fasten the latch.

"Be careful whom you admit when your house is built," counseled the White Wolf

THE INNOCENT DEER

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sagely. "It is easier to let a neighbor in than to turn him out again."

"Mind what I say, Torbet," croaked a Raven perched on the roof, as the Woodcutter gave his house the finishing touches, "and hang your door so that the bolt is outside instead of in." For this strange counsel he would give no reason, but he was so insistent upon its urgent necessity that the Woodcutter laughingly obeyed him.

It was a very fine house indeed when all was finished, and Torbet had no reason to dread the winter while he slept in it, warm and snug. One night, when the streams and rivulets were thick with ice, and many of the wild things on the heights had been caught in the grip of the frost and killed, he was suddenly awakened by a knocking at the door. Forgetting the White Wolf's warning, he flung it open, and a great, gaunt figure with gleaming eyes immediately stepped inside.

"I am hungry," growled the Tiger. "Give me food, or I shall tear you to pieces. Make haste, good Torbet — my patience will not serve me long."

"You are welcome to what I have," said Torbet calmly, "but my larder is outside." So saying, he brushed past the astonished Tiger, slammed to the door, and quickly shot the bolt.

Then he went off whistling, and the baffled Tiger roared with rage.

"How proud my wife would be of me, if I had one," thought the Woodcutter, whose presence of mind had certainly saved him from a very awkward predicament. And he was so taken with this idea that he made his way to a village in the valley, where he very soon found a maid to his choice.

The Tiger, thus left to himself, roared until he could roar no longer, springing fiercely from side to side as he tried to break through the stout log walls. But Torbet had built his house too well — not a log moved a single inch. At the approach of dawn the Tiger relinquished his fruitless efforts, and set himself to watch through a small chink for some creature who would befriend him.

When the bright morning sun had melted

the ice at the edge of a stream close by, a gentle Deer came to slake her thirst.

"It is well you have come, Sister, for I am in sore trouble!" cried the Tiger when he espied her. "I was shut up here by a cruel man, and my little cubs and my faithful mate cry in vain for me on the hills. I beseech you, dear friend, shoot back the bolt of the door and let me out!"

Now the Deer, though gentle, was by no means foolish, and before she granted the Tiger's request, she made him give his sacred word that he would do her no harm. To this he agreed with much protestation, and at length she opened the door for him.

"I thank you, Sister!" said the Tiger gratefully; but instead of at once returning to his mate, whose fears he had declared himself so anxious to relieve, he looked long and fixedly at the Deer, admiring the curves of her plump sides, and her gracefully swelling throat. "Dear friend," he said, approaching her closely, "I am truly sorry to put you to inconvenience, but I find I must eat you after all. My hunger will not be gainsaid."

"Nay!" cried the Deer indignantly, "by forest law and the law of justice, you are bound to keep faith with me. Have you no gratitude? You were in a sorry plight when I found you!"

"There is no such thing as gratitude!" said the Tiger positively. And so certain was he of this that he offered to let the Deer go free if the first three authorities she appealed to failed to agree that she had no claim upon him.

"Very well," said the Deer, equally certain that she was right. And proceeding together to lower ground, they halted under a spreading tree, and stated their case to the Spirit that dwelt therein.

The great tree rustled his leafless branches, and the sound they made was as a long-drawn moan.

"Alas!" he sighed, "I have seen neither gratitude nor good faith in the course of my existence. Men rest in my shade in the heat of summer and are refreshed; but though I serve them as best I can, they reward me by breaking off my tender boughs that they may chastise their beasts of burden. It is thus that my kindness is requited."

"I told you so!" roared the Tiger triumphantly, but the Deer was not yet dismayed.

"Let us ask this mother Buffalo," she said, pointing to a cow who watched her sturdy calf as it browsed on some grass left uncovered by the snow. The Buffalo looked at them mournfully when she heard what they had to say.

"When my calf was small," she murmured, speaking low that he might not hear, "I nourished him with my milk, and would have given my life to defend him. But now he is strong and can do without me, he pushes me away when I would feed beside him. There is no such thing as gratitude."

Then the Deer hung her head; and when they met a little Hare, she was almost afraid to put her question.

"Give it your best thought!" she entreated, "for on what you say my safety depends." And she told him what the Tiger threatened to do.

Now the Hare put no trust in tigers; and though he was anxious to help the Deer, he felt that if the Tiger did not make a meal of her, he assuredly would of him. So he cast about in his mind for some means by which they might both be saved.

Feigning extreme stupidity, he professed himself unable to give an opinion as to the Deer's claims for gratitude unless he saw exactly where, and in what circumstances, the Tiger's promise had been obtained. Accordingly all three animals made their way to the Woodcutter's house, the Tiger already appraising in his mind the flavor of the Deer's soft flesh.

"I was standing just here," said the crestfallen Deer, taking her place beside the stream.

"And I was standing here, in the center of the hut," said the Tiger impatiently, anxious to begin his meal.

"Just so!" cried the little Hare; and, making a sign to the Deer to be on the alert to shoot the bolt, she flung her soft body against the door and closed it to with a snap.

"Good day to you, Mr. Tiger," she remarked politely, in answer to his roar of rage. Then she and the Deer hurried quickly away, leaving him to his fate.

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THE LEAF MAKERS

On the opposite page is

THE HOME OF THE LEAF MAKERS

From the original paintings by Nellie Littlehale Umbstaetter

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THE ARROW SHOWS THE DROOPING LIP OF THE ELEPHANT

WHY THE LIP OF THE ELEPHANT DROOPS

THE STORY OF THE TWELVE DAUGHTERS AND HOW THEY ESCAPED

IN the days when the earth was young lived a poor man and his wife who had twelve daughters, whom they no longer loved and no longer desired. Day after day the father and mother planned to be free of them, and upon a day the father made ready a basket; in the bottom he placed ashes, but on the top he spread rice. Taking this basket with him, he called his daughters to come with him to the jungle to hunt for game.

When the heat of the day had come, they all sat down to eat, and after they had eaten, the father gave each daughter a bamboo joint, and bade her get water for him. The joints were so made that they would not hold water, and, while the maidens endeavored to make them tight, the father returned home. In vain did the maidens try, and after a time they sought their father, but lo, he was gone and only the basket remained! Examining the basket, they found rice but on the top, and the bottom filled with ashes, so they knew their parents sought to be free of them by leaving them in the trackless jungle. Unable to find their way out, there they slept peacefully, for the wild beasts molest not those who fearlessly stay with them.

As the eye of day opened in the east, the forlorn maidens beheld, as they awakened, a beautiful woman standing near, and of her they sought help.

"Come with me and be companions to my little daughter. Often am I away from home and she is lonely. Come home with me, play with my daughter, and in exchange I will give you a home," said the beautiful woman.

Gladly the maidens consented, and went with the woman to her home far in the jungle. All places save one small garden were they free to enter. And upon a day, the fair woman said, "I go to the jungle and will not return until the eye of day has closed. Do not play in the small garden." Scarcely had she gone ere she returned, but the maidens had not sought the garden.

Again, upon a day, the fair woman said, "I go to the jungle but for a short time. Go not to play in the small garden."

Thinking she would this time be gone all day, the maidens sought the small garden, and lo,

it was strewn with human bones! Then they knew the fair woman was a cannibal. Full of fear, they fled, and as they fled they met a cow.

"Protect us!" they cried.

The cow opened its mouth and the maidens jumped in. Thus they journeyed from the cannibal's home. As the cow returned, it met the fair woman seeking the maidens.

"Have you seen twelve maidens pass this way?" asked she.

"No," answered the cow.

"If you do not speak the truth, I'll kill and eat you," cried she.

"I saw them as they made haste in that way," replied the cow.

The cannibal woman pursued that way.

After the cow left them, the maidens hastened on, and as they hastened they met an elephant and begged it to save them from the cannibal.

The elephant opened its mouth and the maidens jumped in, but so slowly did one jump that an edge of her garment hung out of the mouth. As they journeyed the cannibal overtook them.

"Did you see twelve maidens hastening towards the city?" asked the cannibal.

"No," answered the elephant.

"From this time forth forever the lip of thy mouth shall hang down as a garment," cursed the cannibal, for she had seen the edge of the maiden's garment hanging out of the elephant's mouth and knew it was protecting the twelve maidens. And to this day doth the lip of the elephant hang down like a garment.

THE FAITHFUL HUSBAND

HOW THE APE AND THE FLY HELPED THE PRINCE TO FIND HIS WIFE

UPON a day in years long since gone by, Chow (Prince) Soo Tome, wearied of the talking of his slaves, wandered into the forest. As he walked in an unfrequented path, he came to a lake where seven beautiful winged nymphs were disporting themselves in the water. One, Chow Soo Tome readily saw, was more beautiful than the others, and he loved her and desired her for his wife. On seeing the Chow, however, they all fled, but the most beautiful one permitted herself to be overtaken.

"When I saw thee, my heart was filled with love for thee. If thou dost not consent to be my wife, of sorrow shall I die," cried Chow Soo Tome.

"Easily could I have escaped, had not love for thee made me loath to leave thee," replied the nymph. And in great joy they returned to the Chow's home.

"My son, let me take the wings of thy wife, lest she fly and leave thee in sorrow," urged the Chow's mother, and readily did the nymph wife lay aside her wings.

But it happened that the head Chow heard of the beauty of the wife of Chow Soo Tome, and he coveted her, and, seeking to do away with Chow Soo Tome, he sent him to war, and commanded that he lead the battle.

The young nymph wife knew the design of the head Chow, and as soon as her husband had gone she sought her mother-in-law and begged that she give her back her wings.

"I am filled with sorrow. Without Soo Tome I cannot remain in the house. Give me my wings that I may fly in the air and be comforted," pleaded the wife.

"Consent that I tie a rope to thy feet. Then I will give thee the wings," answered Soo Tome's mother.

The young wife consented, but, having donned her wings and flown up in the air, she cut the rope fastened to her feet and was safe from the head Chow's pursuit. Her freedom made her think of the home of her father in the kingdom of Chom Kow Kilat, and thither she flew.

Chow Soo Tome, unhurt and victorious, returned from the war and found his home desolate without his nymph wife, and would not be comforted, but determined to seek her. "Now, I will go seek her in her father's kingdom, Chom Kow Kilat, though seven years, seven months, and seven days be required for the journey."

Through forests, over mountains, and across plains toiled Chow Soo Tome patiently. And as he journeyed, upon a day, he met an ape.

"My friend, where do you go?" asked the ape.

"To a land far away, where the love of my heart abides, in the kingdom of Chom Kow Kilat. The way I do not know, but my heart guides me," answered Chow Soo Tome.

The ape pitied him and sought to aid him, and what food he had or found he shared with Chow Soo Tome gladly. Together they traveled many days until they reached the sea. They had no means of crossing, and, when the ape realized he could no longer aid Chow Soo Tome, he cried bitterly, saying, "No longer can I aid thee, now; therefore is my sorrow greater than I can bear," and lo, he died! For three days did Chow Soo Tome mourn this kind friend, and as he mourned a fly came to eat of the ape.

"I am but alive and fear I will die if I do not have food at once," said the fly. "The ape is dead and can feel no pain. I am alive and hunger, thou art in trouble and need aid. If thou wilt give me to eat of the flesh of the dead ape, whenever thou needst me, think on me and I will come to thee," added the fly.

"Eat," said Chow Soo Tome, and then he went on his way; but shortly after he sat down under a tree. While there, he saw two eagles alight on the tree.

"When we are rested, we will fly across the sea and eat of the feast which the king of Chom Kow Kilat gives in honor of the return of his beautiful daughter," said one of the eagles to its mate.

Hearing these words, Chow Soo Tome cautiously climbed into the tree and crept under the wing of the larger eagle, who shortly after said to its mate: "Before we fly hence, I must rid myself of an insect which is under my wing and annoys me."

"This is a sacred day, and for some punishment has the insect come under your wing; let it remain," counseled the other eagle, and then they flew over the sea. When they rested in a tree on the other shore, Chow Soo Tome crept from under the wing and climbed down the tree. After a time he reached a "sala" (a rest-house for guests) near a large city. Near the sala was a well, and as Chow Soo Tome rested seven slaves of the king of Chom Kow Kilat came from the city for water.

"Why dost thou draw of the water?" asked Chow Soo Tome of a slave.

"We are this day glad, for the most beautiful daughter of the king of Chom Kow Kilat hath returned from the land of men and the water will be poured over her head," said the slave addressed.

Approaching the seventh slave, Chow Soo Tome asked that he might place a ring in her water jar. Now the ring was one which he had received from his nymph wife, and he sought thus to turn her thoughts to him again.

"Pour your water in such a manner that, when it falls, the ring will fall upon the hands of the princess," directed Chow Soo Tome.

The slave did as directed, and as the ring fell on the hands of the young princess she knew her husband was near, and she asked the slave who was at the well when she drew the water.

"A Chow of a far country," said the slave, "who rests in the sala by the sacred well outside the city gate."

In great haste and joy did the young princess seek her father. "Outside the city gate, in the sala by the sacred well, doth my husband await me. Let me go to him, father," she pleaded.

"I must first prove that he be thy husband. Let all my daughters make ready a table spread with the best of the feast, and hide themselves. The man shall be called, and if he selects thy table he is thy husband, but if he knows not thy table he shall die," replied the king.

The tables were made ready, Chow Soo Tome was summoned and commanded to select the table prepared by the princess whom he claimed as his wife. Sore perplexed, Chow Soo Tome bethought himself of the fly's promise, and he called it to his aid. Immediately the fly appeared and sat on the table prepared by the wife of Chow Soo Tome, and there Chow Soo Tome sat down.

"Yet another test," said the king. "Make ready seven curtains and place my daughters behind the seven curtains, allowing but one finger of each princess to be seen. Then, from among the fingers, select that of thy wife."

Immediately did the grateful fly rest upon the curtain where lay the finger of the young wife, and unhesitatingly Chow Soo Tome walked up to the curtain and clasped the right finger.

"It is enough. She is thy wife," declared the king, and so pleased was he that he made Chow Soo Tome second in power in the kingdom of Chom Kow Kilat.

A COVETOUS NEIGHBOR

WHICH TELLS HOW THE MAN WHO WANTED TOO MUCH GOT NOTHING AT ALL

THERE was a poor and lonely man who had but a few melon seeds and grains of corn, which he planted; tenderly did he care for them, as the garden would furnish his only means of a living. And it came to pass that the melons and corn grew luxuriantly, and the apes and the monkeys from the neighboring wilderness, seeing them, came daily to eat of them, and, as they talked of the owner of the garden, wondered just what manner of man he might be that he permitted them unmolested to eat of his melons. But the poor man, through his sufferings, had much merit, and charitably and willingly shared his abundant fruit with them.

And upon a day the man lay down in the garden and feigned death. As the monkeys and apes drew near, seeing him so still, his scarf lying about his head, with one accord they cried, "He is already dead! Lo, these many days have we eaten of his fruit, therefore it is but just that we should bury him in as choice a place as we can find."

Lifting the man, they carried him until they came to a place where two ways met, when one of the monkeys said, "Let us take him to the cave of silver." Another said, "No, the cave of gold would be better."

"Go to the cave of gold," commanded the head monkey. There they carried him and laid him to rest.

Finding himself thus alone, the man arose, gathered all the gold he could carry, and returned to his old home, and, with the gold thus easily gained, he built a beautiful house.

"How did you, who are but a gardener, gain all this gold?" asked a neighbor, and freely the man told all that had befallen him.

"If you did it, I too can do it," said the neighbor, and forthwith he hastened home, made a garden, and waited for the monkeys to feast in it. All came to pass as the neighbor hoped; when the melons were ripe great numbers of monkeys and apes came to the garden and feasted. And upon a day they found the owner lying as one dead in the garden. Prompted by gratitude, the monkeys made ready to bury him, and, while carrying him to the place of burial, they came to the place in the way where the two roads met. Here they disputed as to whether they should place the man in the cave of silver or the cave of gold. Meanwhile the man was thinking thus, "I 'll gather gold all day. When I have more than I can carry in my arms, I 'll draw some behind me in a basket I can readily make from bamboo," and, when the head monkey said, "Put him in the cave of silver," he unguardedly cried out, "No, put me in the cave of gold."

Frightened, the monkeys dropped the man and fled, while he, scratched and bleeding, crept painfully home.

A SINGLE BANYAN TREE

THE PRINCESS NANG KAM UNG

THERE was once a king who reigned over one of the largest States in the hill and water country. For a long time there had been war between him and the "sau hpa" of the neighboring State, but at last his soldiers had been successful, and his enemy had been driven out of his possessions, which had thereupon been added to his own. A great feast had been given when his soldiers returned to their homes, and he was now sitting with his queens and his

seven daughters in the palace watching a performance given in honor of the victory. He praised the actors for their skill, and then asked his daughters whether they had enjoyed the performance. They one and all assured him that they had enjoyed it much, and then turning to them he continued:

"That is right, my daughters, enjoy yourselves to-day and to-morrow and all through your lives. You are the daughters of a mighty king, and it is your lot to be happy and enjoy yourselves all your lives, therefore again I say enjoy yourselves and be happy."

The eldest of the daughters, who was a perfect courtier said: "O our lord, our luck is fortunate, because it depends on that of the lord our father, and who is so fortunate as he?"

The king was very pleased with the flattery of his daughter, and promised to grant any request she would make of him.

The youngest daughter, however, was young and foolish, and had not yet learned the truth that in a king's presence it is not well always to say what one thinks, and therefore she said to her sister, "Your luck may depend on the luck of the lord our father, but mine is my own and depends upon myself alone."

When the king heard this he was very angry that one of his daughters, and she the youngest too, should have the presumption to say that she depended for anything at all on any other than he, and he determined to punish her.

For a long time he pondered on the best way to do this and at last devised a plan which, if severe, was at least novel.

He called his "amats" to go throughout the whole land and search for the poorest man in all his kingdom, and when they had found him they were to bring him to the palace and he would marry his youngest daughter to him, and then, said he, "We will see about luck after that."

Day after day the heralds searched the land, but they could not find a man poor enough to suit the king. All who were brought before him acknowledged that they had something valuable, either a little money, a precious stone, or a distant relative who was rich and from whom they could borrow a little if necessary. A man of this description would not suit the angry king. He wanted one poorer than that.

At last the "amat löng," or chief minister, brought a man before him and said that he was the poorest in all the land. His name was Ai Du Ka Ta. He was a woodseller in the bazaar, who every day went into the jungle and picked up the dead branches of the trees that had fallen to the ground, and brought them to the market every fifth day to sell. So poor was he that he did not even own the sword that is the almost inseparable companion of the Shan and is used, among other things, to cut down the small trees that are left to dry for firewood; so he had to be content to pick up the small branches that he found under the trees, and got a proportionately small price when he carried his load into the bazaar.

When he appeared before the king, his trousers were all fringed at the bottom where they had been torn by the thorns in the jungle. His turban, months before, had been white, but now it was a deep gray; it was only half its original length and was full of holes. Jacket he had none, and, when the king asked him how many blankets he had upon his bed at home to keep him warm at night when the cold wind brought the rain up the valley, he answered sorrowfully, "Not one, our lord." He had no relative except an old mother whom he was obliged to support, and who was known throughout the district in which she lived as the woman with the bitterest tongue in all the land, and, when too sick to move from her mat, she would yet fill the air with poisoned words.

The king was very pleased with his amat löng for finding Ai Du Ka Ta, and gave him a very fine horse as a reward. Then he called his daughter, took away all her fine clothes, and married her to this poorest man in his realm and drove her out of the palace amid the jeers and taunts of the very people who, before her disgrace, had waited upon her every word and had done her bidding while they trembled before her. The king also took away her old name and commanded that in future she was to be known as Nang Kam Ung, which means, "The woman whose luck depends upon herself."

The house, or rather hut, to which Ai Du Ka Ta took his bride was in the jungle. It was only four bamboo poles stuck in the ground and covered with dried grass and bushes. Not even a sleeping mat was on the ground — there was no floor — and the chattie in which he

cooked his rice had a hole in it, and had to be set upon three stones sideways over the fire with the hole uppermost, to prevent the water leaking and putting out the fire.

Fortunately the girl's mother had helped her to smuggle out her "birth-stone," which was a large, valuable ruby, and so she took it off her finger and gave it to her husband, telling him to go and sell it and buy clothes and food for both of them.

Ai looked at the stone and said, "Who will give me food and clothes for a little red stone

BURMAN HOUSE

like that? We have no fools or madmen living near here who would do such a foolish thing as that," for you must remember he had lived in the jungle all his life, and had never heard of precious stones, much less seen one till now.

His friends were just as ignorant of its value as he was. He went from house to house in the little village near, but all laughed at him till he became disgusted, threw the stone away in the jungle and came home in a very ill humor with his wife for leading him such a wild-goose chase, and making him appear foolish in the eyes of the few people he knew.

His wife was in great distress when she found that he had thrown the ruby away, and told her husband that if he had gone to the city and taken it to the jewelers, instead of to the ignorant people in the jungle, they would have given him in return enough money to keep them in food and clothing all the hot season and build a new house into the bargain.

Ai looked at her and said: "Indeed, that is a thing good to marvel at. Why, I know where there are coolie-basket loads of such red stones in the dry bed of a river near where I gather sticks for firewood in the jungle, waiting for anybody to carry away, and I never thought them worth the labor of taking to the bazaar."

The princess was full of joy when she heard this, and the next morning they borrowed two coolie baskets from a man in the village. Bright and early they went to the river bed, and there, even as Ai had said, were basket loads of fine rubies. They gathered them up carefully and buried most of them, covering over the hole with a flat stone, so that no one would discover their hoard, and then the princess, picking out a double handful of the largest and clearest ones, sent them to her father.

The king, when he saw the jewels, instead of being pleased, fell into a great passion, called the unfortunate amat löng into his presence, and, after rating him soundly, deprived him of all his goods, houses, and lands, deposed him from office, and drove him from his presence as poor as Ai himself had been.

"I ordered you to call a poor man," roared the king to the trembling man before him. "I said he was to have no goods or property at all, and here the very next day he sends me a double handful of the very best rubies I ever saw in my life."

In vain the culprit assured the king that the day before Ai was certainly the poorest man in the whole kingdom, and complained that the jewels must have been the work of some "hpea," whom he had unwittingly offended, and who had therefore determined on his ruin in revenge. The king would listen to no excuse, and the unhappy amat was glad to crawl from his presence before resentment had carried the king to the length of ordering his execution.

The very next night a wonderful golden deer entered the royal garden where the king was accustomed to sit when it became too warm in the palace, and after doing an immense amount of mischief, eating favorite flowers, and otherwise destroying and ruining the garden, it leaped over the fence and disappeared in the early morning fog, just as the guards were arousing themselves from sleep. It was in truth not a golden deer, as the guards had told the king, but a hpea that had assumed this form; but the king, not knowing this, ordered his heralds to go through the city immediately and call upon all the inhabitants to come early next morning to help their lord catch it. Ai was summoned with the rest of the people. He had no horse, but going to the city gate that day he saw that a race between horses belonging to the king was about to be run. Ai was a good horseman, and asked the head horse feeder of the king to let him ride one of the animals. He rode, and rode so well that he won the race, and that official was so pleased with him that he promised to grant him any request in his power. Ai asked for the privilege of riding the same horse at the hunt next day, and the request was readily granted, and thus it happened that next morning, when he went to the place appointed, he rode a horse that was faster than any other there except the one the king himself rode.

The people were divided into four parties: one towards the north, one towards the south, one east, and one west. The king stationed himself with the party at the south, and the amats were at the north, and when the deer was at last driven out of the jungle by the beaters it headed towards the king and dashed by him at great speed.

The hpea that had taken the form of the deer wished to have some fun at the king's expense, and therefore kept ahead just where the king could see him all the while, sometimes but a cubit or two away from him, and then, when the country was open, darting far in advance. So swiftly did they go that in a few minutes the men on foot were left behind, and after a while all except those upon the very fastest horses were distanced, till at last only the king and Ai were left, the latter but a little behind the king. All day long the chase continued till, just as the sun was setting and men and horses were both exhausted, the deer made straight for a precipice that appeared to block the path on each hand as far as the eye could reach. The king was congratulating himself that the deer could not possibly escape now, when he saw right before him an opening in the rock, and the next instant the hpea disappeared in the cave and the king was obliged to give up the chase, for even if his horse could have carried him any farther, which it could not, the cave was so dark that nothing could be seen inside.

The king fell from his horse almost dead with fatigue, and managed to crawl under a wide-spreading banyan tree that grew near. The only other person there was Ai, and he, coming to the king, massaged his limbs till the tired monarch fell asleep. After a while he awoke and Ai asked him to eat some rice he had prepared, but the king said he was too tired to eat anything; but at last he managed to eat a little sweet, glutinous rice that the princess had cooked in a hollow piece of bamboo and given to her husband before he set out that morning.

The king was very grateful and asked Ai his name; but the latter was afraid to tell what his real name was, so, as his mother years before had been in the habit of selling betel-nut in the bazaar, he told the king that his name was Sau Boo, or betel-nut seller.

The king was very pleased with him and promised him great rewards when they got back to the palace; but in a few minutes he had dropped asleep again, and Ai sat alone keeping guard.

It was very fortunate that he too did not go to sleep, for, as everyone knows, the banyan is a sacred tree, and this one was inhabited by a hpea who was noted for being one of the cruelest and most dreaded spirits in all the land. Ai roused the king and told him there was a hpea in the tree and begged him not to sleep there, for it would assuredly kill them both before morning.

The king said: "Wake me not, trouble me not. From my head to my feet I am nothing but aches and pains. Were I to move I should die. I may as well die at the hands of the hpea." So saying he fell asleep again, and Ai did not dare to disturb him, but watched all night long.

During the night Ai heard the hpea grumbling to himself several times and promising himself

the pleasure of killing them on the morrow; so he pretended to be asleep so that he could hear what the hpea said and if possible thwart him.

"These mortals have presumed to sleep under my tree," he heard him say, "but it shall be the last time they sleep anywhere. Let me see," he continued, "how shall I kill them? Which will be the best way? Ah, I know. Early to-morrow, when they get ready to leave, I will break the tree in two, and the top shall fall on them. If, however, they escape, I will saw through the supports of the first bridge, so that it will break when they are in the middle, and they will fall to the bottom of the valley below. Then, if that should fail, I will loosen the stones of the arch of the city gate so that it will fall on them as they pass underneath, and if that does not kill them, when the king arrives at his palace and, being thirsty with his long ride, calls for water, I will change the water in the goblet to sharp needles that will stick in his throat and kill him. If he does not drink the water, however, he will assuredly be very tired and will go to sleep immediately, and I will send an immense rat into his room that will kill him without doubt."

Having finished making his plans, the hpea left the tree and started the work of preparing the different traps for the mortals who had enraged his hpeaship by daring to sleep under the tree and thus profane his home.

The king was frightened half to death when he awoke next morning, and found that he had been sleeping all night under the tree of that special hpea; but Ai, or Sau Boo, as the king called him, told him not to be frightened, for he could save his life if the king would only follow his advice and do as he told him.

The king promised to follow his words implicitly, and also promised him unheard-of rewards if he only helped him to get to his palace in safety.

The first danger was the tree, and so Ai got their horses ready, and, under the pretense of allowing them to eat grass before setting out on their journey, he gradually worked them nearer and still nearer the edge of the tree, and then, with one bound, they both galloped out from under it. At the same instant there was a great crash and the whole top of the tree fell to the ground. So nearly did it fall on them that the king's turban was torn from his head by one of the upper branches, but beyond this no harm was done.

Next, instead of riding over the bridge, they went along the bank a little distance, and soon found a place where the "hük" was narrow, and leaped their horses to the other side. While they were jumping, Ai threw a heavy stone he had brought with him on to the bridge, and the hpea, who fortunately was near-sighted, thinking it was the tread of the horses, broke it down, so that it fell into the water fifty feet below, but the king and his follower were safe on the other side.

The next danger was the city gate. They walked their ponies slowly as though they were very tired, till they came to within a cubit of the gate, and then galloped through at the top of their speed, and crash went the gateway behind them. They were covered with dust but not hurt.

The king was very thankful to have arrived at his palace, and being very thirsty with the journey and excitement, as the cunning hpea had expected, called for a drink of water, but ere he could place the cup to his lips his faithful follower turned it upside down, and, instead of water, out fell a cupful of sharp needles, and again the king's life was saved.

Worn out with his ride he told his servants to prepare his room, as he would sleep. Ai called the chief guard and told him to have a lamp burning all night, to take his sharpest sword with him, and guard the king carefully. In the middle of the night, when the tired king was sleeping soundly, into the room came creeping slowly, slowly, the biggest rat ever seen. It had long, sharp teeth and wicked, glaring eyes, and made towards the king. But the guard, warned by Ai, was on the watch, and, just as the rat was about to spring at the king's throat, the soldier, with a sweep of his long, sharp sword cut off its head, and thus the king, through the cleverness of one man, escaped the last danger and could now live without fear.

The next morning the king called his heralds and bade them go into the city and summon Sau Boo to come to the palace to be rewarded. They searched and called, but searched and called in vain. No one ever heard of a man by

that name, and the king was fast getting angry when the amats told him that they personally had gone to every house except one, and that was the house of Ai. The king in surprise ordered them to call his son-in-law. "He may be able to tell us something about him," he observed. Ai accordingly obeyed his summons, but the king was more surprised yet when Ai told him that Sau Boo and himself were one and the same, and that it was he who had rescued the king from so many dangers.

At first his father-in-law became angry and refused to believe him, but Ai gave an account of everything that had happened from the time when the deer broke cover till the rat was killed by the guard, and thus convinced the king of his truthfulness.

The king then made a great feast, called all his ministers and generals together, and made a proclamation that Ai in future should be his amat lŏng and should be king after him.

Thus did the princess prove that her luck really depended upon herself, and not on the king, and to-day we say, "May your luck be as good as the luck of Nang Kam Ung."

HOW THE HARE DECEIVED THE TIGER

BEING THE TALE OF A HARE WHO PROVED THAT WISDOM IS STRONGER THAN STRENGTH

At the beginning of the world a hare, tiger, ox, buffalo, and horse became friends and lived together. One day the tiger was out hunting when, it being in the middle of the hot season, the jungle caught fire and, a strong wind blowing, it was not long before the whole country was in flames. The tiger fled, but the fire followed. Never mind how fast he ran, the flames followed him, till he was in great fear of being burned alive. As he was rushing along he saw the ox feeding on the other side of the river and called out to him:

"Oh friend ox, you see the fire is following me wherever I go. Where is a place of refuge that I can escape the fire?"

Now close to the tiger was a jungle full of dried grass, such as the Shans use for thatching their houses, and the ox replied, "Go to the grass jungle, my brother, and you will be safe."

But dried grass is the most inflammable thing in the whole hill and water country, and so here, not only did the flames follow the tiger, but they ran ahead of him and threatened to ingulf him on every side. In great anger he roared at the ox, "False deceiver, if ever I escape from this danger, I will return and kill you," but the ox only laughed at him and continued eating.

In desperation, the tiger leaped over the flames and found himself near the horse. "Oh friend horse," he cried, "where can I go? I am in great danger of being burned to death."

Now it happened that once the tiger had been very rude to the horse and called him many bad names, so now he thought this was a good opportunity to be revenged; so he said, "Yonder is a big bamboo jungle, run to that and you are safe"; but the tiger found that the horse was also a false friend, for the fire following him speedily ignited the tall bamboos, which burned fiercely and, falling from above, almost completely covered the poor beast.

At the beginning of the world the tiger was a beautiful yellow color, but the bamboos falling all over him burnt him in stripes, and since that time his descendants have had long black stripes all over their coats.

"When I have escaped from this," yelled the angry tiger, "I will come back and kill you."

"Very good," sneered the horse, "and I will arch my neck so that you can get a good bite"; but this was said to deceive the tiger, as the horse intended to lash out with his hind feet when the tiger came to fight him. Nevertheless, from that day the necks of all horses have been arched, and they cannot fight an enemy in front, but are obliged to arch their necks, lower their heads, and kick from behind.

The tiger, by this time tired to death and suffering from the burns of the bamboos, saw the buffalo and accosted him as he had his other friends.

"Oh good friend buffalo," he cried, "I am in great danger of being burned alive. The horse and the ox have not only deceived me, but in following their advice I have arrived at a worse condition than before. What can I do to be freed from this great danger?"

The buffalo looked up from the cool river where he was enjoying a bath, and taking compassion on him said, "If you will catch hold of my throat I will duck you in the river and so you shall escape from the danger that is following you."

So the tiger seized the good buffalo by the throat and was held under water till the fire had burnt itself out. The tiger was very grateful to the buffalo and made an agreement with him that from that time no tiger should ever kill a buffalo, and it is only the very worst tigers, those that kill men, that ever kill a buffalo, and the tigers that are guilty of killing buffaloes are sure to be killed themselves, sooner or later.

The tiger held so fast to the buffalo that when the latter came out of the water, his throat and neck were all white, and buffaloes all have that mark on their necks and throats till this very day.

The tiger was so cold after his bath that he shook and shivered as though he had fever, and seeing a little house made of dried grass a short distance off he went to it and found that a hare was living there.

"Good friend," said the tiger, "I am so cold I am afraid I shall die. Will you take compassion on me and allow me to rest in your house and get warm before I return home?"

"Come in, our lord," said the hare. "If our lord deigns to honor my poor house with his presence, he will confer a favor that his slave will never forget."

The tiger was only too glad to go into the hare's house, and the latter immediately made room for him by sitting on the roof. Soon the tiger heard "click! click! click!" and he called out, "Oh friend hare, what are you doing up there on the roof of your house?"

Now the hare was really at that moment striking fire with her flint and steel, but she deceived the tiger and said, "It is very cold up here, and our lord's slave was shivering"; but the next moment the spark struck her dried grass on the roof and the house was soon in flames.

The tiger dashed out just in time and turned in a rage on his late host, but the hare was far away, having jumped at the same moment that the spark set fire to the roof of the house.

The tiger gave chase, but after a while he saw the hare sitting down and watching something intently; so he asked, "What are you looking at?"

"This is a fine seat belonging to the Ruler of the Hares," returned she.

"I would like to sit on it," said the tiger.

"Well," said the hare, "wait till I can go and ask our lord to give you permission."

"All right, I will watch till you come back and will not kill you as I intended doing, if you get me permission to sit on it," said the tiger.

Now this was not a chair at all, but some hard, sharp stones that the hare had covered with mud and shaped with her paws to deceive the tiger. The hare ran off a long distance and pretended to talk with someone and then called out: "The lord of the chair says, our lord the tiger may sit if he throws himself down upon it with all his might. This is our custom."

The tiger flung himself upon what he thought was the chair with all his might, but the soft mud gave way and he fell upon the stones underneath and hurt his paws badly. He therefore sprang up and vowed vengeance on the hare, whom he could just see far off in the distance.

By and by, as the hare was running along, she saw a large wasps' nest hanging from the branch of a tree, so she sat down and watched it intently. When the tiger came up he was so curious to know what the hare was looking at so intently that he did not kill her, but instead asked her what she was looking at.

The hare showed the tiger the wasps' nest on the tree and said, "That is the finest gong in all the hill and water country."

"I would like to beat it," said the tiger.

"Just wait a minute," returned the hare, "and I will go to the lord of the gong and ask permission for you to beat it."

The hare ran till she was far away in the jungle, and then at the top of her voice called out: "If you wish to beat the gong, the lord of the gong says you must strike it as hard as you can with your head. That is his custom."

The tiger butted at the nest with all his might and made a big, jagged rent in its side, and out flew the angry wasps in swarms, completely covering the poor tiger, who, with a dreadful yell of pain, tore away from his tormentors. His face was all swollen, and from that day till

the present the faces of tigers have all been wide and flat.

Again he chased the hare, and, when the smart from the stings of the wasps had subsided a little, he found to his great joy that he was gaining on his enemy fast. The hare on her part saw that the tiger would soon catch her and looked around for some means of escape, and spied just before her a snake half in and half out of its hole.

The hare stopped as before and sat gazing at the snake so intently that the tiger, instead of killing her as he had intended to do, asked her what it was in the hole.

"This," returned the hare, "is a wonderful flute that only kings and nobles are allowed to play. Would our lord like to play?"

AGAIN THE CUNNING HARE DECEIVED THE TIGER

"Indeed I should," said the tiger; "but where is the lord of this wonderful flute? Whom shall I ask for permission?"

"If our lord watches right here," said the cunning hare, "his slave will go to the lord of the flute and ask permission"; and the tiger, well content, sat down to wait.

Again the cunning hare deceived the tiger by pretending to ask permission, and when a long distance off he called as before: "Our lord has permission to play the flute. Let him put it in his mouth and blow with all his might. This is the custom of the lord of the flute."

The foolish tiger immediately took the snake's head into his mouth, but the sound that followed came from the tiger, not from the flute, and a terrible yell he gave as the snake bit his mouth! But the hare was far away and would soon have been safe but for an unlooked-for accident that nearly ended her life.

The people who lived in that part of the hill and water country were at war with the State that joined them on the north, and thinking that the soldiers of the enemy would soon invade their country, they had made a trap in the middle of the path over which the hare was running. First they dug a hole so deep that, should anybody fall in, it would be impossible to climb out again. The sides of the pit were dug on the slant so that the opening was smaller than the bottom. Over the top they had placed thin strips of bamboo that would break if any extra weight came upon them, and they had covered the whole with grass and leaves so that no traveler would know that a trap was there. Into this hole fell the poor little hare.

Presently the tiger came up to see where the hare had gone, and when he saw the hole in the middle of the path he called out, "Where are you, friend hare?" and the hare from the bottom of the trap called out, "I have fallen into a trap."

Then the tiger sat on the ground and just bent double with laughter to think that at last he had the hare in his power; but the little animal down in the hole, although she did not say anything, thought harder in a few minutes than the tiger had in all his life. By and by, as she looked up through the hole she had made in the roof, she saw that the sky overhead was

getting darker and darker as a storm was coming on; so in great glee, although she pretended to be very much frightened, she called out as loudly as ever she could:

"Our lord tiger! our lord tiger!"

At first the tiger did not answer, so the hare then called: "Does not our lord see the great danger approaching? Let our lord look at the sky."

The tiger looked up and saw the dark clouds coming slowly, slowly on, covering the whole sky; his laughter stopped and he soon began to get very frightened.

After a while, when it had become still darker, he called to the hare: "Oh friend, what is the matter with the sky? What is going to happen?"

Then the hare replied: "Our lord, the sky has fallen where you see it is dark; that is far away, but in a few minutes it will fall here and everybody will be crushed to death."

The foolish tiger was now frightened half to death and called to the hare: "Oh friend, I have treated you badly in trying to kill you. Do not be angry and take revenge on me, but take compassion on my terrible condition, and graciously tell me how to escape this danger, and I swear that I will never try to harm you more."

It was the hare's turn to laugh now, but she only laughed quietly to herself, for she was afraid the tiger would hear her; then she said: "Down here our lord's slave is quite safe. If our lord descends, he too will be safe," and before the hare had hardly finished, the cowardly tiger made a jump for the hole the hare had made and joined her at the bottom of the trap.

But the hare was not out yet, and she began to plan how she could get out herself and yet keep the tiger in. At last a happy thought struck her. She sidled up to the tiger and began to tickle him in the ribs. The tiger squirmed and twisted first one way and then the other, first to one side and then to the other; at last he could stand it no longer, and catching the hare he threw her out of the trap and she landed on solid ground.

As soon as the hare found she was safe, she began to call at the top of her voice: "Oh men, come! come! I, the hare, have deceived the tiger and he is at the bottom of the trap. Oh men, come! I, the hare, call you. Bring your spears and guns; bring your swords, and kill the tiger that I have tricked into entering the trap."

At first the men did not believe the hare, for they did not think that an animal so small as the hare could deceive the tiger; but then they also knew that the hare was very clever and had much wisdom, so they brought their spears and their guns, their swords and their sticks, and killed the tiger in the trap.

Thus did the hare prove that though small she was full of wisdom, and although the tiger was bigger, stronger, and fiercer than she, yet she, through her wisdom, was able to kill him.

HOW THE MOUSE-DEER AND OTHER ANIMALS WENT OUT FISHING

A STORY WHICH SHOWS THAT WISDOM IS GREATER THAN STRENGTH

[*In the two following folk tales from Borneo the Mouse-deer occupies the same place — as the sharpest of the animals, outwitting those of greater strength — that the Rabbit does in the Uncle Remus stories. Both stories are thoroughly characteristic.*]

ONCE upon a time the Mouse-deer, accompanied by many other animals, went on a fishing expedition. All day long they fished, and in the evening they returned to the little hut they had put up by the riverside, salted the fish they had caught, and stored it up in large jars. They noticed, when they returned in the evening, that much of the fish they had left in the morning was missing. The animals held a council to decide what it was best to do, and after some discussion, it was decided that the Deer should stay behind to catch the thief, while the others went out to fish.

"I shall be able to master him, whoever he is," said the Deer. "If he refuses to do what I wish, I shall punish him with my sharp horns."

So the others went out fishing, leaving the Deer at home. Soon he heard the tramp of someone coming to the foot of the ladder leading up into the hut, and a voice called out:

"Is anyone at home?"

"I am here," said the Deer. Looking out,

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THE MOUSE-DEER

he saw a great Giant, and his heart failed him. He wished he had asked one of his companions to stay with him.

"I smell some fish," said the Giant. "I want some, and you must give it to me at once. I am hungry. Let me have what I want."

"It does not belong to me," said the Deer, in great fear. "It belongs to the Pig, the Bear, the Tiger, and the Mouse-deer. They would punish me if I gave any of it to you."

"Don't talk to me in that way," said the Giant, impatiently. "If you do not let me have what I want, I will eat you up."

The Deer was too frightened at the Giant to refuse his request, so he let him eat the fish, and take some away with him.

When his companions returned, the Deer gave them his account of the Giant's visit. They blamed him for his cowardice, and the Wild Boar said he would keep watch the next day.

"If the Giant comes," said he, "I will gore him with my tusks, and trample him underfoot."

But he fared no better than the Deer, for when he saw the Giant, who threatened to kill him if he refused to give him some fish, he was afraid, and let him take as much as he wanted.

Great was the disgust of the others to find on their return that their fish had again been taken.

"Let me watch," said the Bear. "No Giant shall frighten me. I will hug him with my strong arms, and scratch him with my sharp claws."

So Bruin was left in charge the next day, while the others went out to fish.

Soon he heard the Giant, who came to the foot of the steps and shouted, "Hullo! Who's there?"

"I am," said the Bear. "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"I can smell some nice fish, and I am hungry, and want some."

"I cannot let you have any," said the Bear. "It does not belong to me."

"Let me have some at once," said the Giant in a voice of thunder, "before I kill and eat you."

The Bear was too much frightened to interfere, while the Giant ransacked the jars. When he had had enough, he bade the Bear "Good-by," and went off.

On the return of the other animals, the Tiger said he would put a stop to this state of things. He would stay at home the next day

THE BEAR

and keep watch. It would have to be a very strong Giant indeed that would dare to fight him!

The Giant paid his visit as before, and told the Tiger that he was hungry, and asked for some fish. At first the Tiger refused to give any to him, but when the Giant threatened to attack him, he was afraid, as the others had been, and let him have as much as he wanted. On their return, again the animals found their fish had been stolen.

Then the Mouse-deer spoke. "I see," he said, "that it is no use depending on you others. You boast, but when the time comes for action, you have no courage. I will stay at home and secure this Giant of whom you are all afraid."

When his companions had gone away the next morning, the Mouse-deer tied a bandage round his forehead and lay down.

Soon the Giant came, and shouted, "Who's there?"

"Only me," said the Mouse-deer, groaning with pain. "Come up, whoever you may be."

The Giant climbed up the rickety ladder, and saw the Mouse-deer lying with his head bandaged.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the Giant.

"I have a headache," was the answer.

"Whatever has given you the headache?" asked the Giant.

"Can't you guess?" said the Mouse-deer. "It is the smell of this fish in these jars. It is so strong, it is enough to make anyone ill. Don't you feel ill yourself?"

"I think I do," said the Giant. "Cannot you give me some medicine?"

"I have no medicine with me," said the Mouse-deer, "but I can bandage you, as I have bandaged myself, and that is sure to do you good."

"Thank you," said the Giant. "It is good of you to take the trouble to cure me."

So the Giant lay down as he was bid, while the Mouse-deer bandaged his head and fastened the ends of the bandage to pegs which he drove into the ground under the open flooring of the hut.

"Don't you feel a little pain in your ankles?" anxiously suggested the Mouse-deer.

"I think I do," said the foolish Giant. "Suppose you bandage them also."

So the Mouse-deer, chuckling to himself, bandaged his ankles and made them fast to the floor of the hut.

"Do you not feel the pain in your legs?" asked the Mouse-deer.

"I think I do," was the foolish Giant's reply.

So the Mouse-deer bandaged his legs and made them secure, so that the Giant was quite unable to move.

By this time the Giant began to get uneasy, and trying to get up, and finding himself securely bound, he struggled and roared in pain and anger.

The little Mouse-deer sat before him and laughed, and said:

"You were a match for the Deer, the Pig, the Bear, and the Tiger, but you are defeated by me. Don't make so much noise, or I shall

drive a peg through your temples and kill you."

Just then the others returned from their fishing. Great was their joy to find their enemy securely bound. With shouts of triumph they fell upon the Giant and killed him, and praised the Mouse-deer for his cleverness in securing him.

THE MOUSE-DEER'S STRATEGY

THE STORY OF THE MOUSE-DEER, THE DEER, AND THE PIG

A MOUSE-DEER, wandering in the jungle, fell into a pit. He could not get out, so he waited patiently for some passer-by. Presently a Pig passed by the mouth of the pit. The Mouse-deer called out to him, and he looked in and asked the Mouse-deer what he was doing at the bottom of the pit.

"Don't you know what is going to happen?" said the Mouse-deer. "The sky is going to fall down, and everybody will be crushed to dust unless he takes shelter in a pit. If you want to save your life, you had better jump in."

The Pig jumped into the pit, and the Mouse-deer got on his back, but he found he was not high enough to enable him to leap out.

Next a Deer came along, and, seeing the two animals in the pit, asked them what they were doing there.

The Mouse-deer replied: "The sky is going to fall down, and everyone will be crushed unless he hides in some hole. Jump in, if you want to save your life."

The Deer sprang in, and the Mouse-deer made him stand on the back of the Pig; then he himself got on the back of the Deer and jumped out of the pit, leaving the other two to their fate.

The Deer and the Pig were very angry at being tricked in this way by such a small animal as the Mouse-deer. They scratched the side of the pit with their feet until it sloped, and enabled them to scramble out; then they followed the trail of the Mouse-deer, and soon overtook him.

The Mouse-deer saw them coming, and climbed up a tree from the bough of which a large beehive was hanging.

"Come down," said the Pig and Deer angrily. "You have deceived us, and we mean to kill you."

"Deceived you?" said the Mouse-deer in pretended surprise. "When did I deceive you, or do anything to deserve death?"

"Did n't you tell us that the sky was going to fall, and that if we did not hide ourselves in a pit we should be killed?"

"Oh yes," was the reply. "What I said was perfectly true, only I persuaded the King to postpone the disaster."

"You need not try to put us off with any more lies. You must come down, for we mean to have your blood."

"I cannot," said the Mouse-deer, "because the King has asked me to watch his gong," pointing to the bees' nest.

"Is that the King's gong?" said the Deer. "I should like to strike it to hear what it sounds like."

"So you may," said the Mouse-deer, "only let me get down and go to some distance before you do so, as the sound would deafen me."

So the Mouse-deer sprang down and ran away. The Deer took a long stick and struck the bees' nest, and the bees flew out angrily and stung him to death.

The Pig, seeing what had happened, pursued the Mouse-deer, determined to avenge the death of his friend. He found his enemy taking refuge on a tree round the trunk of which a large Python was curled.

"Come down," said the Pig, "and I will kill you."

"I cannot come down to-day. I am set here to watch the King's girdle. Look at it," he said, pointing to the Python. "Is it not pretty? I have never seen such a handsome waist belt before."

"It is beautiful," said the Pig. "How I should like to wear it for one day!"

"So you may," said the Mouse-deer, "but be careful and do not spoil it."

So the foolish Pig entangled himself in the folds of the Python, who soon crushed him to death and ate him for dinner, and the clever Mouse-deer escaped, having outwitted his enemies.

WHY THE BEAN BIRD CALLS "LITTLE BROTHER"

THE STORY OF AH POON AND HIS CRUEL STEPMOTHER

AH POON was only a little yellow baby with twinkling black eyes and a funny bit of a red mouth, but Ah Kwai, his grave father, thought him as fair as the lotus flower, and so did his sweet girl mother. She had nestled him to her breast but for one short hour when her spirit went on a long journey, and Ah Kwai had only the child to comfort him.

Ah Poon grew and flourished, as babies will, and, though he knew not his mother's care, he found no lack of love. While still so small that his head barely reached his father's knee, he gave Ah Kwai an anxious time; for he was as active as a squirrel, and as full of tricks as any monkey who swarmed the woods.

"I must find him a second mother!" sighed Ah Kwai, who had not yet forgotten the gentle maid with the almond-shaped eyes he had wed in the merry springtime.

And so, for the sake of this little son, who had all his love, yet so perplexed him, he looked round among other women. He chose that one who had the wit to make much of mischievous Ah Poon, and brought her home as his new wife. All went happily for a time. Ah Lean loved to play with her little stepson, and called him many sweet names. He was like some live toy to her, with his elfin ways and gay good humor; and the grave Ah Kwai smiled as he saw them together, murmuring, "I have done well."

When a year had passed, another baby lay in the cradle which had been Ah Poon's, and Ah Kwai was now doubly satisfied, since his first-born would have a playmate.

Alas, he did not guess what was to come, nor how jealous a woman can be of another mother's child. Ah Lean's son, Ah Tee, was neither so clever nor so winning as the boy Ah Poon, and to make things worse, she spoiled him until he became unbearable. Ah Poon, who was made to give way to his every whim, loved the little fellow dearly in spite of all; and Ah Tee cared far more for him than he did for his mother.

When she saw this, Ah Lean grew more jealous still; and one spring day, when Ah Kwai was on the seas, having sailed to a distant port to dispose of his merchandise, she made up her mind to get rid of Ah Poon by some means before his return.

Calling both boys to her side, she gave to each a packet of black beans, and told them to plant them outside the city, on the edge of a plantation. They were not to return, she said, until their beans had sprouted above the soil. The one whose seedlings should first appear was to come home immediately, leaving the other behind.

The little brothers set off at once, too much afraid of making her angry to ask any questions. But when Ah Tee saw his brother's beans, he thrust out his lip and snatched them from him.

"They are bigger than mine," he said greedily. "You must take the small ones." And unselfish Ah Poon let him have his way.

The golden sun poured down on the bean-fields, and soon the beans began to sprout. While Ah Tee's were still invisible, Ah Poon's thrust out points of green; and, digging one up to show his stepmother, he hastened home as she had bidden.

"I will ask if you may not come too," he called wistfully to Ah Tee, who was quite content to run wild on the plantation, and not at all anxious to return. As soon as they started he had taken possession of Ah Poon's provisions as well as his own, so he knew that he would have plenty to eat and drink.

You can guess the wrathful surprise of the stepmother when Ah Poon appeared before her with the green sprout; for she had boiled his beans that they might not grow, not guessing that Ah Tee would insist upon taking them instead of his own.

"Go back to the bean-field immediately," she stormed, striking him over the face with a heavy stick, "and bring me your little brother."

Sobbing with pain, Ah Poon ran back to the plantation, crying, "*Ah Tee, wai wai?*" — "Little brother, where are you?"

There was no answer, for by this time Ah Tee was far away; and though Ah Poon searched till it was dusk, he could find no trace of him. He called and searched all through the night, and morning found him gray with fear at the thought of what Ah Lean would do to him when he went home.

And then — this is how they tell the story in China — a gentle spirit, who loves all children, and had sorrowed greatly for Ah Poon, knowing his father would never return, changed the boy into a small brown bird, and gave him the air for his playground and the warm brown earth for his bed.

"The little black bean bird," he is named now; forever he calls above the bean-fields, *"Ah Tee, wai wai?"*

And happier so it is for him than if he had been left in Ah Lean's keeping.

THE FOX AND THE TIGER

HOW THE GREAT TIGER WAS OUTWITTED BY THE SMALL FOX

WISE men say that when first the isles of Japan rose out of the sea, they were inhabited by a race of dwarfs who lived in pits, and who were driven away by the Ainu, in those days a fierce and warlike people. As the years went on, the strength of the Ainu waned with the setting suns, and they in their turn were conquered by the Japanese. But the island of Yezo shelters them still; they share it with bears and foxes, and badgers and hungry wolves, whose skins the men take for covering. The women make for themselves robes of birch bark, and all dwell in reed-thatched huts.

The Ainu believe that the terrible earthquakes which rend the solid earth and cause the hills of their island to rock, are caused by the wriggling of a monster fish, on the back of which the "Ainu world" is carried; and that the myriad of stars we know as the "Milky Way" is a river belonging to four of their gods — the sun-god, the moon-god, the river-god, and the mountain-god. Though they eat the flesh of the Bear, they hold him sacred, and put up his head in their villages to worship. Karu, the Fox, is held in deep reverence; it is owing to him, they say, that Ainu-land is free from tigers.

Yezo had not long leaped out of the waves when foxes came to live in the hills, and for years no tiger made his appearance. But Karu was barely fully grown when a huge striped beast swam over from a distant shore, and landing at the foot of the cliff announced his intention of driving away all lesser animals from the heights, that he might reign alone.

A solitary Snipe brought the tidings to Karu, who pondered long how he might rid Yezo of the Tiger. For a while he was quite at a loss,

HE WAS CLINGING FIRMLY TO THE TIGER'S TAIL

with all his cleverness; he knew that if strength were pitted against strength, he would get much the worst of it.

"But strength is not everything!" he thought. "I will see if I cannot outwit him!"

Early next day he met the Tiger as if by

accident on the summit of Ishikaridake, the highest mountain, where the intruder had betaken himself to survey the country.

"Good day, my lord," said Karu, pleasantly. "It has been told me that you intend to rule this island in solitary state. Now I and my kindred were here first, and you'll own it would be hard on us if we had to leave. Let you and me agree to some test between us, and that the one who fails to justify his supremacy shall leave Yezo for good."

"Well, then," said the Tiger, with a scornful laugh, "you and I, little Fox, will run a race from the top of the world to the bottom of the world, and then back to the top again. He who first regains the spot on which we are now standing shall be lord of this island; the other shall go, and be seen no more."

"Agreed!" cried the Fox, his eyes gleaming with joy. "One — two — three!" Scarcely waiting for the signal, the Tiger took a mighty leap to a crag below.

Down he rushed like a torrent of amber water, his tawny sides flashing through the air as he cleared great rocks at a single bound. And he laughed aloud at the Fox's presumption in thinking that he could run more swiftly.

The Fox laughed too, but very softly. He was clinging firmly to the Tiger's tail, to which he had quietly attached himself ere the Tiger started. He was forced to hold on by teeth and claws; but this Toro was much too excited to feel, and Karu found the quick motion exhilarating.

"I am having a famous ride," he thought, and settled himself more firmly.

When the Tiger had gained the bottom of the hill, he sped upward again at the same fierce rate, until he had almost reached the top. Here he stopped for a moment to jeer at the Fox, whom he imagined to be at best but halfway up.

"How now, little friend!" he roared, with a mighty swish of his tail. "Who is first, I should like to know?"

"I fancy that I am," said a meek little voice from the ledge above him, whence Karu had been flung by that wave of triumph. "Why, how you pant, brother Tiger! Look at me — I am quite composed. Such a run as we have just now taken is nothing to one accustomed to mountain climbing. It is clear that this place is too hilly for you."

The Tiger was so ashamed and disgusted to discover, as he thought, that the Fox could run faster than he, that without more ado he fled down the mountain and was soon lost to sight in the sea. And this is why, the Ainu say, there are no tigers now in Yezo.

A VISIT TO THE UNDER-WORLD

IN WHICH A YOUNG MAN, SNAKE, BEAR, AND GODDESS GET SADLY MIXED

A HANDSOME and brave young Aino, skillful in the chase, one day pursued a large bear into the recesses of the mountains. On and on ran the bear and still the young fellow pursued it; up heights and crags more and more dangerous, but without ever being able to get near enough to shoot it with his poisoned arrow. At last, on a bleak mountain summit, the bear disappeared down a hole in the ground. The young Aino followed it, and found himself in an immense cavern, at the far extremity of which was a gleam of light. Towards this he groped his way, and on emerging found himself in another world. All was as in the world of men, but more beautiful. There were trees, houses, villages, human beings. With them, however, the young hunter had no concern. What *he* wanted was his bear, which had totally disappeared. The best plan seemed to be to seek it in the remoter mountain district of this new world underground. So he followed up a valley, and, being tired and hungry, picked the grapes and mulberries that were hanging on the trees, and ate them while walking leisurely along.

Suddenly, happening to look down on his own body for some reason or other, what was his horror to find himself transformed into a serpent! His very tears and cries on the discovery of the metamorphosis were changed into snakes' hisses! What was he to do? To go back like this to his native world, where

snakes are hated, would be certain death. No plan presented itself to his mind; but unconsciously he wandered, or rather crept and glided, back to the mouth of the cavern that led home to the world of men; and there, at the foot of a pine tree of extraordinary size and height, he fell asleep. To him, then, in a dream there appeared the goddess of the pine tree and said:

"I am sorry to see you in this state. Why did you eat the poisonous fruits of Hades? The only thing for you to do if you wish to recover your original shape is to climb to the top of this pine tree and fling yourself down. Then you may perhaps become a human being again."

On awaking from this dream the young man, or rather snake, as he found himself still to be, was filled half with hope, half with fear. But he decided to try the goddess's remedy. So, gliding up the tall pine tree, he reached its topmost branch, and, after a little hesitation, flung himself down. Crash he went! When he came to his senses he found himself standing at the foot of the tree, and close by was the body of an immense serpent, all ripped open so as to allow of his having crawled out of it. After having offered up thanks to the pine tree and set up divine symbols in its honor, he hastened to retrace his steps through the long, tunnel-like cavern through which he had originally come into Hades.

After walking for a certain time, he emerged into the world of men to find himself on the mountain top whither he had pursued the bear, which he had never seen again. On reaching home he dreamt a second time. It was the same goddess of the pine tree who appeared before him, and said: "I come to tell you that you cannot stay long in the world of men after once eating the grapes and mulberries of Hades. There is a goddess in Hades who wishes to marry you. She it was who, assuming the form of a bear, lured you into the cavern and thence to the under-world. You must make up your mind to come away."

And so it fell out. The young man awoke, but a grave sickness overpowered him. A few days later he went a second time to the under-world, and returned no more to the world of the living.

THE MAN WITH THE WEN

HOW AN OLD MAN DANCED FOR THE DEMONS

ONCE, long ago, there was an unfortunate O jii San (Honorable Old Man) who had a large wen on his right cheek. It was a great trial to him, and he had gone to many doctors about it, and used much medicine, but it only grew worse and worse.

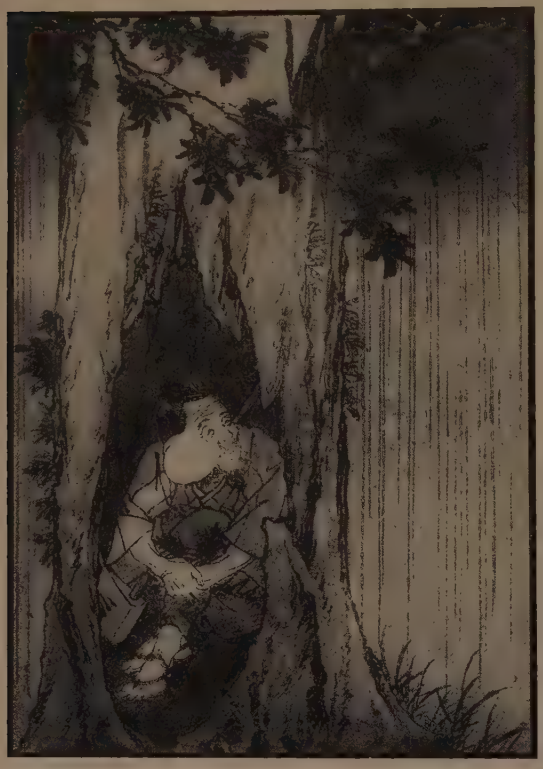
One day the O jii San went to the mountain to gather wood. All day long he was tramping about hither and thither, and it was only towards evening that he gathered together his load and began to descend the mountain; but just then the sky became suddenly overcast, and down came a torrent of rain.

"Dear, dear," thought the O jii San, "just when I am miles from any shelter! What is to be done?"

But at that moment he spied a big tree, into whose hollow trunk he could easily creep. Most thankful he was for the shelter, for the rain came down, and the thunder rolled in such a way as to make the poor old man feel half dead with fright.

However, it was only a thunderstorm, and it began gradually to clear, and at last the O jii San saw the rays of the setting sun shining on the opposite mountain.

"Well, I had better be getting home," thought he; but just as he was going to creep out of the tree he heard a tramp of feet.



"That must be other woodcutters who have been caught like me; I may as well go along with them," and he put out his head to call to them. But, to his amazement, instead of the peaceful woodcutters he expected to see, there came dancing along the mountain side a troop of one-horned, three-eyed, crocodile-mouthed demons and elves, the red ones dressed in bear-skins, the green ones in tiger-skins. There were at least a hundred of them, all with wands in their hands.

The poor O jii San fell back into the tree with fright. Fortunately, the demons had not seen him, and there he lay, hardly able to breathe.

The demons stopped quite near the tree, and as the sounds of their merriment grew louder the O jii San thought he might venture to peep out.

"They are having a good time. What can they be doing?"

So he put his head out a little and watched them. One, who seemed to be the master-demon, stood in the center, while the others danced and sang.

"It seems to be a kind of social gathering of demons," said the O jii San to himself. "I am an old man, and have come to this mountain nearly every day, but it is the first time I have seen such a strange sight." And he crept out a little farther.

"Now, then, my men," said the master-demon, who was drinking wine out of a big goblet, "have you nothing newer than that to show me? These are just the same old dances that you have gone through so often before."

"Well," thought the O jii San, "if that is the

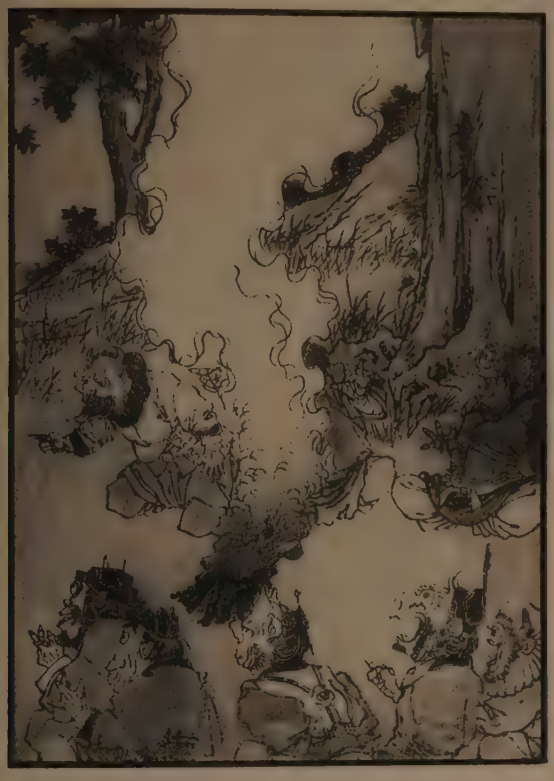
case, why should I not show them something new? As the demons are so fond of dances, I don't believe they will hurt me. I 'll just try."

And feeling inspirited by the lively chorus that the demons were singing, he ran out.

The demons were much startled when this unexpected old man ran into the midst of them.

The O jii San danced like a man who knows that his life depends on what he is doing.

"Well done," cried one demon. "That 's good," shouted another; and when the O jii



San at last, quite worn out, came to a stop, the master-demon handed him the wine-bowl.

"It has really been most amusing," he said, "and we are much obliged to you."

The O jii San bowed. "It is very good of you to excuse my interruption of your feast, and I am delighted to have given you any amusement."

"You must do it again."

"Certainly," said the O jii San.

"To-morrow," said the demon.

"Yes, to-morrow."

"But what proof have we that you will come? You must give us some pledge."

"What can I give you?" asked the O jii San.

The demons held a consultation, and then one of them got up and spoke:

"We must, of course, take something that he values. I have always heard that mortals consider a wen a very lucky thing to have. You see that the O jii San has one on his right cheek; let us take that."

"That is a brilliant idea," said the others. "We will do so."

And, to the amazement of the O jii San, in a moment the demons, both red and green, and his wen, had vanished.

"That troublesome thing gone, and without

even a twinge of pain! Most astounding! I wish I had come to the demons a little sooner."

He hurried home, and his old wife was delighted to see him appear.

"And what did you do in the rain?" she said. "Come in quick and rest."

And just then, looking at him, she saw the change in his face.

"What has happened?" she exclaimed.

"You may well ask," said the O jii San; and then he told her the whole story.

"Well, well," she said, "now is not that a good thing? But what are the demons going to do with the wen, I wonder?"

Now, it just so happened that the next-door neighbor was an old man who had a wen on his left cheek, which gave him great trouble. When he heard the O jii San's story, he felt very envious. He came to the O jii San's house and said, "Is it true that yesterday you met with demons, who took off your wen?"

"Perfectly true."

"Then I think I will go to the mountain and see if they will do the same for me."

"Very well," said the O jii San; "I will tell you where they are to be found."

Then he most kindly gave him full directions, and the neighbor set off joyfully up the hill.

"Ah, there is the tree! Now I must creep into the trunk and wait."

When evening came he heard the tramp of feet, and, just as before, the demons stopped in front of the tree and began their festivities.

"Is the old man not coming to dance?" said the master-demon, looking round.

"Here I am, here I am!" cried the neighbor, running out. "I have been waiting for you"; and he took out his fan, and began to dance and sing as hard as he could. But he was a clumsy old man, who had never studied even the first rules of dancing, and the demons saw that he was just jumping about.

"That's not like yesterday!"

"That won't do!"

"Here, take back your pledge and go!"

And the neighbor, trembling for his life, was soon running down the mountain side, with a wen on either cheek.

WHY BEARS DON'T TALK

SHOWING HOW SPARK-OF-FIRE AVENGED THE FATE OF HIS FATHER, RED FLAME

LONG years ago the Little Men dwelt on the Plains. Small were they of stature, and flat of face; while other tribes went forth to fight, they stayed in their villages, unmolested. For the Redskin desires a foe he considers worthy of him, and the Little Men were but weaklings; all save Spark-of-Fire and his father, Red Flame.

Red Flame, though dwarfed and stunted like the rest of the Little Men, had been very brave. He had lost his life in a gallant attempt to drive off a troop of grizzlies who came down from the hills to ravage a field of grain; and when his comrades carried him back to his wigwam, mauled and torn, he laid his hand on Spark-of-Fire's tiny head, and bade him avenge his fate. Spark-of-Fire was a baby then, snugly tucked in a leather cradle in the shape of a big shoe, or moccasin, lined with silky down from the catkins. He looked like a wee brown bird in a cozy nest, and his black eyes sparkled as though he understood.

"He will never be as fine a man as thou art!" cried his weeping mother as she bent over the gasping figure on the rough skins at her feet; but in this she was wrong, though she did not live to learn her mistake. Ere Spark-of-Fire was many weeks older, she had joined her lord in the land of shadows, and the baby was left to his grandmother's care.

Much of her time she spent in chopping wood, and while she hacked at pine or conifer in the forest that fringed the plain, she hung Spark-of-Fire in his cradle from the branch of a sturdy vine, or on the point of a sharp rock, fastening a queer horn rattle to his side that he might play with it. But Spark-of-Fire would often drop this that he might stare at the sky, or watch the golden orioles flash here and there through the trees. While yet he was some moons distant from two years old, he would scamper off by himself to the bush, clad only in a scanty shirt, and there was not a creature in the forest whose haunts he did not know. His love for these little brothers and sisters was ever at war with his ambition; the childish toys which other lads cared for were not for him, and as soon as his fingers could grasp a bow it was seldom out of his hand.

"I will be a mighty hunter!" he would cry one day; but the next he would be lamenting over the fate of some jaunty cottontail which had fallen a victim to the Lynx. One morn he scolded her roundly for her craft in killing the pretty white hens he had helped to feed; in the dead of night she had swept the shingles from the top of the chicken-house, and, when the terrified birds poked their heads through the slats in its sides, dragged them out and devoured them.

"If I did not kill, how should I eat to live, little brother?" the Lynx inquired meekly; and Spark-of-Fire had naught to say, for he had recently shaped for himself some tiny arrows for his little bow, and already his aim was sure. When he was eight, he shot a gray goose on the wing, and though its weight was almost too much for him he dragged it back to his grandmother's lodge with the little arrow in it still.

"Thou art a son of thy father!" the old woman cried exultingly; and she called on her neighbors to rejoice at the lad's skill.

Things went ill with the Little Men in the days that followed, for the grizzlies came down from the mountains in greater numbers than ever, tramping down and destroying the grain they did not eat, and laying waste the orchards. In vain did the Little Men try to shoot them — their arrows were so small that they did but serve to enrage them, without doing serious hurt; and the great bears mocked them with regal scorn.

"The land is ours, and all that grows upon it, so we take what we will. Be thankful that we leave you what we do not want!" cried the insolent creatures; and now they went out of their way to kill and devour the Little Men themselves, descending upon their villages and breaking into their lodges.

In the gleam of the crackling fires at night, when the air round was fragrant with succotash, the savory stew of corn and beans in the black iron pots swinging over the flames, the Little Men squatted on the ground and vowed vengeance against their enemies. They spoke in whispers, for fear had entered their souls;

and they knew not which among them might be the bears' next victim.

Spark-of-Fire crept through the opening in the side of his grandmother's wigwam, and listened to what they said. And when the fires were

"I AM GOING TO KILL YOU, BIG BOSS"

smoldering embers, and all in the village were sleeping except himself, he crouched there still in the quiet starlight, pondering how he could kill the bears. The stars grew pale, and the eastern sky was barred with gold ere he turned on his side and slept.

While his grandmother pounded acorns that morning and poured much water over the meal that this might take away its bitterness, he fashioned one arrowhead after another, seeking to make one to his mind.

"What is that for?" she asked him curiously, as he held the last at arm's length from him, staring at it with twinkling eyes.

"To kill a bear!" he told her gravely; and the old woman dropped her flask and turned to him tremblingly.

"Speak not so rashly, child!" she cried. "Remember how your father and grandfather felt the death hug of a grizzly! If one should hear you, you would die too, for of mercy they have none. Play with your ball, Oh Spark-of-Fire, and leave savage beasts alone. Bears are too great for such a little fellow, and you are all I have."

But Spark-of-Fire went his own way, and that same noon, while she boasted of his daring to other old women of the tribe, he hurried off to a field where the bears came to feed on the ripening grain. Climbing a solitary tree, he selected the arrow which best pleased his fancy, placed his bow in position, and began to whistle. He was whistling still when the grizzlies came, a-hungry for their meal.

Big Boss, who helped to kill Red Flame and was not averse to eating his son, soon spied the boy in the tree. Sitting on his haunches beneath the boughs, he jokingly inquired of him what he was going to do.

"I am going to kill you, Big Boss," said Spark-of-Fire, "even as you killed my father."

At this the grizzly broke into a loud guffaw, opening his mouth so wide that his yawning throat was as a long, red lane ending nowhere.

"Ha, ha, ha," he laughed. "This little one means to kill me! Ha, ha, ha, ha!" And then, with a strangled cry, he rolled over; for Spark-of-Fire had shot an arrow straight down his throat, and the fiery dart silenced forever his boastful speech.

When he was sure that the great beast was dead, the boy climbed blithely down from the tree and the rest of the bears fled over the plains, to hide themselves in the mountains; for they were much afraid. Spark-of-Fire could not carry the bear's body back to his grandmother's wigwam, as he had done that of the goose, and when at nightfall he reached the village, and told what he had done, one and all of the Little Men made fun of him.

"He talks in his sleep!" they said to each other in scoffing tones. The eager soul of Spark-of-Fire grew so hot within him that he very nearly turned his arrows against his kindred, and his grandmother's faith in him was all that saved him from this folly.

"Peace!" she commanded, as they jeered at him still. "The son of Red Flame and the Spirit of Untruth are as far apart as the sun is from the darkness which reigns in the bowels of the earth! Go you and see what he has done; you will find it as he says."

Then Spark-of-Fire led them to where Big Boss lay dead, with the arrow which had slain him stuck fast in his cavernous throat. They could not but believe the evidence of their sight, and no praise they could make with their lips was too great for Spark-of-Fire. A great feast was held in his honor, and all through the night the Little Men danced and sang, with Spark-of-Fire standing in their midst. Well might they call him their deliverer, for neither in his time, nor in that of his children's children, did the bears molest them again. And not a word has been heard to pass their lips since Spark-of-Fire's tiny arrow stuck in Big Boss's throat.

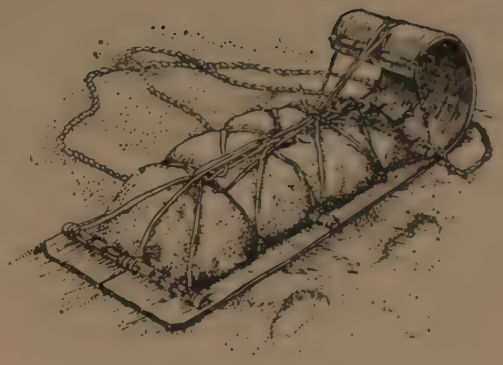
LITTLE SCAR FACE

HOW TEAM GOT HIS WIFE

IN a village by a lake dwelt a young warrior named Team. He had no kinsfolk except a sister who kept house for him. She was called the White Maiden.

No one had ever seen Team. The villagers could hear his footsteps as he went by, and they could see his tracks in the snow, but Team himself they never saw; he was invisible.

One day Team's sister called the village maidens to the council house. When all were come in and sat in a great circle in the council room, she said to them: "My brother Team wishes to marry. He is a young man and very rich, but he is invisible; no one can see him who is not gentle and good. Therefore, if any maiden can see him, he will have her for his wife."



INDIAN SLEDGE

The village maidens were all joyful when they heard this. They knew Team was young and rich. In her heart each hoped to have him for her husband.

Every evening, then, as the sun set, some of the maidens would go down by the lake to Team's wigwam. The White Maiden always invited them to come in, and they would sit and watch by the wigwam fire.

By and by, as they sat, they would hear footsteps. Then the door flap would open and someone would enter. But the maidens could never see anyone.

MOOSE

At the other end of the village, near the

bushes, lived an old man with his three daughters. The two elder were young women, but the youngest was only a girl.

The elder sisters were very unkind to the little girl. They made her do all the work and gave her only bones and scraps to eat.

But the eldest was the more unkind. Often, when she was angry, she would throw ashes and hot coals in her little sister's face. In this way the little girl's hair was burned and her face became marked and scarred. So the villagers named her little Scar Face.

MEDICINE BAG

Her father never knew how unkind her elder sisters were. In the evening, when he came home from his hunt, he would sometimes say to the little girl, "Why is it that your face is always scarred and burned?"

And before little Scar Face could answer, her eldest sister would say: "Father, it is because she goes near the fire and falls in. We tell her not to go there, but she will not obey us."

One day in winter, when the first snow lay on the ground, the eldest sister said: "Little Scar Face, bring me my shell beads and my moccasins. I am going to marry Team!"

Little Scar Face brought the beads and the moccasins and helped her sister put them on.

In the evening, as the sun set, the eldest sister went down by the lake to Team's wigwam. The White Maiden invited her to come inside.

By and by they heard footsteps. Outside the wigwam there was a sound as if someone was dragging a sledge through the snow. The White Maiden led little Scar Face's sister to the door and said to her, "Can you see my brother?"

"Yes, I can see him very well," she answered.

"Then tell me, of what is his sledge string made?" said the White Maiden.

And the other answered, "It is made of moose skin."

This made the White Maiden angry.

"No, it is not made of moose skin! You have not seen my brother. You must go away," she cried. And she drove little Scar Face's sister out of the wigwam.

The next day little Scar Face's second sister said to her: "Little Scar Face, bring me my shell beads and my moccasins. I am going to marry Team!"

INDIAN DOG

Little Scar Face brought the beads and the moccasins and her sister put them on.

In the evening, then, as the sun was setting, the second sister went down to Team's wigwam. The White Maiden invited her to come in.

By and by she, too, heard footsteps. Then the White Maiden said to her, "Can you see my brother?"

"Yes, I can see him very well," she answered.

"Of what is his sledge string made?" asked the White Maiden.

And the other answered, "It is made of deerskin."

At this the White Maiden became angry again.

"No, it is not made of deerskin! You have not seen my brother. You, too, must go away," she cried. And she drove the second sister out of the wigwam.

The next morning, while her two sisters sat and talked, little Scar Face worked very hard. She scoured the kettle and carried out the ashes and fetched a great pile of wood for the fire. Then she said to her two sisters: "Elder sisters, lend me your shell beads and your moccasins. I, too, should like to try to marry Team."

But her sisters laughed and mocked at the little girl. They would not lend her any moccasins. At last her second sister gave her some strings of beads that were very small.

In a corner of the wigwam far from the door little Scar Face found a pair of old moccasins that her father had thrown away. They were dry and hard and were too big for her. She soaked them in water to make them soft.

She had no pretty clothing to wear, but she made herself a queer little dress out of birch bark.

She looked very ugly with her scarred face and short hair. As she went through the village the dogs barked at her and the people laughed and called out:

"Oho! look at little Scar Face!
Oho! look at little Scar Face!"

But when she came to Team's wigwam the White Maiden spoke kindly to her.

"Come into the wigwam, little Scar Face," she said.

Little Scar Face went in and sat down. By and by she heard footsteps. Then the White Maiden led her to the door and said, "Little Scar Face, can you see my brother?"

"Yes, I can see him; and I am afraid, for he is wonderful," answered little Scar Face.

"Then tell me, of what is his sledge string made?" said the White Maiden.

"How wonderful! His sledge string is the rainbow," cried little Scar Face.

When Team heard this he smiled and said to his sister, "Elder sister, bathe little Scar Face's hair and eyes in the magic water."

And when she did so a wonderful thing happened. All the scars and burns faded away from the little girl's face. Her hair came out long and black. Her eyes were like two round stars.

The White Maiden then led her to the wife's seat beside the door.

Thus little Scar Face saw Team, and he had her for his wife.

WHY THE BABY SAYS "GOO"

THE TALE OF A CHIEF WHO BOASTED

IN a village near the mountains lived an Indian chief. He was a brave man and had fought in many battles. No one in the tribe had slain more enemies than he.

Strange folk were then in the land. Fierce ice giants came out of the North and carried away women and children. Wicked witches dwelt in caves, and in the mountains lived the Mikumwess, or magic little people.

But the chief feared none of them. He fought the ice giants and made them go back to their home in the North. Some of the witches he killed; others he drove from the land.

Everybody loved the chief. He was so brave and good that the villagers thought there was no one like him anywhere.

But when he had driven out all the giants the chief grew vain. He began to think himself the greatest warrior in the world.

"I can conquer anyone," he boasted.

Now it happened that a wise old woman lived in the village. When she heard what the great chief boasted, she smiled.

"Our chief *is* wonderful; but there is one who is mightier than he," she said.

The villagers told the chief what the wise woman had said. "Grandmother, who is this wonderful one?"

"His name is Wasis," she answered.

"And where is he, grandmother?" asked the chief.

"He is there," said the wise woman; and she pointed to a place in the wigwam.

The chief looked — and who do you think Wasis was? He was a plump little Indian Baby. In the middle of the floor he sat, crowing to himself and sucking a piece of maple sugar. He looked very sweet and contented.

Now the chief had no wife, and knew nothing about babies; but he thought, like all vain people, that he knew everything. He thought, of course, that the little Baby would obey him; so he smiled and said to little Wasis:

"Baby, come to me!"

But the Baby smiled back and went on sucking his maple sugar.

The chief was surprised. The villagers always did whatever he bade them. He could not understand why the little Baby did not obey him; but he smiled and said again to little Wasis:

"*Baby, come to me!*"

The little Baby smiled back and sucked his maple sugar as before.

The chief was astonished. No one had ever dared disobey him before. He grew angry. He frowned at little Wasis and roared out:

"BABY, COME TO ME!"

But little Wasis opened his mouth and burst out crying and screaming. The chief had never heard such awful sounds. Even the ice giants did not scream so terribly.

The chief was more and more astonished. He could not think why such a little Baby would not obey him.

"Wonderful!" he said. "All other men fear me; but this little Baby shouts back war cries. Perhaps I can overcome him with my magic."

He took out his medicine bag and shook it at the little Baby. He danced magic dances. He sang wonderful songs.

Little Wasis smiled and watched the chief with big, round eyes. He thought it all very funny. And all the time he sucked his maple sugar.

The chief danced until he was tired out; sweat ran down his face; red paint oozed over his cheeks and neck; the feathers in his scalp lock had fallen down.

At last he sat down. He was too tired to dance any longer.

"Did I not tell you that Wasis is mightier than you?" said the wise old woman. "No one is mightier than the Baby. He always rules the wigwam. Everybody loves him and obeys him."

"It is even so," sighed the chief, as he went out of the wigwam.

But as he went he could hear little Wasis talking to himself on the floor.

"Goo, goo, goo!" he crowed, as he sucked his maple sugar.

Now, when you hear the Baby saying "Goo, goo, goo," you will know what it means. It is his war cry. He is happy because he remembers the time when he frightened the chief in the wigwam of the wise old woman.

HOW THEY GOT FIRE AT PUGET SOUND

WHICH TELLS HOW ASPEN LEAF, THROUGH HER LOVE FOR HER SON, WON A GREAT BLESSING FOR HER TRIBE

MANY were the ways in which the Red Indians made fire before the white men crossed the borders of North America. Sometimes they obtained it by rubbing stones together, as our forefathers did in days gone by; others, such as the cliff dwellers, by whirling the pointed end of one stick into a rounded hollow in another, laid flat upon the ground.

But the Indians who lived in the basin of Puget Sound, a large inland sea on which pine and fir are transported to the coasts, had neither warmth nor light when the sun hid his face, and the night fell chill and drear. When the wind blew from the east in winter time, the temperature fell to below zero, and the very old and the very young did not live to see a new spring.

The year was at the fall when the tribe I speak of, gathering about the camp on their return from hunting, saw a lustrous bluebird with a

tail of wonderful fiery red poised over one of the wigwams. So fearless was she that she did not fly at their near approach, but looked at each man keenly with her golden eyes, as if to read his secrets.

"Where do you come from?" asked the bold Black Wolf, who was chief of the tribe.

"From a land where darkness is never known," replied the Bird; and, as she alighted on a wooden post, the air all round her grew balmy and warm, as if with the breath of summer. "I bring you the greatest blessing known to man, and that one among you who shall first obtain it, whether brave or squaw, must be truly deserving of such a gift."

The men laughed at the thought of a woman carrying off the prize; and their humble squaws, some of whom were busily pounding sun-dried meat into powder for pemmican, looked at each other and sighed. There was not much chance for them, they thought; for Black Wolf and their lords had told them oft that their services were of little worth.

"I will come to you again to-morrow," went on the bird, "and be sure that your 'chummicks'" — branches of pitch pine — "are ready to your hands, so that you may catch the light which shines from my tail. This is fire; it will warm you and make you glad, as naught else can do but the sun itself."

Then she flew away; but next day at noon she came down from a tall spruce; and not one of the tribe but tried to catch her save a squaw who tended her sick child.

As they rushed helter-skelter over the rocks, the beautiful Bird flew tantalizingly before them, now almost allowing a chummick to touch her gleaming tail, now darting aside or high above.

The braves pushed the squaws aside none too gently as they leaped over water holes and scrambled through bushes; but at the end of a long chase they were as far from catching her as when it had first begun.

The less persevering gave up the game, pretending to believe that the lustrous bluebird had nothing to give them after all; but Black Wolf and Golden Plume ran neck to neck when once more she flew back to the village. Black Wolf almost managed to touch her tail as she hovered for an instant above his head, but it just escaped his chummick.

"The honor of first obtaining fire is not for you," she cried, alighting some yards away from him. "You are a fine man — a very fine man indeed. But the one living creature you really love happens to be yourself, and thus no blessing can come through your hands, even though you are chief of the tribe."

INDIAN WITH PAINTED FACE

Then Golden Plume stealthily approached her from behind, but she whisked her tail away from him also.

"You cannot say that I am selfish, most beautiful Bird," he protested hotly; "for I love many, and am always ready to do a powerful neighbor a good turn."

"You are selfish, too," said the Bird gravely; "for you only give that you may get, while the gifts of true love are free."

And now she flew in a different direction, entering at last the door of the wigwam where Aspen Leaf nursed her little sick son, striving in vain to warm him against her breast.

"Pretty thing!" cried the mother wistfully, as the Fire Bird fluttered close to her shoulder, "won't you share with me your lovely fire, that my little one may have life?"

"Why should I?" the Bird inquired. "What have you done to merit it?"

"Nothing," sighed the woman. "But if my child may be warm and live, I am willing to go cold forever." And the light in her eyes told that she spoke the truth.

"You know how to love," said the Fire Bird tenderly, "and so all else is forgiven." Then with her bright and resplendent tail she hastened to kindle the bough of dry wood which the joyful woman held towards her.

That is how the Indians of Puget Sound first obtained the blessing of fire.

ARTHUR SEIZED THE HILT, AND INSTANTLY DREW FORTH THE SWORD

KNIGHTS WITH THEIR ESQUIRES AND PAGES SETTING OUT ON A QUEST

STORIES AND PLAYS OF KNIGHTS AND YEOMEN

KING ARTHUR AND THE TABLE ROUND

THE MINSTRELS' SONGS

[*The stories of King Arthur were first sung as ballads by Welsh minstrels, and they became so popular that they spread all over England. The stories are so mixed up with myths and folk tales that it is difficult to say what part of them are taken from things that really happened, but those who know best say that probably there never was such a king, nor such a Round Table. Here there is only space to tell of Arthur's life, but if you are wise you will get one of the many fine books in which you may read of the deeds of the Knights of the Round Table and of the search for the Holy Grail.*]

THE HEAD OF THE ROUND TABLE

MERLIN CARETH FOR THE CHILD ARTHUR

LONG years ago, there ruled over Britain a King called Uther Pendragon. A mighty prince was he, and feared by all men; yet, when he sought the love of the fair Igraine of Cornwall, she would have naught to do with him, so that, from grief and disappointment, Uther fell sick, and at last seemed like to die.

Now in those days, there lived a famous magician named Merlin, so powerful that he could change his form at will, or even make himself invisible; nor was there any place so remote but that he could reach it at once, merely by wishing himself there. One day, suddenly he stood at Uther's bedside, and said: "Sir King, I know thy grief, and am ready to help thee. Only promise to give me, at his birth, the son that shall be born to thee, and thou shalt have thy heart's desire." To this the King agreed joyfully, and Merlin kept his word, for he gave Uther the form of one whom Igraine had loved dearly, and so she took him willingly for her husband.

When the time had come that a child should be born to the King and Queen, Merlin appeared before Uther to remind him of his promise; and Uther swore it should be as he had said. Three days later, a prince was born and, with pomp and ceremony, was christened by the name of Arthur; but immediately thereafter the King commanded that the child should be carried to the postern gate, there to be given to the old man who would be found waiting without.

Not long after, Uther fell sick, and he knew that his end was come; so, by Merlin's advice,

he called together his knights and barons, and said to them: "My death draws near. I charge you, therefore, that ye obey my son even as ye have obeyed me; and my curse upon him if he claim not the crown when he is a man grown." Then the King turned his face to the wall and died.

Scarcely was Uther laid in his grave before disputes arose. Few of the nobles had seen Arthur or even heard of him, and not one of them would have been willing to be ruled by a child; rather, each thought himself fitted to be King, and, strengthening his own castle, made war on his neighbors until confusion alone was supreme and the poor groaned because there was none to help them.

Now when Merlin carried away Arthur — for Merlin was the old man who had stood at the postern gate — he had known all that would happen, and had taken the child to keep him safe from the fierce barons until he should be of age to rule wisely and well, and perform all the wonders prophesied of him. He gave the child to the care of the good knight Sir Ector to bring up with his son Kay, but revealed not to him that it was the son of Uther Pendragon that was given into his charge.

ARTHUR DRAWETH FORTH HIS SWORD

At last, when years had passed and Arthur was grown a tall youth well skilled in knightly exercises, Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury and advised him that he should call together at Christmas time all the chief men of the realm to the great cathedral in London; "For," said Merlin, "there shall be seen a great marvel by which it shall be made clear to all men who is the lawful King of this land." The Archbishop did as Merlin counseled. Under pain of a fearful curse, he bade barons and knights come to London to keep the feast, and to pray heaven to send peace to the realm.

The people hastened to obey the Archbishop's commands, and, from all sides, barons and knights came riding in to keep the birth feast of our Lord. And when they had prayed, and were coming forth from the cathedral, they saw a strange sight. There, in the open space before the church, stood, on a great stone, an anvil thrust through with a sword; and on the stone were written these words, "Whoso can draw forth this sword, is rightful King of Britain born."

At once there were fierce quarrels, each man clamoring to be the first to try his fortune, none doubting his own success. Then the Archbishop decreed that each should make the venture in turn, from the greatest baron to the least knight, and each in turn, having put forth his utmost strength, failed to move the sword one inch, and drew back ashamed. So the Archbishop dismissed the company, and, having appointed guards to watch over the stone, sent messengers through all the land to give word of great jousts to be held in London at Easter, when each knight could give proof of his skill and courage, and try whether the adventure of the sword was for him.

Among those who rode to London at Easter was the good Sir Ector, and with him his son, Sir Kay, newly made a knight, and the young Arthur. When the morning came that the jousts should begin, Sir Kay and Arthur mounted their horses and set out for the lists; but before they reached the field Kay looked and saw that he had left his sword behind. Immediately Arthur turned back to fetch it for him, only to find the house fast shut, for all were gone to view the tournament. Sore vexed was Arthur, fearing lest his brother Kay should lose his chance of gaining glory, till, of a sudden, he bethought him of the sword in the great anvil before the cathedral. Thither he rode with all speed, and, the guards having deserted their post to view the tournament, there was none to forbid him the adventure. He leaped from his horse, seized the hilt, and instantly drew forth the sword as easily as from a scabbard; then, mounting his horse and thinking no marvel of what he had done, he rode after his brother and handed him the weapon.

When Kay looked at it, he saw at once that it was the wondrous sword from the stone. In great joy he sought his father, and showing it to him said, "Then must I be King of Britain." But Sir Ector bade him say how he came by the sword, and, when Sir Kay told how Arthur had brought it to him, Sir Ector bent his knee to the boy, and said, "Sir, I perceive that ye are my King, and here I tender you my homage";

SIR GERAINT AND THE LADY ENID IN THE DESERTED ROMAN TOWN. FROM TENNYSON'S "GERAINT AND ENID."

and Kay did as his father. Then the three sought the Archbishop, to whom they related all that had happened; and he, much marveling, called the people together to the great stone, and bade Arthur thrust back the sword and draw it forth again in the presence of all, which he did with ease. But an angry murmur arose from the barons, who cried that what a

KING ARTHUR ASKS THE LADY OF THE LAKE FOR THE SWORD EXCALIBUR

boy could do, a man could do; so, at the Archbishop's word, the sword was put back, and each man, whether baron or knight, tried in his turn to draw it forth, and failed. Then, for the third time, Arthur drew forth the sword. Immediately there arose from the people a great shout: "Arthur is King! Arthur is King! We will have no King but Arthur"; and, though the great barons scowled and threatened, they fell on their knees before him while the Archbishop placed the crown upon his head, and swore to obey him faithfully as their lord and sovereign.

Thus Arthur was made King; and to all he did justice, righting wrongs and giving to all their dues. Nor was he forgetful of those that had been his friends; for Kay, whom he loved as a brother, he made Seneschal and chief of his household, and to Sir Ector, his foster father, he gave broad lands.

ARTHUR FIGHTETH FOR HIS KINGDOM

Thus Arthur was made King, but he had to fight for his own; for eleven great Kings drew together and refused to acknowledge him as their lord, and chief among the rebels was King Lot of Orkney, who had married Arthur's sister, Bellicent.

By Merlin's advice, Arthur sent for help overseas, to Ban and Bors, the two great Kings who ruled in Gaul. With their aid, he overthrew his foes in a great battle near the river Trent; and then he passed with them into their own lands and helped them drive out their enemies. So there was ever great friendship between Arthur and the Kings Ban and Bors, and all their kindred; and afterward some of the most famous Knights of the Round Table were of that kin.

Then King Arthur set himself to restore order throughout his kingdom. To all who would submit and amend their evil ways, he showed kindness; but those who persisted in oppression and wrong he removed, putting in their places others who would deal justly with the people. And because the land had become overrun with forest during the days of misrule, he cut roads through the thickets, that no longer wild beasts, and men fiercer than the beasts, should lurk in their gloom, to the harm of the weak and defenseless. Thus it came to pass that soon the peasant plowed his fields in safety, and, where had been wastes, men dwelt again in peace and prosperity.

Among the lesser Kings whom Arthur helped to rebuild their towns and restore order, was King Leodegrance of Cameliard. Now Leodegrance had one fair child, his daughter Guenevere; and, from the time that first he saw her, Arthur gave her all his love. So he sought counsel of Merlin, his chief adviser. Merlin heard the King sorrowfully, and he said: "Sir King, when a man's heart is set, he

may not change. Yet had it been well if ye had loved another."

So the King sent his knights to Leodegrance, to ask of him his daughter; and Leodegrance consented, rejoicing to wed her to so good and knightly a King. With great pomp, the princess was conducted to Canterbury, and there the King met her, and they two were wed by the Archbishop in the great cathedral, amid the rejoicings of the people.

THE ORDER OF THE ROUND TABLE

On that same day did Arthur found his Order of the Round Table, the fame of which was

SIR GALAHAD AT THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR

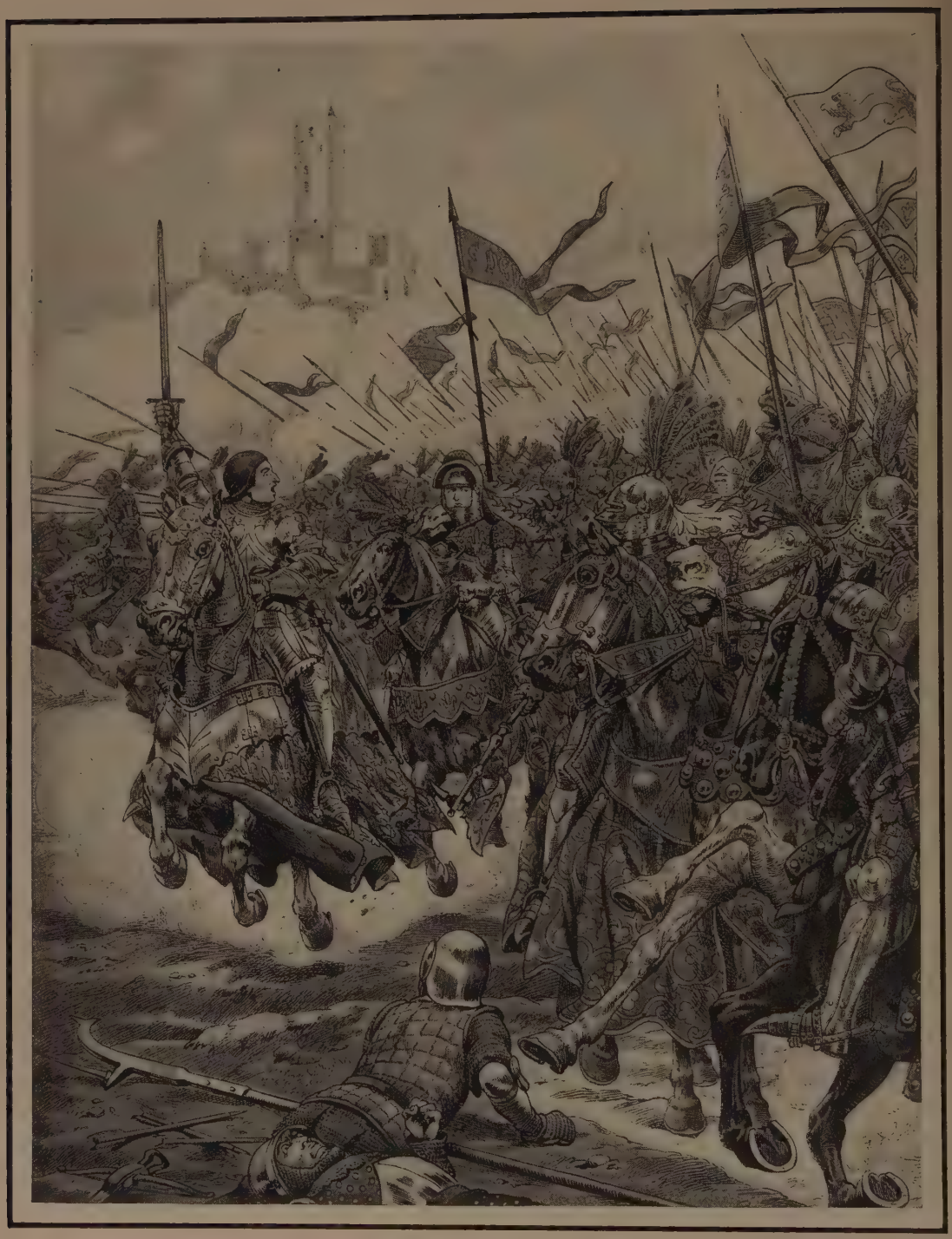
to spread throughout Christendom and endure through all time. Now the Round Table had been made for King Uther Pendragon by Merlin, who had meant thereby to set forth plainly to all men the roundness of the earth. After Uther died, King Leodegrance had possessed it; but, when Arthur was wed, he sent it to him as a gift, and great was the King's joy at receiving it. One hundred and fifty knights might take their places about it, and for them Merlin made sieges, or seats. One hundred and twenty-eight did Arthur knight at that great feast; thereafter, if any sieges were empty, at the high festival of Pentecost new knights were ordained to fill them, and by magic was the name of each knight found inscribed, in letters of gold, in his proper siege. One seat only long remained unoccupied, and that was the Siege Perilous. No knight might occupy it until the coming of Sir Galahad; for, without danger to his life, none might sit there who was not free from all stain of sin.

With pomp and ceremony did each knight take upon him the vows of true knighthood: to obey the King; to show mercy to all who asked it; to defend the weak; and for no worldly gain to fight in a wrongful cause: and all the knights rejoiced together, doing honor to Arthur and to his Queen. Then they rode forth to right the wrong and help the oppressed, and by their aid the King held his realm in peace, doing justice to all.

SIR LAUNCELOT DU LAC AND QUEEN GUENEVERE

Now, as time passed, King Arthur gathered into his Order of the Round Table knights whose peers shall never be found in any age; and foremost among them all was Sir Launcelot du Lac. Such was his strength that none against whom he laid lance in rest could keep the saddle, and no shield was proof against his sword dint; but for his courtesy even more than for his courage and strength, Sir Launcelot was famed far and near. Gentle he was and ever the first to rejoice in the renown of another; and in the jousts he would avoid encounter with the young and untried knight, letting him pass to gain glory if he might.

It would take a great book to record all the famous deeds of Sir Launcelot, and all his adventures. He was of Gaul, for his father, King Ban, ruled over Benwick; he was named Launcelot du Lac by the Lady of the Lake, who reared him when his mother died. Early he won renown; then, when there was peace in his own land, he passed into Britain, to Arthur's Court, where the King received him gladly, and made him Knight of the Round Table



THE AGE OF CHIVALRY

In those days the battles raged furiously, and personal valor counted for much. With a spirited leader, the fray was thrilling, and it was victory or death.

and took him for his trustiest friend. And so it was that, when Guenevere was to be brought to Canterbury, to be married to the King, Launcelot was chief of the knights sent to wait upon her, and of this came the sorrow of later days. For, from the moment he saw her, Sir Launcelot loved Guenevere, for her sake remaining wifeless all his days, and in all things being her faithful knight. But busybodies and mischief-makers spoke evil of Sir Launcelot and the Queen, and from their talk came the undoing of the King and the downfall of his great work. But that was after long years, and after many true knights had lived their lives, honoring the King and Queen and doing great deeds.

Before Merlin passed from the world of men, he had uttered many marvelous prophecies, and one that boded ill to King Arthur; for he foretold that, in the days to come, a son of Arthur's sister should stir up bitter war against the King, and at last a great battle should be fought, when many a brave knight should find his doom.

Now, among the nephews of Arthur, was one most dishonorable; his name was Mordred. No knightly deed had he ever done, and he hated to hear the good report of others because he himself was a coward and envious. But of all the Round Table there was none that Mordred hated more than Sir Launcelot du Lac, whom all true knights held in most honor; and not the less did Mordred hate Launcelot that he was the knight whom Queen Guenevere had in most esteem. So, at last, his jealous rage passing all bounds, he spoke evil of the Queen and of Launcelot, saying that they were traitors to the King. Now Sir Gawain and Sir Gareth, Mordred's brothers, refused to give ear to these slanders, holding that Sir Launcelot, in his knightly service of the Queen, did honor to King Arthur also; but by ill fortune another brother, Sir Agrivaine, had ill will to the Queen, and professed to believe Mordred's evil tales. So the two went to King Arthur with their ill stories.

Now when Arthur had heard them he was wroth; for never would he lightly believe evil of any, and Sir Launcelot was the knight whom he loved above all others. Sternly then he bade them begone and come no more to him with unproven tales against any, and, least of all, against Sir Launcelot and their lady, the Queen.

The two departed, but in their hearts was hatred against Launcelot and the Queen, more bitter than ever for the rebuke they had called down upon themselves.

Great was the King's grief. Despite all that Mordred could say, he was slow to doubt Sir Launcelot, whom he loved, but his mind was filled with forebodings; and well he knew that their kin would seek vengeance on Sir Launcelot, and the noble fellowship of the Round Table be utterly destroyed.

All too soon it proved even as the King had feared. Many were found to hold with Sir Mordred; some from envy of the honor and worship of the noble Sir Launcelot; and among them even were those who dared to raise their voice against the Queen herself, calling for judgment upon her as leagued with a traitor against the King, and as having caused the death of so many good knights. Now in those days the law was that if anyone were accused of treason by witnesses, or taken in the act, that one should die the death by burning, be it man or woman, knight or churl. So then the murmurs grew to a loud clamor that the law should have its course, and that King Arthur should pass sentence on the Queen. Then was the King's woe doubled; "For," said he, "I sit as King to be a rightful judge and keep all the law; wherefore I may not do battle for my own Queen, and now there is none other to help her." So a decree was issued that Queen Guenevere should be burnt at the stake outside the walls of Carlisle.

Forthwith, King Arthur sent for his nephew, Sir Gawain, and said to him, "Fair nephew, I give it in charge to you to see that all is done as has been decreed." But Sir Gawain answered boldly: "Sir King, never will I be present to see my lady the Queen die. It is of ill counsel that ye have consented to her death." Then the King bade Gawain send his two young brothers, Sir Gareth and Sir Gaheris, to receive his commands, and these he desired to attend the Queen to the place of execution. So Gareth made answer for both: "My Lord the King, we owe you obedience in all things, but know that it is sore against our wills that we obey you in this; nor will we appear in arms in the

place where that noble lady shall die"; then sorrowfully they mounted their horses and rode to Carlisle.

SIR LAUNCELOT RESCUETH THE QUEEN

When the day appointed had come, the Queen was led forth to a place without the walls of Carlisle, and there she was bound to the stake to be burnt to death. Loud were her ladies' lamentations, and many a lord was found to weep at that grievous sight of a Queen brought so low; yet was there none who dared come forward as her champion, lest he should be suspected of treason. As for Gareth and Gaheris, they could not bear the sight and stood with their faces covered in their mantles. Then, just as the torch was to be applied to the fagots, there was a sound as of many horses galloping, and the next instant a band of knights rushed upon the astonished throng, their leader cutting down all who crossed his path until he had reached the Queen, whom he lifted to his saddle and bore from the press. Then all men knew that it was Sir Launcelot, come knightly to rescue the Queen, and in their hearts they rejoiced. So with little hindrance they rode away, Sir Launcelot and all his kin with the Queen in their midst, till they came to the castle of the Joyous Garde, where they held the Queen in safety and all reverence.

At last Sir Launcelot desired of King Arthur assurance of liberty for the Queen, as also safe conduct for himself and his knights, that he might bring Dame Guenevere, with due honor, to the King at Carlisle; and thereto the King pledged his word.

So Launcelot set forth with the Queen, and behind them rode a hundred knights arrayed in green velvet, the housings of the horses of the same all studded with precious stones; thus they passed through the city of Carlisle, openly, in the sight of all, and there were many who rejoiced that the Queen was come again and Sir Launcelot with her, though they of Gawain's party scowled upon him.

When they were come into the great hall where Arthur sat, with Sir Gawain and other great lords about him, Sir Launcelot led Guenevere to the throne and both knelt before the King; then, rising, Sir Launcelot lifted the Queen to her feet, and thus he spoke to King Arthur, boldly and well before the whole court: "My lord, Sir Arthur, I bring you here your Queen, than whom no truer nor nobler lady ever lived; and here stand I, Sir Launcelot du Lac, ready to do battle with any that dare gainsay it"; and with these words Sir Launcelot turned and looked upon the lords and knights present in their places, but none would challenge him in that cause, not even Sir Gawain, for he had ever affirmed that Dame Guenevere was a true and honorable lady.

Then Sir Launcelot spoke again, "Now, my Lord Arthur, in my own defense it behooves me to say that never in aught have I been false to you."

"Peace," said the King to Sir Launcelot: "We give you fifteen days in which to leave this kingdom." Then Sir Launcelot sighed heavily and said, "Full well I see that nothing availeth me." Then he went to the Queen where she sat, and said: "Madam, the time is come when I must leave this fair realm that I have loved. Think well of me, I pray you, and send for me if ever there be aught in which a true knight may serve lady." Therewith he turned him about and, without greeting to any, passed through the hall, and with his faithful knights rode to the Joyous Garde, though ever thereafter, in memory of that sad day, he called it the Dolorous Garde.

SIR MORDRED USURPETH THE KINGDOM

In after times when the King had passed overseas to France, leaving Sir Mordred to rule Britain in his stead, there came messengers from Britain bearing letters for King Arthur; and more evil news than they brought might not well be, for they told how Sir Mordred had usurped his uncle's realm. First, he had caused it to be noised abroad that King Arthur was slain in battle with Sir Launcelot, and, since there be many ever ready to believe any idle rumor and eager for any change, it had been no hard task for Sir Mordred to call the lords to a Parliament and persuade them to make him King. But the Queen could not be brought to believe that her lord was dead, so she took refuge in the Tower of London from Sir Mordred's violence, nor was she to be induced to leave

THE MEETING OF THE KNIGHTS AT THE FORD

her strong refuge for aught that Mordred could promise or threaten.

Forthwith, King Arthur bade his host make ready to move, and when they had reached the coast, they embarked and made sail to reach Britain with all possible speed.

Sir Mordred, on his part, had heard of their sailing, and hasted to get together a great army. It was grievous to see how many a stout knight held by Mordred, aye, even many whom Arthur himself had raised to honor and fortune; for it is the nature of men to be fickle. Thus it was that, when Arthur drew near to Dover, he found Mordred with a mighty host, waiting to oppose his landing. Then there was a great sea fight, those of Mordred's party going out in boats, to board King Arthur's ships and slay him and his men or ever they should come to land. Right valiantly did King Arthur bear him, as was his wont, and boldly his followers fought in his cause, so that at last they drove off their enemies and landed at Dover in spite of Mordred and his array.

Now, by this time, many that Mordred had cheated by his lying reports, had drawn unto King Arthur, to whom at heart they had ever been loyal, knowing him for a true and noble King and hating themselves for having been deceived by such a false usurper as Sir Mordred.

One night, as King Arthur slept, he thought that Sir Gawain stood before him, looking just as he did in life, and said to him: "My uncle and my King, God in his great love has suffered me to come unto you, to warn you that in no wise ye fight on the morrow; for if ye do, ye shall be slain, and with you the most part of the people on both sides. Make ye, therefore, a treaty." Immediately, the King awoke and called to him the best and wisest of his knights. Then all were agreed that, on any terms whatsoever, a treaty should be made with Sir Mordred, even as Sir Gawain had said; and, with the dawn, messengers went to the camp of the enemy, to call Sir Mordred to a conference. So it was determined that the meeting should take place in the sight of both armies, in an open space between the two camps, and that King Arthur and Mordred should each be accompanied by fourteen knights. Little enough faith had either in the other; so, when they set forth to the meeting, they bade their hosts join battle if ever they saw a sword drawn.

Now as they talked, it befell that an adder, coming out of a bush hard by, stung a knight in the foot; and he, seeing the snake, drew his sword to kill it, and thought no harm thereby. But on the instant that the sword flashed, the trumpets blared on both sides and the two hosts rushed to battle. Never was there fought a fight of such enmity; for brother fought with brother, and comrade with comrade, and fiercely they cut and thrust, with many a bitter word between; while King Arthur himself, his heart hot within him, rode through and through the battle, seeking the traitor Mordred. So they fought all day, till at last the evening fell. Then Arthur, looking round him, saw of his valiant knights but two left, Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere, and these sore wounded; and there, over against him, by a great heap of the dead, stood Sir Mordred, the cause of all this ruin. Thereupon the King, his heart nigh broken with grief for the loss of his true knights, cried with a loud voice, "Traitor! now is thy doom upon thee!" and, with his spear gripped in both hands, he rushed upon Sir Mordred and smote him that the weapon stood out a fathom behind. And Sir Mordred knew that he had his death wound. With all the might that he had, he thrust him up the spear to the haft, and, with his sword, struck King Arthur upon the head, that the steel pierced the helmet and bit into the head; then Mordred fell back dead.

Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere went to the King where he lay, swooning from the blow, and bore him to a little chapel on the seashore. As they laid him on the ground, Sir Lucan fell dead beside the King, and Arthur, coming to himself, found but Sir Bedivere alive beside him.

ARTHUR RETURNETH THE SWORD EXCALIBUR

So King Arthur lay wounded to the death, grieving, not that his end was come, but for the desolation of his kingdom and the loss of his good knights. And, looking upon the body of Sir Lucan, he sighed and said: "Alas! true knight, dead for my sake! If I lived, I should ever grieve for thy death, but now mine own end draws nigh." Then, turning to Sir Bedivere, who stood sorrowing beside him, he said:

"Leave weeping now, for the time is short and much to do. Hereafter shalt thou weep if thou wilt. But take now my sword Excalibur, hasten to the waterside, and fling it into the deep. Then, watch what happens and bring me word thereof." "My Lord," said Sir Bedivere, "your command shall be obeyed"; and, taking the sword, he departed. But as he went on his way, he looked on the sword, how wondrously it was formed and the hilt all studded with precious stones; and, as he looked, he called to mind the marvel by which

SIR BEDIVERE CASTS THE SWORD EXCALIBUR INTO THE LAKE

it had come into the King's keeping. For on a certain day, as Arthur walked on the shore of a great lake, there had appeared above the surface of the water a hand brandishing a sword. On the instant, the King had leaped into a boat, and, rowing into the lake, had got the sword and brought it back to land. Then he had seen how, on one side the blade, was written, "Keep me," but on the other, "Throw me away," and, sore perplexed, he had shown it to Merlin, the great wizard, who said: "Keep it now. The time for casting away has not yet come." Thinking on this, it seemed to Bedivere that no good, but harm, must come of obeying the King's word; so, hiding the sword under a tree, he hastened back to the little chapel. Then said the King, "What saw'st thou?" "Sir," answered Bedivere, "I saw naught but the waves, heard naught but the wind." "That is untrue," said King Arthur; "I charge thee, as thou art true knight, go again and spare not to throw away the sword."

Sir Bedivere departed a second time, and his mind was to obey his lord; but when he took the sword in his hand, he thought, "Sin it is and shameful, to throw away so glorious a sword." Then, hiding it again, he hastened back to the King. "What saw'st thou?" said Sir Arthur. "Sir, I saw the water lap on the crags." Then spoke the King in great wrath: "Traitor and unkind! Twice hast thou betrayed me! Art dazzled by the splendor of the jewels, thou that, till now, hast ever been dear and true to me? Go yet again, but if thou fail me this time, I will arise, and, with mine own hands, slay thee."

Then Sir Bedivere left the King and, that time, he took the sword quickly from the place where he had hidden it, and, forbearing even to look upon it, he twisted the belt about it and flung it with all his force into the water. A wondrous sight he saw, for, as the sword touched the water, a hand rose from out the deep, caught it, brandished it thrice, and drew it beneath the surface.

ARTHUR PASSETH TO THE VALE OF AVILION

Sir Bedivere hastened back to the King and told him what he had seen. "It is well," said Arthur; "now, bear me to the water's edge; and hasten, I pray thee, for I have tarried over long and my wound has taken cold." So Sir Bedivere raised the King on his back and bore him tenderly to the lonely shore, where the lapping waves floated many an empty helmet and the fitful moonlight fell on the upturned faces of the dead. Scarce had they reached the shore when there hove in sight a barge, and on its deck stood three tall women, robed

all in black and wearing crowns on their heads.

"Place me in the barge," said the King; and softly Sir Bedivere lifted the King into it. And these three Queens wept sore over Arthur, and one took his head in her lap and chafed his hands, crying, "Alas! my brother, thou hast been overlong in coming and, I fear me, thy wound has taken cold." Then the barge began to move slowly from the land.

When Sir Bedivere saw this, he lifted up his voice and cried with a bitter cry: "Ah! my Lord Arthur, thou art taken from me! And I, whither shall I go?"

"Comfort thyself," said the King, "for in me is no comfort more. I pass to the Valley of Avilion, to heal me of my grievous wound. If thou seest me never again, pray for me."

So the barge floated away out of sight, and Sir Bedivere stood straining his eyes after it till it had vanished utterly. Then he turned him about and journeyed through the forest until, at daybreak, he reached a hermitage. Entering it, he prayed the holy hermit that he might abide with him, and there he spent the rest of his life in prayer and holy exercise.

"ONCE KING AND KING TO BE"

But of King Arthur is no more known. Some men, indeed, say that he is not dead, but abides in the happy Valley of Avilion until such time as his country's need is sorest, when he shall come again and deliver it. Others say that, of a truth, he is dead, and that, in the far West, his tomb may be seen, and written on it these words, "Here lies Arthur, once King and King to be."

THE VIGIL

When a knight was to take the solemn holy vows of the order of chivalry established in King Arthur's name, it was the custom for him to spend the previous night in prayer and fasting before the altar of the church. This all-night vigil is here pictured in a reproduction of a painting by John Pettie in the Tate Gallery, London.

LITTLE JOHN GIVES ROBIN HOOD A DUCKING AND WINS A FRIEND

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN

POPULAR BALLADS

[*The story of Robin Hood and his merry men has come down to us from the ballads sung by wandering minstrels, many years ago, before the time of printing. We know very little about the actual facts of his life, but his name is mentioned in some of the old legal records, and tradition has it that he was born in* 1160 *and died in* 1247, *so there is little doubt that there was once a real Robin Hood. The story of his life was worked into rude plays, which were acted before crowds of onlookers on an annual holiday set apart for him. He is the patron saint of archery, and will always be loved for his courage, his chivalry, and his championship of those who were too weak to champion themselves.*]

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD

HOW ROBIN BECAME AN OUTLAW

ON a fine May morning in the reign of King John I, a youth who went by the name of Robin Hood was walking through Sherwood Forest, when he came upon several of the king's foresters resting beneath a lofty oak. They laughed at Robin, taunting him for his youth, and saying that his bow was too large for such a lad. Just then a deer appeared some distance off, and one of the foresters dared Robin to aim at it. In an instant Robin raised his bow, fitted an arrow, loosed it from the string and the deer fell dead upon the path. At that a murmuring rose among the foresters, and they threatened to take Robin to Nottingham, where the Sheriff would surely hang him for slaying the king's deer. At that Robin fled, but as he ran the forester who had dared him called out an ugly jest about his luck at the shooting.

"I 'll show thee whether I shoot straight or not," cried Robin in a fury, and, taking swift aim, he shot the man in the forehead. Then was he forced to flee indeed, and he made for the depths of the wood, sick at heart because of what he had done that day.

Thus did Robin become an outlaw. Because of his prowess, both with the long-bow and the quarter-staff, he soon became the leader of the outlaws of the forest, and his fame spread, so that many who had suffered wrongs at the hands of grasping priests or unjust nobles came to Sherwood to join Robin and his merry men, and all the efforts made by the Sheriff of Nottingham to capture Robin came to naught.

ROBIN GAINETH HIS RIGHT-HAND MAN

One day, when Robin was alone in the wood, he came to a stream spanned by a bridge so narrow that only one man could cross at a time. From the other side came a tall stranger, and both set foot upon the bridge at the same time, and neither would give way to the other, so they entered upon a bout at quarter-staff, to see which would tumble the other into the stream. Quick and skilled as was Robin, the stranger was still more quick, and over went Robin into the stream. It was like then to go hard with him, for the stranger was angry, but Robin blew three blasts upon his horn, and out from the wood leaped his merry men.

"How now, Master," cried Will Stutely, a twinkle in his eye; "hast thou fallen into the stream?"

"Seize yon stranger and bind him," cried Robin, "for he hath well-nigh cracked my crown."

In an instant the foresters had the stranger fast, and would have ducked him, but Robin bade them stop, and begged the stranger to stay with them and be his right-hand man.

"Aye, that I will," said the stranger, "for well do I love thee."

"How art thou called?" asked Robin Hood.

"Men call me John Little," answered the stranger.

"That we will alter," cried Will Stutely. "Because he is full seven feet tall he shall be called Little John. Come, let us christen him!"

So they took that sweet pretty babe and clothed him all in Lincoln green, and christened him in good Malmsley, and he became Robin's right-hand man.

To all who joined the band did Robin set forth these rules: "Look that ye do no harm to any honest man, be he peasant or noble,

but if fat priests or haughty churchmen come your way let them not depart until you have taken full toll from them, and never forget that the Sheriff of Nottingham is our most bitter enemy."

THE BALLAD OF ROBIN HOOD, THE BUTCHER, AND THE SHERIFF

Upon a time it chanced so,
Bold Robin in forest did spy
A jolly butcher, with a bonny fine mare,
With his flesh to the market did hie.

"Good morrow, good fellow," said jolly Robin,
"What food hast thou? tell unto me;
Thy trade to me tell, and where thou dost dwell,
For I like well thy company."

The butcher he answer'd jolly Robin,
"No matter where I dwell;
For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham
I am going, my flesh to sell."

"What 's the price of thy flesh?" said jolly Robin,
"Come, tell it soon unto me;
And the price of thy mare, be she never so dear,
For a butcher fain would I be."

"The price of my flesh," the butcher replied,
"I soon will tell unto thee;
With my bonny mare, and they are not dear,
Four marks thou must give unto me."

"Four marks I will give thee," said jolly Robin,
"Four marks shall be thy fee;
The money come count, and let me mount,
For a butcher I fain would be."

Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,
His butcher's trade to begin;
With good intent to the Sheriff he went,
And there he took up his inn.

When other butchers did open their meat,
Bold Robin got gold and fee,
For he sold more meat for one penny
Than others did sell for three.

Which made the butchers of Nottingham
To study as they did stand,
Saying, "Surely he is some prodigal
That has sold his father's land."

"This is a mad blade," the butchers still said;
Said the Sheriff, "He is some prodigal,
That some land has sold for silver and gold,
And now he doth mean to spend all.

"Hast thou any horn-beasts," the Sheriff asked,
"Good fellow, to sell to me?"

"Yes, that I have, good Master Sheriff,
I have hundreds, two or three.

"And a hundred acres of good free land,
If you please it to see:
And I 'll make you as good assurance of it
As ever my father made me."

The Sheriff he saddled his good palfrey,
And with three hundred pounds of gold,
Away he went with bold Robin Hood,
His horned beasts to behold.

Away then the Sheriff and Robin did ride,
To the forest of merry Sherwood;
Then the Sheriff did say, "God keep us this day
From a man they call Robin Hood."

But when a little farther they came,
Bold Robin he chanced to spy
A hundred head of good red deer,
Come tripping the Sheriff full nigh.

"How like you my horn-beasts, good Master Sheriff?
They be fat and fair to see";
"I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,
For I like not thy company."

Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
And blew but blasts three;
Then quickly anon there came Little John,
And all his company.

"What is your will?" then said Little John,
"Good Master, come tell unto me";
"I have brought hither the Sheriff of Nottingham
This day to dine with thee."

Then Robin took his cloak from his back
And laid it upon the ground;
And out of the Sheriff's portmanteau
He took three hundred pound.

He then led the Sheriff through the wood,
And set him on his dapple gray;
"Commend Robin Hood to your wife at home,"
He said, and went laughing away.

ROBIN AIDETH ALAN-A-DALE

One day Robin and his men found a fair youth in the forest, mourning because his lady love, fair Ellen o' the Dale, was in three days to be wedded to Sir Stephen of Trent, and Sir Stephen's cousin, the Bishop of Hereford, an old enemy of Robin's, was to perform the ceremony.

Now this youth, Alan-a-Dale, was loved far and near because of the rare sweetness of his

singing, and Robin and his men were glad to help him win his lady; so they engaged in one of their merriest adventures, finding a stout priest, Friar Tuck, to aid them, surrounding the church when the bride was led to the altar, and seizing Sir Stephen, while Friar Tuck cried the banns from the organ loft. Then was the proud Bishop forced to marry Alan and Ellen, and to give to Ellen the rich gold chain that hung about his neck, and then all the company were allowed to go in peace. But Alan joined the band, which never lacked for sweet songs, and the jolly Tuck begged Robin to make him chaplain of the band—"for," said he, "well I wot ye have need of my services."

ROBIN SAVETH SIR RICHARD OF THE LEA

One day Little John went forth to the highway, to see if he could come across some knight or bishop to lead to a feast under the greenwood tree. He had not been long upon the road when he met a knight, mounted on a white charger. This knight seemed sunk in melancholy, for he rode slowly, his head bowed upon his breast. Unlike most of Robin's guests, he made no resistance when Little John turned his charger to lead him into the forest. It seemed not to matter to him where he went.

When they had come to the greenwood tree, Robin Hood gave the knight a fair greeting, asking him his name.

"I am called Sir Richard of the Lea," answered the knight, courteously.

"Welcome, Sir Richard, to our feast," said Robin, and while some of his men were preparing the feast others entertained the knight with bouts of wrestling and cudgel play, and then by such shooting that the knight seemed to forget his sorrows for the moment.

At the end of the feast, Robin, as was his custom, requested the knight for some recompense for his entertainment. If a guest gave to him readily and generously, Robin was used to let him go without further molesting, but if instead he refused to pay, then did Robin take from him all that he had, even to the chain about his neck.

"Alas," said Sir Richard, "I would gladly pay thee, but I have only ten shillings with me."

"I can scarce believe that so noble a knight can be so situate," quoth Robin, something sternly, and he bade his men search the saddlebags upon the white charger. They found but the ten shillings, as the knight had said.

"Sir Richard," said Robin, "thou art a true man of thy word. But, I prithee, how came you to such a pass? Perchance I may be of service to thee, since thou art a true Saxon knight, and no false Norman."

"I thank thee, good Robin," said the knight, smiling sadly, "but I fear that thou canst do nothing for me. But a little while agone I was possessed of four hundred pounds, and I and my lady were as happy as any in the land. But misfortune doth ever lie in wait for us, and three months past my son did slay a Norman knight in fair tournament. Had we not been Saxons, nothing would have been made of the matter, but thou knowest how the Normans do seize every chance to persecute us. Great outcry was made that the Norman was not fairly slain, and I was forced to pay such sums to save my son that I did have to pledge my lands to the Priory of Emmet. In the time of my prosperity I had many friends, but now they will have none of me, so that I have sought for help in vain. To-morrow is the day when I must pay four hundred pounds to the Prior of Emmet or forfeit my lands, and I have but these ten shillings."

"Now a pox on these Normans," cried Robin. "Would I had them here to teach them how to serve true Saxon knights. But that does not help thee, Sir Richard," he added. "Go, Little John, and bring four hundred pounds from the treasury, likewise a bale of good silk velvet and one of cloth of gold, that Sir Richard and his lady may be attired according to their rank."

At this the water stood in the knight's eyes, and he did not know how to thank his benefactor.

"In a twelvemonth will I come to pay thee, friend," he said, as Robin sent him forth, with twoscore merry men to serve him until he could regain his knightly retinue, and a gentle palfrey, richly caparisoned, for his good lady.

Thus did Sir Richard pay his debt to the Priory of Emmet, and twelve months later he came again to the greenwood tree, bringing with him the four hundred pounds, and a noble

TOP: LITTLE JOHN AND THE FORESTER. ROBIN HOOD PLAYS THE POTTER. BOTTOM: ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR. ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTALL FRIAR

TOP: ROBIN HOOD AND THE LADY. ROBIN AND HIS MEN KNEEL TO THE KING. BOTTOM: ROBIN THE FRIEND OF THE PEASANTS. ROBIN FIGHTS FALSE GUY OF GISBOURNE

present of tenscore good yew bows inlaid with silver, and tenscore quivers filled with arrows, and ever after was he a good friend to Robin and his band.

THE KING COMETH TO SHERWOOD FOREST

So far spread the fame of Robin Hood that Richard of the Lion Heart, who was now king, came on a visit to Nottingham, vowing that, since the Sheriff could not capture Robin, he would do it himself.

After he had been at Nottingham a day or two, he rode into the forest with some of his followers, all dressed as monks. As he had hoped, they had not ridden far when they were surrounded by a company of men clad from head to foot in Lincoln green, and led into the forest until they came to the greenwood tree, where Robin made them welcome, and bade some of his men prepare the feast, while others made good sport.

When they came to the shooting, a wand was set up with a garland upon it, and all who failed to shoot within the garland must stand up to receive a buffet on the ear from Robin Hood. At last it came Robin's turn, and, shooting carelessly, he missed.

"Now, good master, stand up that I may serve thee," cried Little John.

"Nay," quoth Robin, "rather will I let the monk here give the buffet," for Robin thought a monk would not be apt to have a strong arm.

At that the king stood up in his friar's robes, baring so mighty an arm that Robin repented him of his bargain. And so great was the buffet he received that he measured his length on the grass. But the monk's cowl had fallen back from his face as he gave the blow, and Robin knew him for the king, and, throwing himself at Richard's feet, begged for mercy for his band.

So pleased was the king with all that he had seen that he granted his pardon to the band, and made them his foresters.

ROBIN MEETETH GUY OF GISBOURNE

After King Richard died, King John, who liked not such free lances, set his Sheriff to capture Robin. The Sheriff, knowing well that he could not do it himself, hired Guy of Gisbourne, an outlaw famed for his evil deeds, to come and slay Robin Hood. He, coming to Sherwood, met Robin and gave him insult so that Robin drew his sword.

Then followed the fiercest fight that ever Sherwood saw. Once did Robin, jumping back from a hard stroke, slip on a pine root, but he turned the other's sword with his hand, and, leaping up before Guy of Gisbourne could recover from the stroke, he smote him twice, so that he fell dead upon the green sod. Thus did the fairest and the foulest of the outlaws of Merry England meet that day.

HOW ROBIN DIED BY TREACHERY

When he saw that the Sheriff of Nottingham could not take Robin, King John sent an army against him, and this army did Robin and his band beat back from Sherwood with great slaughter. Now, since first he had slain a man, Robin could not abide the killing of men, and he brooded upon those slain in the battle, though it had been done in fair fight. So long did he brood that a fever came upon him, and at length he determined to go to the nunnery near Kirklees, where his cousin was prioress, since she was skilled as a leech, and would bleed him. But she was desirous of currying favor with those in power, so she met Robin with fair words, and led him to a cell in the nunnery, where she opened a vein in his arm. Then she left him, bolting the door behind her. After the vein had bled for a time Robin felt a great weakness coming upon him, and he saw that he had been betrayed. Then he raised himself where he lay, and blew three feeble blasts upon his bugle. But Little John heard them, and came running and forced his way into Robin's cell. When he saw that his master was beyond help, he would have burned the nunnery to the ground. But Robin turned him from his purpose, for never while he had been leader had one of the band harmed a woman. Then he bade Little John hold him up before the window, and he shot his last arrow, and where that arrow fell did his men bury him.

Thus died Robin Hood with mercy in his heart towards those who had betrayed him, as he had been merciful all his life towards those who were weaker than himself.

TOP: THE BLACK ARROW; ROBIN HOOD'S SIGNAL. LITTLE JOHN AND THE KNIGHT. BOTTOM: RESCUE OF WILL STUTELY. CAPTURING THE ABBOT OF SAINT MARIE'S

From a painting by Watts

SIR GALAHAD

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

IN THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR[1]

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

Characters

KING ARTHUR
SIR LANCELOT
SIR GERAINT
THREE CHAMBERLAINS
TWO PLAYERS, *taking the parts of* HUGH AND SALADIN
Other knights in audience room
SIR KAY
SIR BORS
A PAGE

[KING ARTHUR *seated at head, all the knights about. Knocking heard without. Exit Page; returns.*]

PAGE. Sir Kay, a man at the door desireth speech with thee.

[*Exit Sir Kay; returns.*]

SIR KAY. My lord king, a band of strolling players at the door crave audience. They desire to present before this company a play of chivalry, which they declare to be pleasant and joyous, full of goodly teaching and excellent adventure.

KING (*turning to knights*). Ye have heard this request. What is your pleasure? Shall we admit these players and pass away an hour in listening to their tale?

SIR LANCELOT. A joyous jest with goodly teaching interspersed. Fair Sire, it soundeth well.

SIR BORS. Aye, aye, it soundeth well.

SIR GERAINT. An it tell of arms and chivalry, 't will well please me.

KING. And me as well. Sir Kay, bring these men into our presence.

[1] The three plays which follow are by Marion Florence Lansing.

[*Exit Sir Kay, returning with Player in long cloak with hat in hand. He kneels and does homage to the King, then rises.*]

PLAYER. Most noble king, and all ye members of the Table Round in council here assembled, I thank you for your courtesy. If it please you, I will here, with others of my band, act forth a tale of long ago, in the days when chivalry was being tested in every land and was ever victorious. In faith, it is a goodly play, and hath given pleasure to many an audience. Therefore I crave your permission.

KING. It is given. Proceed.

[*Exit Player; returns, having thrown off his cloak, clad in armor, accompanied by companion. Knights draw back, leaving space for the two.*]

PLAYER. Noble king and knights of the Round Table, ye see me here in guise of one Sir Hugh of Tabarie, a gallant knight of chivalry, who lived in the time of the crusades, and fared forth therefore to Jerusalem, where he was made king of that city to defend it from the Moslems. And this, my companion, he taketh the part of Saladin, a king well known to all, a right great lord and a full loyal Saracen, who ruled that land in paynimry, a cruel lord, who oft did great harm to our folk through pride of heart and evil will. A battle hath befallen, and Sir Hugh hath come into the hands of Saladin. Six days he hath been a prisoner, and now Saladin hath ordered him brought into his presence. Here beginneth our jest.

SALADIN. By Mahomet, I am glad of thy taking, Hugh; and now I promise thee one thing — 't was settled in the council of all the Moslem kings but yester eve — either thou shalt die at our hands or thou shalt buy thy life and freedom with great ransom.

HUGH. Since you give me my choice, I will take the ransom, provided I have the wherewithal to pay.

SALADIN. Yea, thou shalt give over to the council of the kings one hundred thousand besants.

HUGH. Ha, Sir, that could I not do if I were to sell my lands and offer all my goods.

SALADIN. 'T is pity, for thou wouldst do well to save thy life, and only thus may it be saved. The treasury must see one hundred thousand gold besants or ever thou goest free.

HUGH. But by what means, Sire? Here I be prisoner.

SALADIN. I have heard oft of the fellowship of Christians; how high they prize each other, and especially if they be knights. Thou art a valiant man, of great hardihood and mighty chivalry. Would thy lords gainsay thee a gift to buy thee back? Surely no man of heart would refuse a few besants to save thee from the cruel fate of death.

HUGH (*proudly*). 'T is not for lack of heart, Sir King, my fellow-knights would fail to buy me back. 'T will be, if it be so, for lack of gold, of which ye heathen seem to have no lack, though of that heart of which ye speak ye seem to have but little. If the lords of the Moslems will permit, I will send messages to the Christian knights at once.

SALADIN. Aye, I have sent that word in message yester eve that we may see how high they prize thee. But now, since thou must bide here for a time, I have a request to make of thee.

HUGH. It is not custom to make requests of prisoners — rather to give commands.

SALADIN. Ah, Hugh, I love thy pride, and I did somewhat test thee to prove thou wouldst not cringe even at fear of death. But that is past. I pray thee lay aside hard thoughts, for I have somewhat to ask thee.

HUGH. I gladly answer to thy courtesy, Saladin.

SALADIN. Hugh, by the faith ye owe to the God of your law, make me wise, for I am fain to know all of the ORDER OF CHIVALRY, and how knights are made.

HUGH. Faith, Sir, this I may not do.

SALADIN. And why?

HUGH. I will tell thee. The holy order of knighthood would be to thee of no good, for thou holdest an evil law and a false faith, and to cover such with the cloak of knighthood would be as if to throw a web of silk over an evil-smelling pile. It were no good. No man could compass it. And if it were possible, yet would I not dare to do it, for sore blame would rest on me for the deed.

SALADIN. Not so, Hugh. No blame will be

thine, for thou art my prisoner, and what I command thee thou must do, however little thou likest it.

HUGH. Sir, if I must do this thing, and no refusal will avail, do it I will without further talk.

HUGH (*as Player, turning from Saladin to the king and audience*). So now, gentle lords, Sir Hugh did perform such acts as were needful in the preparation of a knight in those days, showing Saladin all that would be done. He made him dress his hair as became a Christian. He made him enter a bath, and when the Saracen asked him what that might signify he told him, even as we shall show you now. (*Turns back to Saladin.*)

SALADIN. And what does this bath signify?

HUGH. It meaneth that ye ought to come forth from it, even as a new-born child, pure, free from all felony, and fulfilled of courtesy. In honesty and in good will and kindness shouldst thou bathe, and come forth in kindliness to all the world.

SALADIN. By God, this beginning is most beautiful.

HUGH. Then must thou be clothed in white, even as I now clothe thee. Take not this thing lightly, for these white garments that cover your body give you to understand that even as you have been made clean of all guilt, so every knight should study to keep himself clean and stainless.

SALADIN. It is good teaching.

HUGH. Now give I thee this scarlet robe.

SALADIN. I marvel much. Wherefore this garment?

HUGH. This robe betokeneth that you must hold you ready to shed your blood for the defense of the holy church, that it be wronged of no man; for so it belongeth to a knight to do if he would fain please God; this I give you to understand by the scarlet color.

SALADIN. Hugh, much I marvel and admire.

HUGH. Now do I put upon your feet black footgear. This should remind you to hold death ever in remembrance, for ye walk ever towards death. So remember the earth from which you came and to which you must return, guarding yourself thus that ye fall not into pride; for pride should not hold sway over a knight, nor have any place within him; but he should seek simplicity in all things.

SALADIN. All this is right good to hear, and rejoiceth me much.

HUGH. Rise now, and I will gird thee. (*Puts on belt, a white girdle.*) Sir, by this girdle you are to know that you shall keep your flesh clean, and look steadfastly to hold thy body pure, "for ever loveth knightly man to hold his body free from stain."

SENTINELS AT THE COURT

HUGH (*putting on spurs*).

"Take thou these spurs,
And ever bear this in mind,
That as thou wouldst have thy steed mind thee,
That he prompt and docile and obedient be,
So shall thy vows thee bind."

So readeth the book of knighthood, and likewise, as your horse is eager for the race and turns quickly when ye smite him, so shall these show you are eager to serve God all your life.

SALADIN. I am well pleased with that.

HUGH (*giving him a sword*). I give thee this sword to guard against the attack of the foe. It is two-edged as you see, which giveth you to understand that always should the knight have justice and loyalty; which is to say,

"To guard the poor folk of the land
Against the rich man's heavy hand,
And feeble people to uphold,
'Gainst shaming by the strong and bold."

Such is the work of mercy.

SALADIN. With all that thou hast said thus far, I can agree with my whole heart. Such precepts gladly would I follow. Is there no more to be done?

HUGH. Yes, Sire, but this one thing I dare not do.

SALADIN. And what may it be?

HUGH. 'T is to give the accolade, the stroke which maketh a man a knight.

SALADIN. And what does it betoken, this stroke which thou hast not given me?

HUGH. Sire, it is the reminder of the knight who brought the man to the altar and invested him with his gear and ordained him knight. But I will never give it to you, if I lie in prison here forever. Though I be in prison, I will not do foul or ugly deed. By me that stroke shall not be laid.

SALADIN. Sir Hugh, I thank thee for what thou hast done for me. It was well, and I have great joy in it. Now I will call my chamberlains and councilors. (*Claps his hands. They enter. Six men in Moslem garb seat themselves. Saladin seats himself at their head in great chair; Hugh, prisoner, sits at his feet.*) Sit not there, Sir Hugh, but here beside me. (*Takes his hand and seats him in chair beside him.*) Sir Hugh, and ye my chamberlains, know that this is a man to whom I would do honor. He is a man of valor and worth beyond any I have seen. Therefore in the hearing of these my men I make this promise. Let all take heed. Sir Hugh, if any of thy people are taken in pitched battle or fray, if thou dost come and plead for them, they shall go their way. Thou shalt ride through my land peacefully, thy helmet hung on thy palfrey's neck, that no man shall do thee hurt.

HUGH. Gramercy, sir. This deed deserveth good thanks, but dost thou forget that I am a prisoner?

SALADIN. Such as thou, Sir Hugh, can never be a prisoner long. By Mahomet, it would not take a Christian heart to know that. Any man of worth and spirit, even such as I have heard your knights to be, and such as there are many in every faith and of every tongue in this world, would give his help that thou shouldst not die for a paltry sum of gold.

HUGH (*springing to his feet, and going to kneel before Saladin*). Then, Saladin, I come to thee, most noble man of the Moslem faith that ever I have seen. If such a plight as mine must touch the heart of any man, it must touch thine. Thou hast told me to beg my ransom. I beg it of thee.

SALADIN. But it is not mine to gainsay. The company of Moslem kings have sworn that one hundred thousand besants must go into the treasury ere thou go free, and that vow will not be broken. I am but one of them.

HUGH. Nay, Saladin, I ask thee not to break a vow with thy kings. I ask thee to help me make up my ransom by giving me gold. So didst thou tell me to ask of every worthy man, and thou art the worthiest I have met.

SALADIN (*throws back his head and laughs merrily*). By Mahomet, thou art as shrewd as thou art brave. I am trapped in my own words. (*Brings forth bag and pours into Hugh's cloak, which he holds up, fifty thousand besants.*) Thou shalt not fail of thy life through me. Now I will tell thee what to do. These chamberlains are rich men, I know, for I have made them so. (*Laughs.*) Thou and I will go to them and beg them to help ransom thee, for I swear to thee they too are worthy men, and thou shalt see that it is not only among the Christians thou dost find men of heart.

[*Saladin comes down from his chair, takes Hugh's hand, and together they go and kneel down before each chamberlain.*]

SALADIN. Lords, give us wherewith to help ransom from the council of kings this high prince.

CHAMBERLAIN I. In faith it were a pity that so gallant a knight should die. Gladly I give thee ten thousand besants.

CHAMBERLAIN II (*sullenly*). This business I do not understand. (*Glances fearfully at Sala-*

A TOURNAMENT BEFORE A ROYAL AUDIENCE

din, who looks sharply at him.) But I give thee a thousand pieces.

CHAMBERLAIN III. Thou shalt never say the Moslems have not generous, pitying hearts. (*Gives remainder.*)

HUGH. Gallant sirs, I thank thee. In the Christian camp will I tell of your kindness; nor ever shall I forget it while I live. Nay, more than this, it shall be sung by minstrels and harpers until long after I am gone. The tale shall be told, and men shall remember as long as chivalry abides, and shall talk of the noble deed of Saladin and his lords.

[*They bow and retire.*]

Curtain

THE KNIGHTING OF PERCEVAL

A CHIVALRY PLAY IN FIVE SCENES

Characters

PERCEVAL	TWO PAGES
GAWAIN	THREE OTHER KNIGHTS
KAY	SENTINEL
ARTHUR	HERALD
PERCEVAL'S MOTHER	FOOL
A LADY	

SCENE I

Characters: PERCEVAL, GAWAIN, KAY, and another knight.

[*In the forest. Perceval standing alone, a lad clad in goatskin garments and cap, and holding a long, light wooden spear.*]

PERCEVAL. How strange it is that the great God of heaven, who has all power, as my mother has so often told me, should have

made this beautiful world and have put no one in it but my mother and me and the creatures — the goats, and the deer, and the birds, and the squirrels. If He is so wonderful I should think He would have others like us to enjoy this world and to live together in it. (*A clanking of armor is heard in the distance.*) Hark! what is that? I never heard a sound like that in the forest before.

[*The clanking becomes louder, and steps can be heard as men come nearer. Enter three knights clad in armor. For a moment they do not notice Perceval.*]

PERCEVAL. What are they? They must be the God of whom my mother has told me. She thought there was but one, but here are three. Surely they are more beautiful than anything else in the world. Ah! they see me. I will pray to them, as my mother has taught me. (*Kneels.*) Great God who dwells in Heaven —

GAWAIN. My son, who art thou, and what wilt thou?

PERCEVAL. Son am I to my mother who dwelleth in the forest. Tell me which one of you all three is the great God of whom my mother has told me?

GAWAIN. Nay, nay, my lad, hold us not to be gods. We are only knights. Kneel not before us.

PERCEVAL (*rising*). And what manner of beast may knight be? For of it I have never heard. Where doth it dwell?

KAY (*rudely*). Hear now, did you ever listen to the like of that? He calls us beasts.

OTHER KNIGHT. But is he not a wondrous comely lad? This is a strange matter.

GAWAIN. Of a faith, my lad, I will tell thee truly what a knight is. It is a beast that is strong and powerful and mighty above all other beasts, be they man or giant or dragon. It dwelleth in city and court and highway, wherever fair adventure may be found and brave service done.

PERCEVAL. Tell me, Knight-Beast, what dost thou bear on thy head? And what is that which hangeth at thy neck? It is red and shineth in the sun.

GAWAIN. That which I wear on my head is a helmet made of steel, and this that hangeth from my neck is a shield.

PERCEVAL. But of what use is it?

GAWAIN. It is to ward off the blow of a sword or lance. But tell me, lad, didst thou never see a man in armor?

PERCEVAL. Nay, kind sir, never; but I pray thee by thy courtesy, tell me yet one thing more. With what hast thou clad thyself? It seemeth to be of many tiny rings.

KAY. Come, come, Gawain, how long are you going to stop here parleying with a child? Have you forgotten that we are on a quest?

OTHER KNIGHT. Nay, let us see this matter through.

GAWAIN. There is no haste, Kay, and courtesy demandeth that we answer the lad's questions.

KAY. Courtesy — dost talk of showing courtesy — to a fool?

GAWAIN (*sharply*). Peace, Kay, didst leave thy manners at King Arthur's court? If the lad were a fool, it would be no excuse to you, and unless I mistake me much, this is no fool. I have not seen lads grow up in Arthur's court these many years without knowing a true face and manner. (*Turning back to Perceval.*) I pray your pardon, lad. What was it you asked me?

PERCEVAL. Thy coat, with the many rings?

GAWAIN. It is a coat of mail. So closely are these rings woven together that the point of a sword cannot pierce between and wound me.

PERCEVAL. And what hast thou at thy side? Tell me, if thou wilt.

GAWAIN. That is the sword, which is the badge of knighthood. It is to work against all those who are doing evil in this world; for remember this, my son, the sword of King Arthur is not given for idle combat, but to be wielded in worthy causes — and woe betide the faithless knight that useth it amiss.

PERCEVAL. Knight-Beast —

KAY. Knight-Beast! hear him calling Gawain, next knight in honor to Arthur himself, *Beast.* 'T will make a good tale at court.

OTHER KNIGHT. Kay, Kay, will you never learn to hold your peace?

PERCEVAL. Knight-Beast, could I also become a knight, for I too am a man?

GAWAIN. Look at me, lad, and heed what I ask as if I were indeed thy God. Wilt thou

PERCEVAL MEETING THE KNIGHTS

be brave and valiant, and never turn back from an enemy?

PERCEVAL. I will.

GAWAIN. Wilt thou flee all wrong as if it were a plague, and follow ever after purity, temperance, and reverence?

PERCEVAL. I will.

GAWAIN. Of a truth I believe thou wilt, for I never saw fairer lad, nor more honest.

PERCEVAL. But how shall I become a knight?

GAWAIN. A noble king, Arthur, rules in this land. He is the best knight in the realm, and is head over all knights. By him canst thou be made knight, if he will receive thee. But first thou must go to thy mother and ask her if thou mayest. I must away now with my brother knights. Farewell, lad.

PERCEVAL. Farewell, Sir Knight-Beast.

[*The three go off, Gawain first. Perceval stands watching them out of sight.*]

Curtain

SCENE II

Characters: PERCEVAL and his MOTHER.

[*In the forest. Perceval's mother is on the stage, walking as if looking for someone. Enter Perceval, almost running.*]

MOTHER. My son, where have you been? It is late. I was anxious, and have come in search of you.

PERCEVAL. O mother! I have seen such a sight.

MOTHER. Come here, what is it? Are you ill?

PERCEVAL. Nay, mother, I am not ill. But I have been in the forest and seen a fair, fair sight.

MOTHER. What was it?

PERCEVAL. It was a man. There are other men in the world, mother, besides thee and me. Didst thou know it? Thou didst never tell me. This man was more beautiful than anything I have ever seen. At first I thought him God, but he told me that he was a knight, and there were two other knights with him. And, mother, I would fain be a knight too, and I must go to King Arthur's court.

MOTHER. Alas, my son! Long have I labored and much have I striven that thou shouldst know naught of knighthood or of chivalry or of aught that belongeth to the world of arms. I would choose that thou hadst never heard of it.

PERCEVAL. But why, mother? why should I not be a knight?

MOTHER. Thy father was a knight, the greatest knight of his time, but he was slain; and so were my brothers and my father, till I was alone save for thee. Therefore I came away into this forest, resolving that thou shouldst know nothing of the world of arms where men are ever busy with fighting.

PERCEVAL. Was my father a knight? Then mother, sweet mother, may not I go to-day and be a knight?

MOTHER. Son, thou art all the comfort I have. God hath left me nothing more, but with thee I was content.

PERCEVAL. But I must be a knight. I tell thee if I may not, thou shalt have little joy of me hereafter.

MOTHER. It is true. Thy heart is no longer here, even if thy body is. Sit here by me a moment, lad, and let me tell thee what thou shalt do to be a knight, for thou knowest little enough of hall or bower though I have taught thee with all faithfulness the knightly virtues. Hearken now to these three things which I tell thee. When thou meetest a knight doff thy hood, for so wilt thou show proper respect. That is the first thing thou must do. Then, honor thy king and give to him such service and obedience as thou hast given me. And the third thing is this. Always show courtesy to a lady. If thou findest anywhere, be it far or near, a lady who is in need, succor her even to the measure of thy life. If thou doest these three things, thou wilt not go far amiss in Arthur's court.

PERCEVAL. I will remember, mother. And now let us away home, for I must get something to eat and be off to the court of the king.

Curtain

SCENE III

Leading characters: KING ARTHUR, PERCEVAL, KAY, A LADY, HER PAGE, A SENTINEL, A FOOL; two or three other knights are about.

[*In King Arthur's court. King Arthur and his knights are seated. A sentinel is at the door. Knocking.*]

SENTINEL. Who goes there?

PERCEVAL. Is this King Arthur's court?

SENTINEL (*throwing open the door*). It is. What wouldst thou?

PERCEVAL. I would see the king.

SENTINEL. I will go tell him.

PERCEVAL. And I with thee, for I am in haste to become a knight.

SENTINEL. A knight! Thou seemest to think it a simple matter!

PERCEVAL. Art thou a knight?

SENTINEL. Nay, I am but an esquire.

PERCEVAL. Ah, then I need not doff my hood to thee.

SENTINEL. What is that?

PERCEVAL. My mother told me I must doff my hood to a knight to show proper respect — but come, take me to the king.

[*He starts and the sentinel has to go with him. The two stand before Arthur.*]

SENTINEL. Sir King, this lad would not be gainsaid. I tried to make him wait while I brought you word of him, but —

PERCEVAL. Art thou King Arthur?

ARTHUR. I am.

PERCEVAL (*kneeling and doffing hood*). Wilt thou make me a knight?

ARTHUR. Rise, lad, and tell me of thyself. Who art thou, and whence dost thou come?

[*Sentinel salutes and returns to his post.*]

PERCEVAL. From the great forest I come. My mother bade me not tell my name, but ask thee to prove me whether I be of noble blood or not. But I would be one of thy knights.

ARTHUR. What knowest thou of knighthood, my son?

PERCEVAL. Naught know I, save what I learned from one of thy own fair knights whom I met in the forest.

[*Enter Kay.*]

KAY. Sir Pendragon, the table is spread for thee to sit down to meat. Ha! 't is the fool! He came right quick.

ARTHUR. Knowest thou this lad?

KAY. Aye, we met him but the other day in the forest at the other side of the kingdom. Thou knowest I set forth with Gawain, and then Gawain decided to go a longer quest, and I returned. Gawain talked with this lad, and kept us waiting an endless time.

ARTHUR. Sit thee down, yonder, lad, for thou hast come a long journey. Thou shalt eat with us, and afterwards I will tell thee what I can do for thee, for thou must learn many things before thou canst be a knight. (*To Kay.*) Thou sayest that the table is spread. Thou knowest that it is my custom not to sit down to meat until I have heard some adventure or till some stranger knight or distressed damsel has given challenge or sought help from the knights of the Round Table.

KAY. I will go, my lord, and look from the tower and see if anyone is approaching.

ARTHUR. It is well spoken.

[*Exit Kay. He returns in a moment, smiling.*]

KAY. Sir Pendragon, adventure is not far to seek. Our meats will not get cold for waiting to-day. A lady is at our very doors. Ah me! there will be sore hearts and sore heads over her. Our gracious queen and ladies of the castle may well take heed lest they lose their laurels. Such an one was never seen in our court.

ARTHUR. A most ungracious speech, Sir Kay, and it is well for thee that none of the ladies are here to hear it.

KAY. Ah, but wait till you see her, my lord.

[*Knocking. The sentinel steps out and shuts the door behind him. He returns in a moment (during which those in the court have been able to hear a murmur of voices) and comes before the king. He is evidently trying very hard to make his report without laughing.*]

SENTINEL. Sir Pendragon, a-a-a lady (*stops and chuckles, then brings it out with a rush*) a lady is without and desires speech with thee.

ARTHUR. Bring her into our presence.

[*Sentinel goes out, and returns accompanied by a lady and her page. She is richly dressed, but has a terribly ugly, twisted face (effect to be got by a mask). She is preceded by the page, who steps before the king, salutes, and speaks.*]

PAGE. Most noble King Arthur, my fair mistress has come to ask a boon of thee.

FOOL. Thy fair mistress! Are there more like her where you come from? There will not be many knights left in Arthur's court if

A WILD MAN BURSTING INTO A FRENCH TOURNEY

there are damsels like that to be found anywhere.

KAY. I told thee such an one was never seen in court. I should think her page would hesitate to bring her to the court for fear she be taken from him.

ARTHUR. Be silent. This is no time for jesting.

KAY. Is it so? I never saw a better.

ARTHUR. Welcome, madam, to our court. Is there any way in which we can serve you? At least you will stay and sit at meat with us.

LADY. A boon, a boon, Sir King. Long have I heard of the bravery *and the courtesy* of your knights.

FOOL (*aside*). She is no simpleton, for all her ugly face. She is a lady and gives us a well-deserved rebuke as a lady should.

LADY. And of how no distressed damsel is ever turned away unaided from your court.

ARTHUR. You honor us by your coming and your words.

LADY. Therefore I am come to ask a boon. The manner of the service I am under pledge not to tell, but it is a valorous and difficult task, well worth the undertaking of your bravest knight. It promises much adventure and demands much courage. I may not tell what it is, but I can say that the knight who accompanies me on this mission of rescue will do a kindly and courteous deed, for it will save not only me but many others from distress if he succeed.

KAY. Accompanies her! Ah, there will be no lack of knights to claim the honor if they may accompany her.

ARTHUR. Peace, Kay. Thy rudeness shames the court and makes me question whether I do well to keep thee as steward of my household. (*To his knights.*) You have heard this request. What is your pleasure?

KNIGHT I. Sir King, thou knowest that I am but just returned from a long quest, and would fain rest here awhile.

KNIGHT II. And I, Sir King, am hardly recovered of my wounds. I must be excused.

KAY. And I, Sir King, regret exceedingly, but I am needed here to keep thy household, as thou didst but lately remind me.

ARTHUR. What! Is there none who will go? Am I to be ashamed of my court, and are you to be shamed before a lady? Would that Gawain or Lancelot were here! Such a service would not go begging.

PERCEVAL (*to the Fool*). Is that a *lady?*

FOOL. Aye, lad, it is, and a truer one, I doubt not, than many of fairer face, though I was not quick enough to see it before she spoke.

PERCEVAL. Then I must help her, for so my mother bade me. (*To Arthur.*) Sir King, I pray thee, let me go with this lady and serve her as she may command.

ARTHUR. Thou art but a lad.

PERCEVAL. Yes, my king, but I would fain be a knight — and if there be none other —

ARTHUR. It is true, but there will be others. Madam, you can bide with us till more of my knights return, can you not?

LADY. No, I must go to-day. That is why I am come in such haste. If the lad will go with me, I will not wait, for the sooner my mission is performed, the better for many who are in distress.

PERCEVAL. Sir King, may I not go?

ARTHUR. Aye, go, and do thy best. Thy skill may be small, but thy courage and thy courtesy will carry thee far toward success. And thou wilt save the court of King Arthur from shame on the first day in which thou art come to it. But now let us all to meat. Thou wilt join us, madam?

LADY. I thank you. If you so desire.

[*The king and the lady pass out, Perceval taking the page's place beside the lady. The others follow until only Kay and the Fool are left.*]

FOOL. Thou and I and all the court were taught a lesson in courtesy by that lad, were we not?

KAY. Nay, that was not courtesy. The lad is a simpleton and knew no better.

FOOL. If he was courteous because he knew no better, we might well have been because we did know better. But come on! I see thou art to-day as great a fool as I.

KAY. Nay, I am no fool. Thou art the fool.

FOOL. Thou art not always a fool, I grant that. But to-day methinks thou art the greater fool. I play the part because I have overmuch wit, but thou because thou seemest to have none at all.

Curtain

SCENE IV

Two characters: ARTHUR and GAWAIN.
[*In Arthur's court. Arthur is sitting alone. Enter Gawain.*]

ARTHUR (*rising*). Ah, Gawain, it is good to have you back. Come and sit by me and tell me of your adventures. How long is it since you went?

GAWAIN (*seating himself beside Arthur*). Six months, my king, and I often wearied to be back at court. But first tell me something. I have heard many tales since I came back of the lad whom I met in the forest and sent to thee.

ARTHUR. Aye, he was a lad after my own heart. I grieved to send him out from me so soon. But you heard why he went?

GAWAIN. That no one else would go. Would I had been here!

ARTHUR. That was what I said. But truly, Gawain, though I spoke sternly before the court and was rightly ashamed of the knights, it was not so strange as it sounds, for she was ugly and fearful beyond any mortal woman I ever looked upon. And perhaps it was not the worst thing for the lad, as it has proved.

GAWAIN. How is that?

ARTHUR. Did they not tell you? Scarce a week has passed in these six months that some knight or esquire or page or damsel has not come to the court to say that the lad in the goatskin coat bade him or her come and tell King Arthur either that he had conquered him in fight, or had slain some dragon who distressed the damsel, or that he had taken the castle of his master. Verily, his progress has been fuller of adventure than is the lot of most full-fledged knights.

GAWAIN. So he still wears the goatskin coat? And he sends them all to you?

ARTHUR. Aye, he wears it over his armor; and that is the one thing he bids them do.

GAWAIN. But where did he learn his skill in fighting? He was a strong lad, but he knew naught of arms.

ARTHUR. That I know too. He lodged a night with Sir Palmides — thou wilt remember him?

GAWAIN. Well! he gave me my first lessons in arms.

ARTHUR. He has given the lad his first lessons. They were detained there by a storm, and then the damsel bade him stay and learn, and Palmides told me he had never had an apter pupil. He said a strange thing too, and one on which I have pondered much. Do you remember Perceval?

GAWAIN. Indeed I do. We were made knights at the same time, and were often comrades in arms. I was with him when he died.

ARTHUR. Palmides told me this youth reminded him of Perceval, and I have inquired and can find no trace of what became of Perceval's wife and boy after he died. Do you know?

GAWAIN. No; I was sorely wounded myself, and later went overseas on a quest. I thought they died.

ARTHUR. Perhaps they did, but since Palmides spoke of him, I have wondered if they did die, or whether this may perhaps be Perceval's son.

GAWAIN. Perceval's son! Verily as I remember the youth, I think he had a look like him! If it were indeed the son of Perceval, it is no wonder that my heart was stirred at the sight of the boy as he questioned me there in the forest. But did he not tell thee his name?

ARTHUR. No, he said that his mother bade him not tell, but to ask me to prove him whether he be of noble blood or not.

GAWAIN. She might well feel safe that such blood would tell if it was the same that ran in Perceval's veins — one of the noblest knights I ever knew. But where is the lad?

ARTHUR. The last messenger who came was a knight whom he had defeated at a tourney on the edge of Wales.

GAWAIN. Has he done the damsel's mission yet?

ARTHUR. That is the strange part of it. Apparently he has not, for she is still with him, and yet she bids him stop and do all these things that come in his way. I do not understand it.

GAWAIN. Perceval's son! If it should be! My king, with your leave, I will go seek him.

ARTHUR. And I with you. Come, let us go at once.

[*Exit both.*]

Curtain

SCENE V

Characters: A HERALD, PERCEVAL, the LADY, GAWAIN, ARTHUR.

[*At the tourney.*]

HERALD (*standing and proclaiming from the stage*). All comers are hereby challenged to a contest of swords, which is the first event of to-day's tourney. If there are any who desire to enter this contest, let them now present themselves.

[*Gawain and Arthur step forward, neither with any distinctive emblems on their costume.*]

GAWAIN. With whom do we hold this contest?

HERALD. With a knight who does not make known his name, but who is known hereabouts by the goatskin coat which he wears over his armor.

ARTHUR. 'T is he.

HERALD. For many days now he has held the championship, and some say that it is magic which comes from the damsel who sits ever at the side watching him.

ARTHUR. Is she fair, this damsel?

HERALD. It is plain that you are newly come to these parts. Her countenance is more ugly than that of any mortal upon whom I ever looked. All shrink from her save the knight of the goatskin coat and her little page; but they serve her as courteously as though she were the fairest lady in the land.

GAWAIN. But what of this magic? Do you hold it is magic by which he wins?

HERALD. No, sir knight; I hold that it is skill and strength, for though he is but young, this unknown knight does skillful sword-play, so that I should say it was more likely he came from the court of the great King Arthur himself.

GAWAIN. Indeed, I think I must try a tilt with this youngster. Perhaps my hand has not altogether lost its cunning with the sword. Enter me there to challenge this champion.

HERALD. And what name shall I put down, sir knight, and whence comest thou?

GAWAIN. Does the other contestant record his name or home?

HERALD. No, sir knight.

GAWAIN. Then neither do I. (*To Arthur.*) 'T is a poor game that two cannot play at.

[*Herald withdraws; returns with Perceval, who is followed by the lady. He seats her courteously before he turns to the others. King Arthur also seats himself.*]

PERCEVAL. Art thou the knight with whom I shall contest?

GAWAIN. I am. Shall we proceed without delay?

PERCEVAL. I am ready.

[*Then follows an exhibition of closely matched sword-play. Neither gets advantage of the other.*]

GAWAIN (*at last*). Truce.

PERCEVAL. Gladly.

[*Both drop the points of their swords.*]

GAWAIN. Our quarrel is not so great that we need contest to the point of doing each other hurt. You are a skillful champion with the sword.

PERCEVAL. And you, sir, are the best knight that ever I met.

ARTHUR (*coming forward*). Well may you say so, for he is the best swordsman at my court, and you have done wonders, stripling that you are, to hold out so long against him.

PERCEVAL. My king!

ARTHUR. Yes, my lad, and your first friend, too. Lift your visor, Gawain.

GAWAIN. It is long since we met, my lad, and you have become a Knight-Beast yourself!

PERCEVAL. King Arthur, Gawain, I pray your pardon. I knew you not, or I would never have been so bold. Forgive me, Sir Gawain, for raising my sword against you.

GAWAIN. Nay, my lad, you have no need to seek pardon, though you pressed me harder than I am wont to be pressed.

ARTHUR. Come, lad, are you a knight yet?

PERCEVAL. No, my lord.

ARTHUR. Then come back to court with me, and I will make you one.

PERCEVAL (*turning to the lady*). Nay, Sir King, thou dost forget. I have not done the mission on which I set forth.

ARTHUR. Can it not wait, since it has waited so long?

PERCEVAL. Nay, Sir King, but I promised, and the lady is in need. I must fulfill my quest.

PERCEVAL ON ONE OF HIS QUESTS

Then will I gladly come to be knighted, for I wish it more than anything else in the world.

LADY. Would you indeed forego being knighted by King Arthur for my sake?

PERCEVAL. Indeed, my lady, I am pledged, and gladly pledged, to thy service. How could I do aught else?

LADY. But Arthur may not be at court and ready to knight you, when that service is done.

ARTHUR. No; I am to go a long quest myself ere long.

LADY. And it is not as if I were fair and lovely to look upon.

PERCEVAL. Dear lady, thou dost not understand. I am pledged to thy service. Thou hast shown me much kindness, and I am glad to serve thee if I may. It is not a question of whether thy face be fair or not. It is whether I be faithful or not. The king will see it, I am sure.

ARTHUR. Aye, lad, thou art right. I was but testing thee.

LADY (*stripping off her mask and wig, and showing herself to be young and fair*). And I was testing thee as well, though it was not my will to do it. A wicked enchanter has held me and all my household under a spell these many years. To each of us he gave these horrible forms, laying upon us the enchantment that we should not be free until some knight was found so gallant and so courteous that he would serve me to the point of foregoing his dearest wish for my sake, even while I was in this loathsome form. By thine act thou hast freed at this moment not only me but all my family from the spell. The quest for which I sought thee is ended. Return to King Arthur's court and receive thy knighthood, carrying with thee my warmest blessing.

PERCEVAL. Nay, fair lady, I am no more desirous to leave thy service now than I was before — unless perchance thou wilt be so gracious as to return with me?

GAWAIN. Sir King, why may he not be knighted here?

ARTHUR. He may, if he so wishes. Wouldst thou give up the pomp and ceremony with all thy brother knights about and the fair ladies looking on, and receive thy knighthood here where thy quest has ended so happily?

PERCEVAL. With my king, my lady, and the knight whom of all knights I most reverence and admire, I need not wait for aught else save thy word, Sir King — if thou dost indeed deem me worthy?

ARTHUR. None is worthy, but all may strive through all their lives to become worthy of this high calling of knighthood, and thou hast shown thyself ready. Kneel now; but ere I give thee the accolade I must know thy name. Thou hast proved thy noble blood, even as thy mother bade thee.

PERCEVAL. My name is Perceval, Sir King.

ARTHUR (*giving him the stroke on the shoulder*):

"Bear thou this blow, but never bear blow again,
For thy sword is to keep thine honor white,
And thine honor must keep thy good sword bright,
And both must be free from stain."

Rise, Sir Perceval, loyal knight in the court of King Arthur.

Curtain

THE MERRY PLAY OF THE COBBLER AND THE KING

(From a Seventeenth Century Story)

IN FOUR SCENES

Characters

COBBLER	YEOMAN
KING HENRY	A NOBLE
DAME JOAN	PLAYER (*to deliver prologue*)

A Group of Nobles and Ladies

PROLOGUE

My masters all, attend you,
If mirth you love to hear,
And I will tell you what they cry
In London all the year.
'T is a tale of a merry cobbler
Who lived in the olden day,
And of how he met King Henry the Eighth,
And of what befell that way.

King Henry wearied of his crown,
He left his stately court,
And in disguise unknown went forth,
To find some jovial sport.
He wandered home through London town
Right early in the morn,
And came unto a cobbler's stall —
What happened is here shown!
To please you if we can
We will not more delay,
We pray you all attend awhile
And listen to our play.

SCENE I

[*A cobbler's stall.*

[*The stage or platform is divided from back to front by a partition in the middle with door or opening. The left-hand part is fitted with a bench to represent the cobbler's stall. A cobbler, in dark-brown costume with big leather apron fastened by straps over his shoulders, is seated at a bench littered with old shoes, awls, bits of leather, etc. He works by the light of a candle. The floor is untidy with rubbish. The space at the right of the partition is used as a street.*

The cobbler sits tapping with his hammer and whistling.

Enter on street King Henry, in cloak and hat (dull-colored plain costume to indicate disguise). Pauses, listens to whistling, starts on, hesitates; then goes to side of street, knocks the heel off his shoes with a stone, limps to door of cobbler's stall, and knocks loudly.]

COBBLER. Who's there?

KING. Here's one.

COBBLER (*going to the door*). What's wanted?

KING. See, I have lost the heel off my shoe and can go no farther. Can you put a heel on for me?

COBBLER. Yes, that I can, though 't is a strange hour for an honest man to be out of his house and wandering about the streets. But come, sit thee down, and I will do it for thee straightway.

[*Pushes aside awls and old shoes to make place for King to sit beside him on his bench. King hesitates, sits down; cobbler hammers away; King moves restlessly.*]

KING. See here, my good man, I can't sit here any longer. Is there not a house hard by where I can get a sup to eat and a glass of good ale?

COBBLER. Yes, there is an inn over the way where I believe the folks will be up, for carriers go from there very early in the morning.

KING (*ruefully*). But there — I cannot go, for thou hast my shoe.

COBBLER. I'll lend thee an old one of mine.

KING (*drawing himself up*). Thou wilt lend me an old one of thine! Dost expect *me* to wear *thy* old shoe?

COBBLER (*without looking up from his work*). Aye, why not? Thou wilt do it no harm, and we wear the same size.

KING (*aside*). We wear the same size! I and the cobbler wear the same size of shoe! (*Laughs.*) But then, why not? Yes, cobbler, fetch hither thy shoe, and I'll put it on.

COBBLER (*pulling an old shoe from a pile and throwing it to him*). There, try that one.

KING (*angrily*). See here, good fellow, is that any way to treat your ki — ? But here, I 'll try it. 'T were better than to sit here. (*Slips it on.*)

COBBLER (*looking up*). Aye, aye, I thought 't would fit.

KING (*aside*). The cobbler's shoe fits my foot; then my shoe would fit the cobbler's foot. Is the cobbler's head the same size as mine? Would my crown fit the cobbler's head? (*To the cobbler.*) Now where is this inn?

COBBLER. 'T is straight across the street. You could not miss it. 'T is called the Boar's Head, and you'll know it by the boar's head painted on the sign.

[*King goes out through door to street.*]

COBBLER. Oh, I say there, if they don't open to your knocking — and they may not, for 't is a respectable house, and they like not roistering fellows who have been abroad all night — call to them and say that the cobbler sent thee. 'T will be all right then.

KING (*shaking with laughter in street outside*). "The cobbler sent me!" Ha, ha! "the cobbler sent me!" (*Loudly.*) All right, my good fellow, I thank you, and I'll surely tell them the cobbler sent me!

Curtain

SCENE II

[*Cobbler's stall, just as he left it.*
[*King and cobbler come up on the right-hand stage (which is the street) arm in arm.*]

KING. Well, now I must leave thee. Farewell, and I'm glad to have met such an honest, merry fellow.

COBBLER (*seizing him by the arm and pulling him toward the door*). No, by my faith, you shall not go yet. You shall come first and sit with me for a while, for you are the most honest blade I ever met, and I love an honest, merry companion with all my heart.

[*Opens door and fairly pulls King in.*]

KING. And you're a right merry companion yourself. Very well, I'll bide a bit.

COBBLER. There, sit thee down. Thou art welcome; but I must desire thee to speak softly for fear of waking my wife, Joan, who lies in her bed in yonder closet; for if she should wake she would certainly make our ears ring.

KING (*laughing*). Never fear, I'll be as still as a mouse.

[*Cobbler goes to side of stage and fetches a huge loaf of bread and a knife. Sweeps rubbish off his bench, gets a plate for each and a mug. Cuts slices of bread. Then brings forth a big cheese. Tiptoes about all the while very carefully, with frequent looks toward the closet where Joan sleeps.*]

COBBLER. Come, will you eat some of my bread and cheese? To my mind there's no good fellowship like eating and drinking.

KING. That will I gladly. (*Draws up a stool, and they sit down.*)

COBBLER (*lifting his mug*). A health to all true hearts and merry companions.

KING. Right readily, good friend, I'll pledge thee.

[*They eat and drink together.*]

KING. Come, I'll give thee a health (*lifts his mug*). Here's a good health to the king!

COBBLER. With all my heart. I'll pledge thee that if only in water.

KING. That was a merry song you sang me over at the inn. Won't you give me another?

COBBLER (*glances fearfully behind him toward the closet; holds up his hand for silence*). No, No! I dare not. 'T would wake Joan, and then you'd be as sorry as I. No, not even if the king asked me would I sing a song now.

KING. Not even for the king! Truly I believe thee. But that reminds me. As I told you over at the inn yonder I come from the court, and I want you to come up there and see me.

COBBLER. That's so. You're such a jolly, simple fellow, I keep forgetting you're from the court.

KING. I'm from the court sure enough, and I want you to come there and see me. I'll make you very welcome.

COBBLER (*seizes his hand and shakes it heartily*). By my faith, you're one of the most honest fellows I ever met in all my life. I thought you were a bit stiff and proud when you first came in, but it was my stupidity. I come to court! Did you ever hear the like of that? What would Joan say! But there (*ruefully*), it 's no use. I can't go.

KING. And why not?

COBBLER. She'll never let me.

KING. But must you ask her?

COBBLER. She keeps the keys to my holiday clothes.

KING (*laughing*). Then come without your holiday clothes. Come as you are.

COBBLER (*looking down on his leather apron*). Come as I am! I'll warrant you have n't been at court long. I've never been, but I know this one thing more than you, that one does n't go to court without holiday clothes. But there, I'll take Joan when she's in a good humor, and mayhap she'll let me go.

KING. But who will you ask for when you come to court?

COBBLER (*comically*). I never thought of that. Who shall I?

KING. My name is Harry Tudor, and if you ask anyone about the court for Harry Tudor they will surely bring you to me, for I am very well known there.

[*Sounds of someone turning and moving, and of snores.*]

COBBLER (*leaping up in alarm*). In faith you must be gone now, for my wife Joan begins to grumble. She will awake presently, and I would not for half of all the old shoes in my shop that she should find you here.

KING. I'm gone.

COBBLER. Farewell, honest blade. It shall not be long before I make a holiday to come and see thee at court.

[*Exit King. Enter Joan, an old dame with kerchief around her neck, apron which she is tying, and big white cap still awry from the haste with which she put it on. She speaks in shrill voice.*]

JOAN. I heard voices. What have we here?

COBBLER. There's no one here, dame.

JOAN. So I see. I've two eyes in my head as well as you and two ears beside. (*Spies half-cut loaf of bread, and mugs which cobbler is putting away.*) It does not need very sharp eyes to find out that you've been idling and wasting your living on some silly fellow.

COBBLER. Nay, wife, he was no silly fellow, but a right honest blade; and look you! He gave me sixpence for mending his shoe, and took me to the inn and paid my reckoning there as well. (*Hands over sixpence, which Joan pockets.*)

JOAN. He took you to the Boar's Head! And can't I sleep in my bed nights without your slipping over to the Boar's Head? Laws-a-me! What is a poor woman to do with a husband like you? (*Moves about at the back of the room, setting things to rights and looking to see how much bread and cheese is gone.*)

COBBLER (*turning to the audience, aside*). By my faith, 'tis afraid I am that I'll never see court!

Curtain

SCENE III

[*At court. King seated in royal robes on chair like throne, nobles in gay attire standing about. Yeoman enters bringing cobbler, who is too far off to notice the company.*]

COBBLER. Nay, nay, my good fellow. You're surely mistaken in the one I asked for. These rooms are too fine for him. He whom I seek is a plain, merry, honest fellow. His name is Harry Tudor, and we ate and drank together not long since. I suppose he may belong to some fine lord or other about the court.

YEOMAN. I tell you, friend, I know him very well. Do but follow me and I will bring you to him straightway.

[*They come into the room. The yeoman bows low and makes announcement.*]

YEOMAN. May it please your Majesty, here is one that inquires for Harry Tudor.

COBBLER (*turning to flee*). Gracious goodness! His Majesty! Is it treason to ask for Harry Tudor that I am brought before the king? (*Runs off.*)

[*King and courtiers laugh.*]

KING. Take heed now that you do not give me away by your laughter.

[*Yeoman follows cobbler.*]

ONE OF THE NOBLES. Never fear, Sir King. It promises to be a rare jest, and we would not spoil it.

[*Yeoman brings cobbler back, dragging him as he protests.*]

COBBLER (*falling on his knees before the king*). May it please your Majesty, I am but a poor cobbler, and inquired for one Harry Tudor, who is a very honest fellow. I mended the heel of his shoe not long since, for which he paid me nobly and gave me a glass of ale besides. I had him over to my stall, where we were very merry till my wife Joan began to grumble, which put an end to our jollity for that time. But I told him I would come to court to see him as soon as I conveniently could. And why I am brought here I know not, for I mean no harm.

KING. Would you know this honest fellow if you saw him?

COBBLER. That I would among a thousand.

KING. Well, rise up and do not be troubled. Look well about you. Peradventure you may find the fellow in this company.

[*Cobbler walks about the circle, looking eagerly into the faces of the nobles, peering up at them; stops a moment with a puzzled look before the king.*]

COBBLER. No, may it please your Grace, he is not here, nor, begging your pardon, did I think to find him among such fine fellows as I see here, for him whom I look for is a plain, honest, true-hearted fellow. If he knew I were come to court, I'm sure he would make me welcome, for when we parted he charged me to come and see him soon. I had much ado to get leave from my wife, Joan, but I was

A MEDIEVAL STREET SCENE

resolved to come. So she brushed my clothes and polished my shoes, and I made myself as fine as could be. He little knew what a pack of trouble I would get into, I'm sure, for he was an honest fellow.

KING. Nay, nay, do not be so troubled. (*To the Yeoman.*) Here, take this honest cobbler down into the cellar, and I will give orders that Harry Tudor shall come to him presently.

COBBLER (*his face lighting up*). You know him. I shall see him after all. I thank you, your Majesty.

[*Yeoman takes him out.*]

Curtain

SCENE IV

[*In cobbler's stall. Joan at the door, peering out. Cobbler comes gayly down the street, singing.*]

"For I'm as bold as bold can be,
No cobbler e'er was ruder;
Then here, good fellow, here's to thee,
To my friend Harry Tudor.
Then here, good fellow, here's to thee,
To my friend Harry Tudor."

JOAN. Well, well, are you Harry Tudoring yet? So you did think you'd come home to your work and your wife at last, did you?

COBBLER (*who has a new dignity*). Peace, wife, I am upon my preferment, and shall very soon be a courtier.

[*Struts into the stall.*]

JOAN. Cease your foolish prating. Pray, where is the fourpence halfpenny you had of me?

COBBLER. In faith, my friend was so far from letting me spend anything that he has given me what will be the making of you and me.

JOAN. Marry, husband, what has he given you?

COBBLER. Why, to tell you the truth, sweet wife, he has settled forty marks a year upon me, and as a sure token of his goodness he has given me these two pieces of gold.

JOAN. Oh, me! He has given you all this! God's blessing on his head! He is an honest fellow.

COBBLER. Whom do you call fellow? He that is my particular friend is no less than our gracious King Henry, and were he to hear what things you have said of him and me, you might happen to be thrown into prison, for all I know, and I should be well rid of a shrew.

JOAN. O husband, pardon me if you love me, and I will never call you any names in the future.

COBBLER. Be sure you keep this promise and all shall be well.

[*Cobbler goes and sits down in all his finery on his bench. Joan hovers curiously round. He sits still, but is plainly aching to tell her about it.*]

JOAN (*humbly*). And are you not going to tell me what befell?

COBBLER. Woman, woman, you are ever curious. But there, I suppose you can't help that. Yes, I'll tell you. I'll have no peace until I do, I'll warrant that.

JOAN. Nay, if you don't care to tell me, it's naught to me.

COBBLER. Peace, wife, do not forget that you are speaking to the friend of Henry the King.

JOAN. Aye, husband, pardon my quick words.

COBBLER. Well, well, I'll tell thee. I went up to court and I walked up and down, staring at this person and that, but I did not see my friend Harry Tudor. At last I saw a man in serving dress, and I went up to him and I said: "Dost thou hear, honest fellow; dost thou know one Harry Tudor who belongs to the court?" "Yes," says the man, "follow me and I will bring you to him." With that he took me up into the guard chamber —

JOAN. What's that, husband?

COBBLER (*pityingly*). Ah, I forgot you had never been to court. The guard chamber, why, that is where the guards are.

JOAN (*meekly*). Of course, husband. Go on.

COBBLER. As I was saying, he took me to the guard chamber, and told one of the yeomen that here was a man inquiring for Harry Tudor. They all looked at me —

JOAN. I'll warrant they thought you a fine man in your holiday clothes.

COBBLER. Aye, aye — well, the yeoman said, "I know him very well, and if you please

to go along with me, I will bring you to him immediately." So I followed along, and we went through rooms and rooms, and passages, and halls — more than you ever saw, wife — and every one was finer than the last, till I began to think the yeoman was mistaken in him I had asked for, and I told him so; but he led me on, and at last we came to a room where there were people, and he drew aside the curtain, and he said — What do you suppose he said, wife?

JOAN (*breathlessly*). I don't know.

COBBLER. He said, "May it please your Majesty, here is one that inquires for Harry Tudor."

JOAN. And it was the king. Were n't you frightened?

COBBLER (*importantly*). Frightened? Why should I be frightened? Of course I was a little surprised, and I — I —

JOAN. But what did the king say?

COBBLER (*in a relieved tone*). Aye, aye, what did the king say? That's what we're getting at. I told the king my story, and he was very kind and told me to look over the company and see if he was there. They were a grand company, in gay clothes, but I walked round, wife, and I looked into the face of every noble who was there.

JOAN. To think of you!

COBBLER. Ah, that was nothing. Wait till I tell you what happened. I looked at everyone, even at the king, and though his face looked familiar, as if I had seen it before, I took no thought of that, and I said Harry Tudor was not there. Then the king told the yeoman to take me down cellar, and he would send Harry Tudor to me. At that I was ready to leap out of my skin for joy, for not only had I come off well with the king, after I was so frightened —

JOAN. But I thought you were n't frightened.

COBBLER (*clearing his throat*). Peace, peace, woman, what do you know of how one feels when one talks with kings? As I started to tell you, we went down to the cellar, the yeoman and I, and there Harry Tudor came to me, dressed in just the same clothes he had on the other morning. I ran to him and embraced him, for I was right glad to see him after all my trouble, and I told him all about my being taken before the king, and then we sat together and Harry said to me, "Now you've found me, we'll be as merry as princes." We ate and drank together, and then he asked me to sing some of my songs, and I did, and we were laughing together right heartily, when all of a sudden, wife, the door opened, and a company of nobles, the same that had been upstairs, came in and each one as he entered the room took off his hat and bowed low, and said, "Your Majesty," and who did they say it to but my friend Harry Tudor? I tell you I was sore amazed, but Harry only smiled and sat still, and when I looked at him more closely I saw it was the king whom I had seen upstairs.

JOAN. The king! You had been singing your silly songs to the king.

COBBLER. He did not find them silly, I'll tell you that. I fell on my knees before him, and said, "May it please your Majesty, I am but a poor, honest cobbler and mean no harm."

JOAN. And what did he say?

COBBLER. "No, no, nor shall receive any here, I promise you." And he commanded me to rise and be as merry as I was before, and though I knew him to be king, yet to use the same freedom with him as when I was mending his shoe — which I did, wife, and we all told stories and sang songs, and then I said that I must go home to my wife Joan —

JOAN. You told the king my name?

COBBLER. Aye, aye, of course I told thy name. Art not my wife?

JOAN. O husband!

COBBLER. Yes, and the king told me that because I was an honest, merry fellow, and his friend withal, he would give me forty marks a year for the rest of my life, and he gave me this gold as a token. And more than that, he told me that I was admitted as one of the courtiers and might come and see him as oft as I pleased.

JOAN. Thou a courtier, and forty marks a year!

COBBLER. Aye, aye, and on my way home I made up a new song about it. Wouldst like to hear it? But there! thou thinkest my songs silly.

JOAN. O husband, how can you remember my foolish words like that? I pray thee tell me thy song.

COBBLER (*singing*):

Though now I sit within my stall,
Old shoes and slippers mending,
I to the court shall have a call,
There are my hopes depending.

For I'm as bold as bold can be,
No cobbler e'er was ruder;
I have the favor, as all may see,
Of honest Harry Tudor.

He gives me forty marks a year,
And that's a deal of treasure;
Besides all this, I have no fear,
But I'll at court have pleasure.

While here I sit within my stall,
Upon my king I think;
His kindness I to mind do call
Whene'er I eat or drink.

His kindness was to me so great,
The like was never known;
His kindness I will still repeat,
And so shall my wife Joan.

COBBLER AND JOAN (*together, hand in hand. bow to the company*):

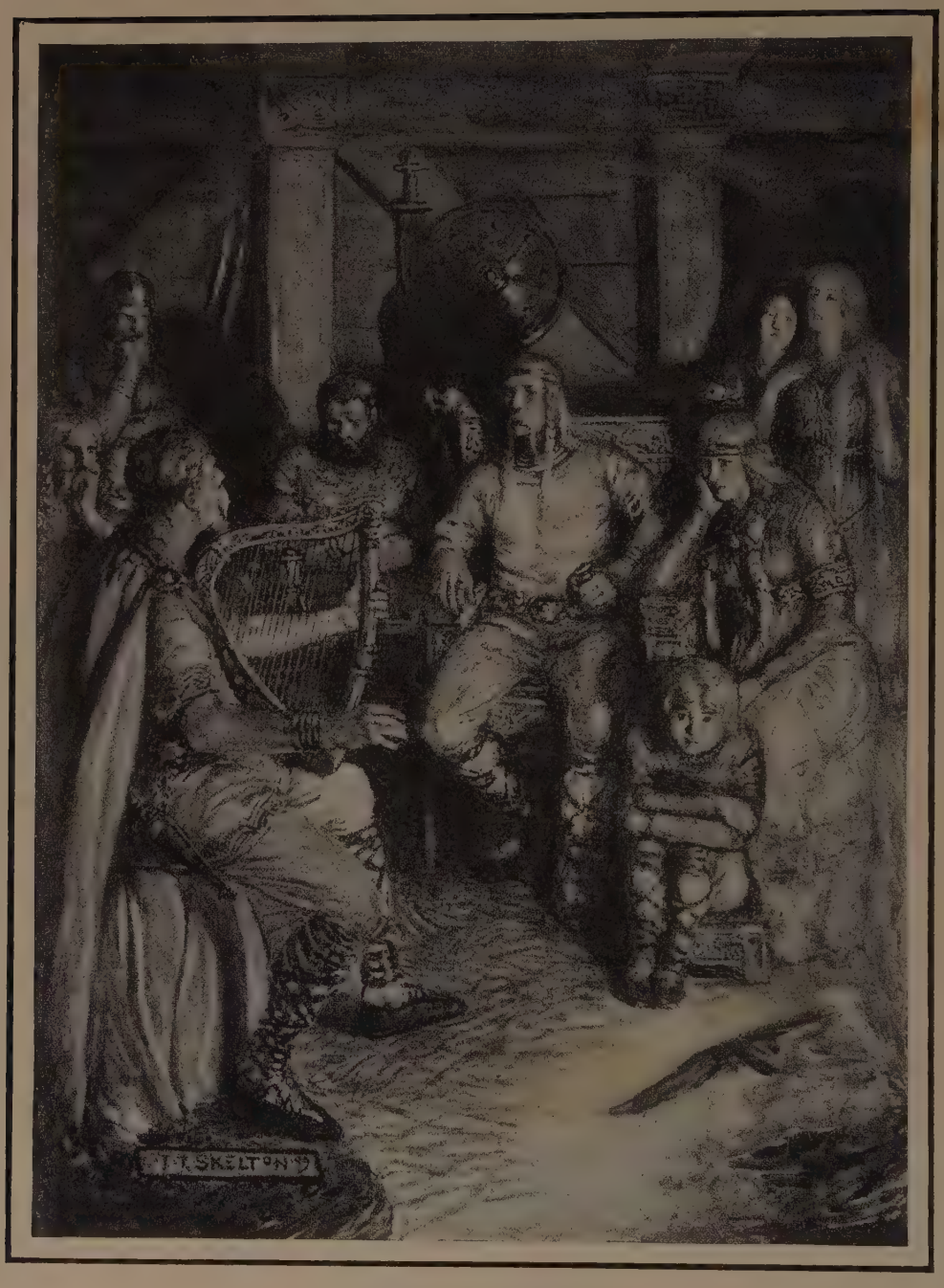
His kindness was to me so great,
The like was never known;
His kindness I will still repeat,
And so shall my wife Joan.

[*They bow and retire.*]

Curtain

A TYPICAL FESTIVAL STREET SCENE OF THE MIDDLE AGES

A distinguished nobleman is going through the streets with canopy over his head and retinue escorting him. The common people greet him with shouts and rejoicing.



MINSTREL HERO SONGS

Story, history, and literature begin with scenes like this, where the bard recites from memory to the accompaniment of his harp the legends, sagas, and romances that have thus been preserved and enriched from the earliest days of the people's life.

SOME OF THE GREAT WORKS OF LITERATURE

IN THE LISTENING TIME

PROBABLY there never was a time when no stories were told. In the dim old days, before books were known, the story tellers were a special class and sure of a welcome. Gathered in the great hall, with the logs blazing on the hearth, lord and retainers in feudal days listened at night to the stories of war and the chase. Life was wild and rough, and so were the tales. But as time went on, life became more easy and less savage, and the stories changed also, telling now of love as well as of combats. Then minstrels wandered from town to town, from castle to castle, singing their lays and ballads. This was the listening time of the world, and these stories and ballads were the beginnings of what we call Literature. They were told and sung by different minstrels in different ways; then at length men began to write them down, so that they might not be forgotten. This was before printing was known. These first books were called Manuscripts, from the Latin *manus*, "hand," and *scribere*, "to write." Our "script" comes from the same Latin word. Literature means "letters," coming from the Latin *littera*, or letter of the alphabet.

For a long time books were all written by hand. They were very scarce and dear, and only the rich could afford to have them. Besides, few could read them, for even great knights and nobles could not read, since their time was spent in fighting and hunting. So it came about that the monks, who lived a quiet life, became the scholars and writers, and the manuscripts were copied and written in the monasteries.

A nation and its literature change and grow together. Beginning with stories, next the people want history for the knowledge it gives, and then poetry, for joy in the beautiful words. As a nation's needs and knowledge grow, it demands more and more books on all subjects.

It is the same with people. As one says: "When we are very young, there are many books which seem to us dull and stupid. But as we grow older and learn more, we begin to like more and more kinds of books. We may still love the stories that we loved as children, but we love others too. And at last, perhaps, there comes a time when those books which seemed to us most dull and stupid delight us most. At first, too, we care only for the story itself. We do not mind very much in what words it is told so long as it is a story. But later we begin to care very much what words the story teller uses, and how he uses them."

Everybody wants to know about the world's greatest story tellers and their stories, and we are going to introduce you to some of them. Many of these books you may not read for a long time, but you will like to know that there

are rooms in the fairy palace of literature into which you can some day enter. And every year, as your knowledge grows, you will find that new keys have been put into your hands with which you may unlock the doors that are now closed. With every door you unlock you will become aware of others and still others, for the great palace of our literature is so vast that no one can ever hope to open all the doors or even to peep far inside.

POETRY OF THE BARDS

Our English literature began with poetry, and Irish poetry at that. It was history as well, for the bards sang the gallant tales of heroic deeds. The old Irish manuscripts go back to the eleventh century, but the stories are hundreds of years older. The first work to make a stir was the "Poems of Ossian," by James Macpherson, a Highland Scot. But since Sir Walter Scott wrote his stories, you will not be likely to read Ossian, or the old Welsh stories. The story of Arthur is different, and will always be entrancing. The first writers of it began in 1155, and the story grew in beauty and wonder with every new writer. At first it was a tale of hard knocks given and taken; then courtesy came in to soften it, and chivalry. Last, a priest, Walter Map, added the Quest of the Holy Grail.

The Holy Grail was said to be a dish used by Christ at the Last Supper. It was also said to have been used to hold the sacred blood which, when Christ hung upon the cross, flowed from his wounds. The Holy Grail came into the possession of Joseph of Arimathea, and by him was brought to Britain. But after a time the vessel was lost, and the story of it even forgotten, or only remembered in some dim way. And this is the story which Walter Map used to give new life and glory to the tales of Arthur. He makes the Knights of the Round Table set forth to search for the Grail. They ride far away over hill and dale, through dim forests and dark waters. They fight with men and fiends, alone and in tournaments. They help fair ladies in distress, they are tempted to sin, they struggle and repent, for only the pure in heart may find the holy vessel.

It is a wonderful and beautiful story, and these old story tellers meant it to be something more than a fairy tale. They saw around them many wicked things. They saw men fighting for the mere love of fighting. They saw men following pleasure for the mere love of pleasure. They saw men who were strong oppress the weak and grind down the poor, and so they told the story of the Quest of the Holy Grail to try to make them a little better.

The first great English writer of the stories of Arthur was a priest named Layamon. He called his book the "Brut," or story of the Britons, who took their name from the Roman Brutus. Layamon finished his book toward the end of the twelfth century. Perhaps he sat quietly writing it in his cell when the angry barons were forcing King John to sign the Magna Charta. This was the first book written in English after the Norman Conquest. But although Layamon wrote his book in English, it was not the English that we speak to-day. It was Early English or Semi-Saxon. Here are the first two lines:

"A priest was in the land, Layamon was he called.
He was Leouenathe's son, the Lord to him be gracious."

You can read that all right, you say. Yes, but this is the way he wrote the words:

"An preost wes on leoden : lazamon wes ihoten.
he wes Leouenaðes sone : liðe him beo drihtē."

You can see that it would not be very easy to read that kind of English. Nor does it seem very like poetry. But old English poetry was not like ours. It did not have rhyming words at the ends of the lines.

THE READING DAY DAWNS

Two hundred years later came another story of Arthur, called "Morte d'Arthur," or Death of Arthur, by Sir Thomas Malory. By this time printing had been discovered, the greatest thing that ever happened for literature. The first man to set up a printing press in England was William Caxton, and one of the first books he printed was "Morte d'Arthur." It was a book, he says, "wherein ye shall find many joyous and pleasant histories, and noble and renowned acts. . . . Doe after the good and

leave the ill, and it shall bring you unto good fame and renowne. And for to pass the time this booke shall be pleasant to read in." In 1485, when first printed, seven years before Columbus discovered America, people did find it a pleasant book, and find it so still. Quaint as it is, we can readily understand it.

Then, in exquisite poetry, you find the King Arthur story idealized in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," which you will have great pleasure in reading.

CAEDMON, THE "FATHER OF ENGLISH SONG"

Caedmon (pronounce it Kad-mon) was the first poet who sang in England after Christianity was brought to her shores. St. Columba had come from Ireland and St. Augustine from Rome, telling to the wild Saxons the story of a religion of love and gentleness. And now there were churches and monasteries in the land, in one of which lived a man by the name of Caedmon. The monastery at Whitby was ruled over by the Abbess Hilda. This was a post of great importance, for the monasteries were the schools and libraries of the country, and the inns too, so that here priest and soldier, student and minstrel, prince and beggar came and went. Here in the great hall, when work was done and the evening meal over, were gathered all the monks and their guests. Here, too, would gather the simple folk of the countryside, the fishermen and farmers, the lay brothers and helpers who shared the work of the monastery.

A PRINTING SHOP OF THE FIRST DAYS OF BOOKMAKING

When the meal was done the minstrels sang, while proud and humble alike listened eagerly. Or perhaps "it was agreed for the sake of mirth that all present should sing in their turn."

But when it was agreed that all should sing in turn, there was one among the circle around the fire who silently left his place and crept away, hanging his head in shame. For Caedmon could not sing, and although he loved to listen to the songs of others, "whenever he saw the harp come near him," we are told, "he arose out of shame from the feast and went home to his house." Away from the bright firelight out into the lonely dark he crept with bent head and lagging steps. Perhaps he would stand a moment outside the door beneath the starlight and listen to the thunder of the waves and the shriek of the winds. And as he felt in his heart all the beauty and wonder of the world, the glory and the might of the sea and sky, he would ask in dumb pain why, when he could feel it touch his heart, he could not also sing of the beauty and wonder, glory and might.

One night Caedmon crept away as usual, and went to the stable, where he had to take care of the horses that night. He there composed himself to rest. A person appeared to him then in a dream and, calling him by name, said, "Caedmon, sing some song to me."

He answered, "I cannot sing; for that was the reason why I left the entertainment and retired to this place, because I cannot sing."

The other who talked to him replied, "However, you shall sing."

"What shall I sing?" rejoined he.

"Sing the beginning of created things," said the other.

Whereupon he presently began to sing verses to the praise of God, and, awakening from his sleep, Caedmon remembered all that he had sung in his dream. And the dream did not fade away as most dreams do. For he found that not only could he sing these verses, but he who had before been dumb and ashamed when the harp was put into his hand, could now sing more beautifully than others. And all that he sang was to God's glory.

In the morning, full of his wonderful new gift, Caedmon went to the steward and told him of the night vision. The steward, greatly marveling, led him to the Abbess, who listened to the strange tale. Then she commanded Caedmon, in the presence of many learned men, to tell his dream and repeat the verses, that they might all give their judgment what it was and whence his verse came.

So the simple farm laborer, who had no learning of any kind, sang while the learned and grave men listened. And he who was wont to creep away in dumb shame, fearing the laughter of his fellows, sang now with such beauty and sweetness that they were all of one mind, saying that the Lord himself had, of His heavenly grace, given to Caedmon this new power. Then the Abbess made him give up the life of a servant, and bade him become a monk. Caedman gladly did her bidding, and when he had been received among them, his brother monks taught him all the Bible stories.

But Caedmon could neither read nor write, nor is it at all likely that he ever learned to do either, for we are told that he was well advanced in years before his great gift of song came to him. It is quite certain that he could not read Latin, so that all that he put into verse had to be taught to him by some more learned brother. And someone, too, must have written down the verses which Caedmon sang. But it was he who first showed the way, and other poets followed.

THE VENERABLE BEDE, FATHER OF ENGLISH HISTORY

While Caedmon was still singing at Whitby, in another Northumbrian village, named Jarrow, a boy was born who was to become known as the Venerable Bede (673–735 A.D.). When he was seven years old his friends gave him into the keeping of the Abbot of Wearmouth, who had charge of two monasteries, one at Jarrow, the other at Wearmouth, a few miles distant, and in these two monasteries Bede spent all the rest of his life. When he was eight years old, Caedmon died. And although the little boy had never met the great but humble poet, he must have heard of him, and it is from Bede's history that we learn all that we know of Caedmon. Bede's life passed peacefully, reading, writing, and teaching within the walls of his beloved monastery.

Bede loved to learn even when he was a boy; and when he became a man he was one of the most learned of his time, and wrote books on nearly every subject that was then thought worth writing about. His works were called "Ecclesiastical History" (church history), but were in fact a general history. As Caedmon is called the Father of English Poetry, Bede is called the Father of English History. But it is well to remember that Caedmon wrote in Anglo-Saxon and Bede in Latin. There were others who wrote history before Bede, but he was perhaps the first who wrote, not in order to make a good minstrel's tale, but to tell the truth. He was careful about his facts, so that those who came after him could trust him.

THE KING WHO SAVED THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Not many years after the death of Bede, times of war and trouble came again upon England, when the fierce Danes swept over the land. The monasteries were ruined and the scholars scattered. But sixty years later a king arose who crushed the Danish power and relit the lamp of knowledge. This was King Alfred the Great. He was great in war and not less great in peace. He loved books, and wanted them in English, so that the people might read them. As most good books were then written in Latin, he began to translate some of them into English, and it is from him that our English prose dates, as English poetry does from Caedmon. He also caused a national Chronicle to be written, and this "Saxon Chronicle," covering events from the coming of the Romans to Britain to the time of King Stephen's death, is one of the most useful books from which to learn the history of those times. King Alfred also translated Bede's History from Latin into English. He rebuilt the monasteries and again opened schools in them, ordering that "Every free-born youth in the Kingdom, who has the means, shall attend to his book, so long as he have no other business, till he can read English perfectly." Thus the great king preserved the English language, his Chronicle and translations fixing English so strongly that neither the Danish invasion which followed his death, nor the Norman invasion of William the Silent in 1066 could supplant the English tongue. It is quite likely that but for Alfred the Great French would have become

CAEDMON'S VISION

"Caedmon, sing some song to me."

the language of England, and in that case of America also.

WHEN ENGLISH WAS A DESPISED LANGUAGE

There followed a long period of Norman and French influence when, although much excellent writing was done in England — chronicles, romances in verse, and histories — it was all in Latin or French. English was a despised language, kept alive chiefly in ballads sung by the people. It is from this period that we have our tales of Robin Hood and other popular heroes. But as time went on and English became once more the language of the educated as well as of the uneducated, there arose a cultured English, which became the language we speak to-day.

In the time of Edward III England was England again. Now Langland sang in "The Vision of Piers the Ploughman" the woes of the common people and the injustice they suffered. In this period John Wyclif gave the Bible to the common people, and as these two reformers preached and wrote there came a man who walked the same streets but with another purpose. He left us so clear and truthful a picture of the times that as we read his words the people of England of the fourteenth century still seem to live. This man was Geoffrey Chaucer, generally looked upon as the first great English poet. Like Caedmon he is called the "Father of English Poetry," and each rightly so. For if Caedmon was the first great poet of the English people in their new home of England, the language he used was Anglo-Saxon. The language which Chaucer used was English, though still not quite the English which we use to-day. Try to read some of his verses, and you will see the difference.

CHAUCER AND HIS "CANTERBURY TALES"

Chaucer was a man of the middle class. The first thing we hear of him is that he was a page in the house of Prince Lionel, the third son of Edward III. With him he went to France, and as a young man began to hold positions in the King's service which took him to many places.

But although Chaucer lived in stirring times, although he was a soldier and a courtier, he does not, in the book by which we know him best, write of battles and of pomp, of kings and of princes. In this book we find plain, everyday people, people of the great middle class of merchants and tradesmen and others of like calling, to which Chaucer himself belonged. It was a class which no one had thought of writing about in plain fashion. And it is in the "Canterbury Tales" that we have, for the first time in the English language, pictures of real men, and, what is more wonderful, of real women. They are not giants or dwarfs, they are not fairy princes or knights in shining armor. They do no wondrous deeds of strength or skill. They are not queens of marvelous beauty or enchanted princesses. They are simply plain, middle-class English people, and yet they are very interesting.

In Chaucer's time, books, although still copied by hand, had become more plentiful than ever before. And as more and more people learned to read, the singing time began to draw to a close. Stories were now not all written in rhyme, and poetry was not all written to be sung. Yet the listening time was not quite over, for these were still the days of talk and story telling.

So now, although Chaucer meant his tales to be read, he made believe that they were told by a company of people on a journey from London to Canterbury. He thus made a framework for them of the life he knew, and gave a reason for their all being told in one book. He begins with a description of the company that gathered for this journey, the Canterbury "Pilgrims" as they are called, and then has each tell a story in the course of their travels. These, as Chaucer wrote the words, would not be much easier to read than Layamon's lines, but they have been retold in modern English, where you will enjoy reading some of them.

THE ELIZABETHANS

After Chaucer came a dull century in English literature, then a brighter time, and finally what is called the Renaissance, or Rebirth, which was an awakening of literary and scientific and artistic interest all over Europe. England was one of the leaders of this movement, with a group of brilliant men who, because they lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, were called Elizabethans.

EDMUND SPENSER

Foremost among them comes Edmund Spenser, for, as the historian Green puts it, "the glory of the new literature broke in England with Edmund Spenser."

In all the early literature the names of Chaucer and Spenser stand out above all others like great mountains, landmarks for all the world. Spenser wrote many poems, of which the most famous is the book called "The Faerie Queene." His plan was a very great one. He meant to write a poem in twelve books, each book containing the adventures of a knight who was to show forth one virtue. And if

A TYPICAL THEATER OF SHAKESPEARE'S TIME

The "Fortune," which was a rival to Shakespeare's theater, the "Globe," begun in 1600, destroyed by Puritan soldiery.

these were well received he purposed to write twelve more. The first three books made him famous, for never since Chaucer had such poetry been written. They tell the adventures of the Red Cross Knight St. George, or Holiness; of Sir Guyon, or Temperance; and of the Lady Britomartis, or Chastity. The whole poem is an allegory. Everywhere we are meant to see a hidden meaning. But sometimes the allegory is very confused and hard to follow. So at first, in any case, it is best to enjoy the story and the beautiful poetry, and not trouble about the second meaning. Before his death Spenser wrote three more books, on Friendship, on Justice, and on Courtesy.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE THEATER

Did you ever wonder how plays and theaters came to be? Did you ever think that there was a time when in all the land there was no theater, no plays, either merry or sad? Yet it was so. But at a very early time the people of England began to act. And strange as it may seem to us now, the earliest plays were acted by monks and took place in church. And it is from these very early monkish plays that the theater came. All plays taken together are called the drama, and the writers of them are called dramatists, from a Greek word *dran*, to act or do. For dramas are written not to be read merely, but also to be acted.

The plays which the monks made were called mystery or miracle plays, and were very simple scenes made from Bible or religious stories. At first they were acted in the churches, then at the church doors, and then on movable stages, dragged about on wheels. These stages were called "pageants," and in time the plays acted on them took the same name. So that is where we get our name "pageant." Morality plays, of the style of "Everyman," were acted at about this time, but usually without scenery.

The miracle plays had only been acted once a year, first by the monks and later by the trade guilds. But the taste for plays grew, and soon bands of players strolled about the country acting in towns and villages. But though the people crowded willingly to see and hear, the magistrates did not love these players, and they were looked upon as little better than rogues and vagabonds. Then it became the fashion for great lords to have their own company of players, and they, when their masters did not need them, also traveled about to the surrounding villages, acting wherever they went. This taste for acting grew strong in the people of England. And if in the life of the Middle Ages there was always room for story telling, in the life of England later there was always room for acting and shows. Then plays began to be divided into tragedies and comedies. A tragedy is a play which shows the sad side of life and which has a mournful ending. The word really means a goat song, and comes from two Greek words, *tragos*, a "goat," and *ode*, a "song." It was so called either because the oldest tragedies were acted while a goat was sacrificed, or because the actors themselves wore clothes made of goatskins. A comedy is a play which shows the merry side of life and has a happy ending. This word too comes from two Greek words, *komos*, a "revel," and *ode*, a "song." The Greek word for "village" is also *komo*, so a comedy may at first have meant a village revel or merrymaking.

Soon the love of plays and shows had grown so great that it was found worth while to build special places in which to act. And there was no lack of dramatists to write tragedies and comedies to be acted in these theaters. Of these writers the greatest and the one most worth knowing about is William Shakespeare. He shines out like a bright star in a clear sky. All around him cluster others, and if he were not there we might think some of them even very bright, yet he outshines them all, and throughout the world, wherever poetry is read and plays are played, the name of William Shakespeare is known and reverenced.

THE BOY SHAKESPEARE

One April morning in 1564 there was a stir in a house in the little country town of Stratford-on-Avon, a hundred miles or so from London, when it became known that to John and Mary Shakespeare a son had been born, and presently there was brought to be shown to the company "The infant mewling and puking in the nurse's arms." It was a great event for the father and mother and Stratford-on-

Avon, which is only known because that boy was born there. John Shakespeare was a well-to-do merchant, an alderman of the little town. He was a glover, a butcher, and a corn and wool dealer. Lucky and prosperous, he had a comfortable house in Henley Street, built of rough, plastered stone and dark, strong woodwork. His heart was glad this April morning, for now he had a son. Indeed, it was a great day for John and Mary Shakespeare. How little they knew that it was a great day for all the world and for all time!

Three days after he was born the tiny baby was christened William. Three months later one of the fearful plagues which used to sweep over England, when people lived in dark and dirty houses in dark and dirty streets, attacked Stratford-on-Avon. John Shakespeare helped the stricken people with money and goods, and presently the plague passed away, and the life of the dearly loved little son was safe.

Years passed on, and the house in Henley Street grew ever more noisy with chattering tongues and pattering feet, until little Will had two sisters and two brothers to keep him company. Then, although his father and mother could neither of them write themselves, they decided that their children should be taught, so William was sent to the Grammar School. He was doubtless fonder of the blue sky and the slow-flowing river and the deep, dark woods that grew about his home than of the low-roofed schoolroom. He went perhaps

> "A whining schoolboy, with his satchel
> And shining morning face, creeping like snail
> Unwillingly to school."

But we do not know. And whether he liked school or not, at least we know that later, when he came to write plays, he made fun of schoolmasters. He knew "little Latin and less Greek," said a friend in after life, but then that friend was very learned and might think "little" that which we might take for a "good deal." Indeed, another old writer says, "he understood Latin pretty well."

We know little either of Shakespeare's school hours or play hours, but once or twice at least he may have seen a play or pageant. His father went on prospering and was made chief bailiff of the town, and while in that office he entertained twice at least troupes of strolling players, the Queen's Company and the Earl of Worcester's Company. It is very likely that little Will was taken to see the plays they acted. Then, when he was eleven years old, there was great excitement in the country town, for Queen Elizabeth came to visit the great Earl of Leicester at his castle of Kenilworth, not sixteen miles away. There were great doings then, and the queen was received with all the magnificence and pomp that money could procure and imagination invent. Some of these grand shows Shakespeare must have seen.

Long afterwards he remembered perhaps how one evening he had stood among the crowd tiptoeing and eager to catch a glimpse of the great queen as she sat enthroned on a golden chair. Her red-gold hair gleamed and glittered with jewels under the flickering torchlight. Around her stood a crowd of nobles and ladies only less brilliant than she.

Some time after John Shakespeare was made chief bailiff, his fortunes turned. From being rich he became poor. Bit by bit he was obliged to sell his own and his wife's property. So little Will was taken away from school at the age of thirteen, and set to earn his own living as a butcher, one of his father's trades. So the years passed, and we know little of what happened in them. But from his plays we learn that he gathered all sorts of knowledge in those days. He certainly knew the lore of fields and woods, of trees and flowers, of birds and beasts. He remembered his rambles by the slow-flowing Avon, which "makes sweet music with th' enamel'd stones," and marked how in spring "the daffodils come before the swallow dares, and take the winds of March with beauty." Sometimes he got into mischief too, for he had a daring spirit, and on quiet dark nights would creep silently about the woods snaring rabbits or hunting deer. So it was said, at least, and that was where he gained the reputation of being a poacher. Some say he was a schoolmaster for a time, others that he was a clerk in a lawyer's office. This is guesswork; but one thing we know, that at eighteen he took a bold step and married Anne Hathaway, whose cottage has become so famous in the pictures. Not long after this Shakespeare left Stratford and went to London. There

THE BEAR AND BILLET INN OF CHESTER

In the quaint old English style.

at first he had a hard time to get on. Think of the immortal poet and playwright having to hold horses outside the theater doors in order to get a living. The plays took place in the afternoon in those days, and, as many of the fine folk who came to see them rode on horseback, someone was needed to look after the horses until the play was over. Poor as the pay was, Shakespeare seems to have done his duty well, and he became such a favorite that he had several boys under him who were long known as "Shakespeare's boys." Their master, however, soon left work outside the theater for work inside. And now began the busiest years of his life.

He both acted and began to write plays, and to create those characters which are so delightfully human. In the twenty-five years that he wrote he produced thirty-seven plays, two long poems, and a hundred and fifty-six sonnets. His plays are sometimes in rhyme, sometimes in blank verse, sometimes in prose. He followed his own rules, and made his own language, in one sense, for no one else has ever been able to put words together as he did. You will find a short sketch of Shakespeare the writer, and a list of his plays, with the principal characters in each, in Volume VIII, with some fine illustrations by Walter Crane. The greatest name in English literature to the end of time will doubtless be that of William Shakespeare.

MILTON, THE BLIND SINGER

Among the famous names in literature will always stand that of John Milton, the Puritan scholar and statesman, who after he lost his sight dictated his poetry. Born in 1608, the son of a London lawyer, he was a pretty little boy with long, golden brown hair, a fair face, and dark gray eyes. He was clever as well as pretty, and at ten was already looked upon by his family as a poet. He went to St. Paul's School, and had a private tutor besides, and studied alone far into the night, commonly until midnight. It is said that "his father ordered the mayde to sit up for him." At sixteen he went to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he was called the Lady of Christ's, because of his beautiful face and slender figure, and his dislike of the coarser play of the boys. When college days were over, he went home and continued his studies while enjoying the country life. Some of his most beautiful poems were written in these five years of leisurely work. One of these is "L'Allegro," which pictures the happy mood, and "Il Penseroso," which gives the thoughtful mood. He lost his sight from over-use of his eyes in study. His great poem, "Paradise Lost," was written in London, and took many years, as he says it was written "in a parcel of ten, twenty, or thirty verses at a time by whatever hand came next." He must have had a wonderful memory to keep track of it at all. Sometimes he dictated from his bed, and if in the middle of the night lines came to him, whatever time it was he would ring for one of his daughters to write them down

BURNS AND HIS BIRTHPLACE

One of the most interesting places in Scotland is the city of Ayr and its immediate vicinity, with which the name of Robert Burns is intimately associated. In the central square, fronting the railway station, is perhaps the finest monument to the peasant poet, seen in the right-hand lower corner of the picture. The "twa brigs o' Ayr" come next, with the "auld brig" in the foreground. The portrait of Burns is one of the best. His birthplace, shown at the top on the left, is now a museum, containing invaluable Burns manuscripts and relics, among them the first edition of his poems. The room below is the one in which the poet was born. The corner alcove contains the bed. The place is one of the shrines of the Scotch, who recognize the native genius of the author of "Tam o' Shanter's Ride" and "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

for him, lest the thought should be lost ere morning.

His genius was recognized, and in his last years many people came to visit him. "Paradise Regained" was his second long poem, but not so interesting as the first.

JOHN BUNYAN, THE TINKER

The second great Puritan writer of England was John Bunyan, whose "Pilgrim's Progress" is almost as well known as the Bible. He was born in 1628, more than twenty years after Milton. He was the son of a tinker, a workman who mended the neighbors' kettles and pans, and sent his son John to school. This was at a time when not every boy was put at his books in England, and John appreciated this, afterwards. He says he was a pretty bad boy, however, and swore and told lies and was a ringleader among the boys in wickedness. He became a tinker, but at seventeen enlisted as a soldier when the Puritans under Cromwell were fighting against the king. After he left the army he married, and was as poor as poor could be, he says. But he came to love the church, and was led after a while to take up preaching. He soon grew to be famous, and that displeased the leaders of the party in power, as Bunyan had joined the Baptists. He was arrested for preaching without a license, and spent twelve years in Bedford jail for that dreadful offense. But it was the best thing that could have happened, for while a prisoner he wrote that wonderful book which tells, in the form of a dream, the story of Christian on his long and difficult pilgrimage from the City of Destruction to the City of the Blest. His power of imagination was second only to that of Milton, and his style was entirely different. Where Milton is stately and uses many words from the Latin, Bunyan uses the strong, plain, simple Saxon words. He knew the Bible from end to end, and its poetry and grandeur filled his soul. Read his description of Christian's fight with Apollyon, and you can find nothing more thrilling or exciting anywhere. Bunyan's genius is as miraculous as that of Caedmon. It will be a great pity if the time ever comes when boys and girls do not read "Pilgrim's Progress," and follow Christian in his experiences.

ROBERT BURNS, THE HERO POET OF THE PEOPLE

ROBERT BURNS, the peasant poet of Scotland, whose songs are known and loved by English-speaking people the world over, was born near Ayr, Scotland, in 1759. He was a farmer's boy, and a farmer he remained most of his life. In the fields, following the plow, he composed many of his finest songs. He died in his thirty-eighth year, after a life of unusual hardship and struggle. His poetry deals with simple things that the ordinary person can understand, is sweet in melody, and is full of strong feeling. Burns was a patriot, too, and so it is small wonder that all Scotchmen have a strong affection for him. Perhaps most often quoted are his lines:

> "O wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see oursels as ithers see us."

Here is one of the best of his shorter poems:

BANNOCKBURN

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power:
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

GULLIVER EXPLAINING TO THE KING

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

THE boys and girls who do not read "Gulliver's Travels" just for the story miss a great deal besides the delicate satire. Jonathan Swift, who wrote it and who has given to countless children and their elders countless hours of pleasure, was made bitter by his lot, which he thought a hard one, and wrote his great work to vent his anger on the people he disliked. He was born in Dublin, of English parents, in 1667, and died in 1745. "Gulliver" was published in 1726. Swift had been made Dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin, and he did not like to be Dean, nor did the people like to have him. They threw mud and even stones at him as he rode through the streets. But he set himself to fight for the people against the government, which was very bad, and presently became their idol. They now threw flowers at him instead of mud. In this time of popular triumph he published the book that will keep his name alive. Of this work Swift said: "The chief end I propose to myself in all my labors is to vex the world rather than divert it, and if I could compass that design without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen. . . . I hate and detest that animal called man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. . . . Upon this great foundation of misanthropy, the whole building of my *Travels* is erected." But whether Swift at the time vexed the world with "Gulliver" or not, ever since he has succeeded in diverting it. "Gulliver's Travels" is an allegory and a satire, but there is no need now to do more than enjoy it as a story.

The story is divided into four parts. In the first Captain Lemuel Gulliver, being wrecked, finds himself upon an island where all the people are so small that he can pick them up in his thumb and finger, and it requires six hundred of their beds to make one for him.

In the second part Gulliver comes to a country where the people are giants. They are so large that they in their turn can lift Gulliver up between thumb and finger.

In the third voyage Gulliver is taken by pirates and at last lands upon a flying island, and from there he passes on to other wonderful places.

In the fourth his men mutiny and put him ashore on an unknown land. There he finds that horses are the rulers, and a terrible kind of degraded human being their slaves and servants.

In the last part the satire is too bitter, the degradation of man too terribly insisted upon to make it pleasant reading, and altogether the first two stories are the most interesting.

WHAT HAPPENED TO GULLIVER WHEN HE FELL AMONG THE LITTLE FOLK

Here is how Swift tells us of Gulliver's arrival in Lilliput, the country of the tiny folk. After the shipwreck and a long battle with the waves he has at length reached land:

"I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remember to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked,

it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner.

"I could only look upwards, the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when bending over my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands and a quiver at his back.

"In the meantime, I felt at least fifty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, *Hekinah degul:* the others repeated the same words several times, but then I knew not what they meant.

GULLIVER SEIZES THE ENEMY'S FLEET

GULLIVER QUESTIONED BY HIS MASTER'S GUESTS

"I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness: at length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the same time with a *phonac*, when in an instant I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not) and some on my face,

LILLIPUTIAN TAILORS MEASURING GULLIVER

THE EMPEROR REVIEWS HIS TROOPS

violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches.

"But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud *Tolgo* which I immediately covered with my left hand.

"When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides, but, by good luck, I

had on a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce."

Gulliver decided that the best thing he could do was to lie still until night came and then, having his left hand already loose, he would soon be able to free himself. However, he did not need to wait so long, for very soon, by orders of a mannikin who seemed to have great authority over the others, his head was set free. The little man then made a long speech, not a word of which Gulliver understood, but he replied meekly, showing by signs that he had no wicked intentions against the tiny folk and that he was also very hungry.

"The *Hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above an hundred of the inhabitants mounted and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating, that a small quantity would not suffice me; and being a most ingenious people, they slung up with great dexterity one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more, but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times as they did at first, *Hekinah degul.*"

And now having introduced you and Gulliver to the Lilliputians, we leave you to hear about his further adventures among them from the book itself. There you will learn how Gulliver received his freedom, and how he lived happily among the little people, until at length Swift falls upon the quaint idea of having him impeached for treason. Gulliver then, hearing of this danger, escapes, and after a few more adventures arrives home.

WHAT BEFELL GULLIVER AMONG THE GIANTS OF BROBDINGNAG

As a contrast to what you have just read you may like to hear of Gulliver's first adventures in Brobdingnag, the land of giants. Gulliver had been found by a farmer and carried home. When the farmer's wife first saw him "she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or a spider." However, when she saw that he was only a tiny man, she soon grew fond of him.

"It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of an husbandman) in a dish of about four-and-twenty foot diameter. The company were the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were sat down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram cup, which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink. I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily, that I was almost deafened with the noise. . . .

"In the midst of dinner, my mistress's favorite cat leapt into her lap. I heard a noise behind me like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work; and turning my head, I found it proceeded from the purring of this animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an ox,

GULLIVER MAPPING HIS ROUTE. GULLIVER AND THE WISE MEN. GULLIVER AT COURT WITH THE JEALOUS JESTER. GULLIVER ON THE QUEEN'S HAND

as I computed by the view of her head, and one of her paws, while her mistress was feeding and stroking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me; though I stood at the further end of the table, about fifty feet off; and although my mistress held her fast for fear she might give a spring and seize me in her talons. But it happened there was no danger; for the cat took not the least notice of me when my master placed me within three yards of her. And as I have been always told, and found true by experience in my travels, that flying, or discovering fear before a fierce animal, is a certain way to make it pursue or attack you, so I resolved in this dangerous juncture to show no manner of concern. I walked with intrepidity five or six times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her; whereupon she drew herself back, as if she were more afraid of me."

When it was published, "Gulliver's Travels" was at once a great success. Ten days after it appeared, two poets wrote to Swift that "the whole town, men, women, and children, are quite full of it." For nearly twenty years longer Swift lived, then, sad to say, the life of the man who wrote for us these fascinating tales closed in sickness and gloom. He was buried at dead of night in his own cathedral.

There are many editions. You can get the story for thirty-five cents in *Everyman's Library*, with illustrations by Arthur Rackham. Some of these are here reproduced.

GULLIVER PLAYING THE PIANO

SCOTT AND ROMANCE

WE agree with the writer who says the 15th of August, 1771, was a lucky day for all the boys and girls and grown-up people too of the English-speaking race, for on that day Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh. Literature was now ready for romance, and the knight who was to break through the hedge that had grown up about romance and make free the Enchanted Land was Walter — Sir Walter as he was to be. His father was a kindly Scots lawyer, of a good old Border family. Moss-troopers and cattle-reavers were among his ancestors, lairds of their own lands, so that he inherited his stories straight. Walter had a happy childhood, spending much time on his grandfather's farm. He was a winsome laddie, and the whole household loved him. He listened to the tales of his grandmother, hearing all about the wild doings of his forbears, or the brave deeds of Bruce and Wallace. At school he was "an incorrigibly idle imp," better at games than lessons. But he read everything — Pope's "Homer," Shakespeare, Ossian, Spenser, and Percy's "Reliques" — which brought him into the land of chivalry and fired his imagination. All one summer day he read and read, forgetting even to be hungry. After that he entertained his schoolfellows with scraps of tragic ballads, and as soon as he could get the money he bought a copy of the book for himself. After school he went to Edinburgh University to study law. At this time, at fifteen, he met Robert Burns for the first and only time. He traveled all over Scotland, listening to the ballads of the country folk, gathering tales, storing his mind with memories of people and places. And after a while he published a little book of Border Ballads, and began a career that made him the song singer and pleasant tale teller to Britain and Europe and the world. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" was the first of Scott's song stories, and in it he pictures an old minstrel, the last of his race, wandering neglected and despised about the countryside. But at Newark Castle he receives entertainment, and in repayment begins his story, to the accompaniment of the harp. It is said that the new poet made Scotland the fashion, and it has remained so

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS LITERARY FRIENDS AT ABBOTSFORD

Scott, Mackenzie, Wilson, Crabbe, Lockhart, Wordsworth, Jeffrey, Ferguson, Moore, Allen, Campbell, Wilkie, Constable.

ever since. Certainly the Scottish stories have been read around the world. It is not for his poems or ballads, but for his stories, known under the general name of the "Waverley Novels," that Scott is best known. If you would read the history of Scotland, told in a manner to interest a boy, you will find it in "The Tales of a Grandfather," which Scott wrote for his little grandson. "I will make," said he, "if possible, a book that a child shall understand, yet a man shall feel some temptation to peruse should he chance to take it up." The "Tales" are as good as a romance. And the stories will never be out of date, so long as people believe in chivalry and bravery and romance.

AND THE OTHERS

These are the mountain-peak names. Of course there are many others, poets and essayists and philosophers and historians and novelists.

We have simply told you of some of the great works that you ought to know something about, and which it will well repay you to read thoughtfully, as a foundation for the best knowledge of our English literature.

You will not need to be told of Thackeray or Dickens, or of our American authors — Hawthorne, Irving, Cooper, Longfellow, Whittier, and other members of a famous group, worthy of a place in the Hall of Fame. You will find charming stories of the childhood of some of these great writers in Volume IX, under the title "When They were Little," and selections from others in Volume VIII.

DRAWING MADE BY THACKERAY IN HIS BOYHOOD

THE ANNAPOLIS RIVER, NEAR THE VILLAGE OF GRAND-PRÉ

STORIES FROM LONGFELLOW

EVANGELINE

[Longfellow's beautiful poem, "Evangeline," is based on the removal, in 1755, of the French from their homes in Acadia, which the English afterward named Nova Scotia. The French settled the island in 1621, about the same time that the Plymouth colony was establishing itself in Massachusetts, and held possession until 1713, when the English made conquest of the land. The poem is written in the old Greek hexameter, a very unusual meter in English. We give verses, or lines, showing the different use of the six feet, of which the one before the last must be a dactyl, and the last a spondee. A spondee is a metrical foot of two equal notes (— —); a dactyl has one long and two short ones (— ⏑ ⏑). The accent is on the first note in both cases. The entire line may be made up of dactyls save the last foot, and this gives a lively measure. Thus the first line of the poem,

— ⏑ ⏑	— ⏑ ⏑	— ⏑ ⏑	— ⏑ ⏑	— ⏑ ⏑	— —
la, la, la,	*la*, la, la,	*la*, la, la,	*la*, la, la,	*la*, la, la,	*la*, la
This is the	*for*-est prim	*e*-val. The	*mur*-mur-ing	*pines* and the	*hem*-locks

has a glide and swing to it. Contrast this with a line of spondees like this:

— —	— —	— —	— —	— ⏑ ⏑	— —
la, la,	*la*, la,	*la*, la,	*la*, la,	*la*, la, la,	*la*, la
Stand like	*har*-pers	*hoar*, with	*beards* that	*rest* on their	*bo*-soms.

Thus the poet can make his words flow trippingly, or give his thoughts slow and ponderous volume. As in the case of "Hiawatha," we believe you will be more interested in the poem after reading the brief version of the story which follows.]

MANY years ago, in the Acadian land, on the shores of the basin of Minas, in the little village of Grand-Pré, there lived a prosperous farmer and his lovely daughter, Evangeline. Benedict Bellefontaine was the farmer's name, and he was French, like all the people in the fertile valley, for his ancestors and theirs had come from Normandy to make homes in the New World which Cartier and Champlain had claimed for France. These people had prospered and peace and plenty, love and contentment, reigned in Acadia.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.
Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!

No description of her could exceed the thoughts of Gabriel, son of the village black-

smith, Basil Lajeunesse, who was the farmer's closest friend. Evangeline and Gabriel were fast friends and playmates from early childhood. Evangeline grew up more beautiful than any other maiden in the village of Grand-Pré; and when she came out of church, wearing her snowy Norman cap and kirtle of blue, and the earrings brought in the olden time from France, it seemed as though a celestial brightness shone on her face; and when she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music. Many a youth fixed his eyes on her as the saint of his deepest devotion, and many a suitor came to her door; but among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome. He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning, gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.

When Evangeline was old enough, she was betrothed to Gabriel, and one evening, to the house of Benedict Bellefontaine came the blacksmith and his son, and the lawyer, Leblanc, to draw up the marriage settlements and witness the betrothal.

Leblanc the lawyer was old, and bent, and kindly, and beloved by all the children.

Basil the blacksmith rose up when the lawyer came in and took his hand.

"Father Leblanc," he said, "you have been down in the village. Can you tell us why there have been English war boats in the harbor for the last four days?"

"Nay, not I," Leblanc said easily. "I have heard gossip, truly, but what 's that? We are at peace with all the world — why should anyone molest us? It must be some friendly errand brings the boats."

But Basil Lajeunesse shook his head. Word had gone forth from the great ships that all the men must meet upon the morrow in the church, where his Majesty's mandate would be proclaimed as law, and Basil was full of anxiety about it.

You see, Nova Scotia had been ceded to Great Britain by the French, without the people being asked their will, and many had been angry about the matter, and had taken the oath of allegiance to England unwillingly. And afterwards, when war between the English and the French broke out in Canada, some said the Acadians had helped the French.

Then came the English gunboats to Acadia, and waited off the coast, and many asked themselves why this should be.

However, there was joy and not uneasiness at Benedict Bellefontaine's farm.

Next morning all the village gayly came to Evangeline's betrothal feast, and danced and sang in the glad sunshine in the orchard, underneath the laden trees; and

> Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
> Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith.

So the morning passed away, and it was time for all the men to gather in the church. The great bell in the tower summoned them; a drum beat solemnly. The church was thronged with men, and the churchyard filled with women, and then the ship's guard came. Proudly the soldiers marched through the waiting crowd, with fife and drum, and then — Clang! Clang! — the great church door was shut and barred, with all the Acadian farmers inside.

The commander of the ships stood on the altar steps, and all were silent, waiting, anxious. Then the commander spoke to them. He said that the people of Acadia had not been true to his Majesty the King of England; he hinted they had helped the French; he said:

"I tell you the will of our monarch, namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds, be forfeited to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province be transported to other lands. Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's pleasure."

For a moment no one stirred. Then a great cry of horror broke from the people, and they rushed with one impulse to the door. But it was locked, and soldiers barred the way.

Basil the blacksmith, mad with passion, raised his arms.

"Down with the tyrants of England!" cried he. "Death to the foreign soldiers who seize our homes and harvests," and would have said more, but the soldiers dragged him down.

In the midst of the tumult, Father Felician came out from the chancel.

"What is this that ye do, my children?" he said. "Have I not taught you to love one another? Ye profane the house of our Master. It were better to say like him, when the wicked assail us: 'Father, forgive them!'"

His gentle voice rang through the church, his calm, good face brought comfort. He quieted the people, and they sank upon their knees and prayed, sobbing after the priest, "Father, forgive them!"

Out in the village, under the sunset, the women and the children waited in vain for their husbands, and their fathers, and their sons, to come again, and they came not; and night crept down upon them with the church door still fast shut. Evangeline stole out into the churchyard in the darkness, and she listened, and heard nothing, and cried "Gabriel!" and there was no reply.

On the fifth day after this, the women and the children in the village were informed they must get ready to embark in the boats; and, bearing what few household goods they could, they crept down to the seashore, and the prisoners were marched out from the churchyard as they passed.

Evangeline caught Gabriel's hand, as he went by, and tried to cheer him, looking up into his sad, white face: "Gabriel, be of good cheer, for if we love one another, nothing can harm us."

Then, seeing her father, and how altered and old and ill he looked, she ran to him, and clasped her arms about his neck, and tried to comfort him.

So the sad procession went down to the seashore, where boats plied to and fro, and all was hurry and confusion. Basil and Gabriel were placed on different ships; night came on, and many of the Acadians were left upon the shore — Evangeline and Benedict among them. Men and women camped as best they could, making fires of the driftwood on the beach. They sat about them sadly, thinking of the homesteads they had lost; and in the village the cattle were lowing at the farmyard gates, and there was none to milk them.

Before the morning light had come, the father of Evangeline, heartbroken, weary, old, had passed away. Evangeline was left alone, her father dead, her lover gone.

Far apart, and on separate coasts, the outcast Acadians landed — the whole of a little colony, desolate, seeking new homes. And among them moved Evangeline, year after year — gentle, silent, suffering — searching for Gabriel, asking for him always, and hearing only rumors of his whereabouts.

There were many who implored her to give up the search, and marry someone else — for she was beautiful, and many loved her — but Evangeline shook her head, and went upon her quest.

There were others, too, among the poor Acadians, who searched for kindred, and Evangeline, with Father Felician for her guide, joined such a party, and they rowed together, in a poor, rough boat, down the great Mississippi, camping upon its banks at night.

Evangeline felt happier than she had done for many years, for somehow she believed that she was near to Gabriel.

It had been rumored, and Evangeline had heard the rumor, that the blacksmith, Basil, had his dwelling on the banks of the Teche. Thither went Evangeline and the good priest, and one day, at sunset, they found Basil — Basil rich in land and cattle — overjoyed to see them. But they found no Gabriel — for Gabriel had started down the river only that day; his boat had passed theirs while they slept upon the bank, just before dawn — had passed them silently, unseeing and unseen. Evangeline heard, and wept on Basil's shoulder.

"But there," said Basil, "we will follow him, and overtake him. He has gone but to Adayes."

They took boat, and followed him, many weary days, by river, and through huge, dark forests; and when at last, worn out, they alighted at Adayes, it was only to hear that Gabriel had left the village just the day before, and had gone toward the prairies. Poor Evangeline! Unhappy Gabriel!

Evangeline could not give up her quest. Her love for Gabriel urged her on, even as his love for her had made him restless — made him leave his father's home and wander far into the wilderness.

Over the prairies went Evangeline and Basil, and one day, far off, they found a little Jesuit mission. To the kind old priest who dwelt there Evangeline told her sad story, and he listened, and said gently: "It is not six days since Gabriel sat there, and told me the same sad tale, then rose, and continued his journey."

To have missed him again! Evangeline's heart sank wearily.

TOP: READING THE KING'S PROCLAMATION; ACADIAN WOMEN DRIVING IN THEIR GOODS. MIDDLE: EVANGELINE'S FAREWELL; THE DEPARTURE. BOTTOM: EVANGELINE ALONE, MOURNING AND SEEKING COMFORT; EVANGELINE AT HER DYING LOVER'S BEDSIDE.

"He has gone to the North," continued the priest, "but when autumn comes, and the chase is over, he will return to the mission."

"Let me remain with you and wait, then," said Evangeline, "for I am sick at heart." And as that seemed the wisest course, Basil took his Indian guides and returned home, and Evangeline stayed at the mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days passed and autumn came. But Gabriel came not. And the winter passed, and he came not; spring came, and still no Gabriel.

Then, with summer, came the rumor that Gabriel had a hunting lodge in the Forest of Michigan. Evangeline went sadly there, to find the hunting lodge deserted, ruined.

Years passed; Evangeline, now grown old and careworn, still looked for Gabriel, but found him not, and at last she took up her abode in Philadelphia, finding among the children of Penn a home and a country. There Leblanc had come to live, and there he died, with only one of all his many children near.

There Evangeline worked day and night among the poor, tending them, and helping them, and many blessed her. Then a pestilence fell on the city, and rich and poor were smitten down and died. Gently Evangeline moved among the sick folk, and the dying looked into her face, and found there celestial light and comfort.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, Evangeline bore flowers to the almshouses in which were sheltered many of the sick. A strange calm was on her spirit, and something within her said that at last her troubles were ended.

Many of the sick had died that night; their places were already occupied by strangers. Evangeline looked round.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying. . . .
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saintlike,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.

Then he beheld in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!" . . .

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.

This is the story that our loved American poet, Longfellow, has wrought into a poem that will be read as long as lovers' constancy and faith and true friendship remain as fine traits of character.

"Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snowdrift
Piled at her knee, her left hand feeding the ravenous spindle."

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

[This is a favorite among Longfellow's poems, and the line "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" has its place among the familiar quotations. If you have not read the poem, you will surely do so after reading this briefer version of the story of early colonial days and the doughty captain whose monument stands at Plymouth, and who did much to save the Pilgrims from extermination at the hands of the Indians. This poem is also written in the hexameter, and it will be interesting to scan the lines, using the meter given in the introduction to "Evangeline."]

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber—
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus, —
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and matchlock.
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives
Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles, but Angels."
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the Mayflower.

John Alden was writing epistles important, to go by the Mayflower, ready to sail on the

morrow, homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter; and the letters were full of the name and fame of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, most charming of those first brave colonists who had come from the Old World to the New.

Miles Standish, while waiting, began to read his Cæsar, occasionally exclaiming about his marvelous words and achievements.

"A wonderful man was this Cæsar!
You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow
Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skillful!"
Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful:
"Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons.
Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate
Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs."

Then the captain told how Cæsar had once saved a retreat by seizing a shield from a soldier and putting himself at the head of his troops, adding emphatically:

"That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

Alden agreed and wrote on, mostly about Priscilla. At last Miles Standish, rugged, impatient man of battles, closed his book with a bang, and said:

"When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.
Be not however in haste; I can wait; I shall not be impatient!"
Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,
Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention:
"Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen."

"It's like this," said Standish awkwardly. "My life has been dreary ever since my wife, Rose Standish, died. Scripture says it is not good that man should live alone. Oft in my lonely hours I have thought of the maiden Priscilla, who is patient, courageous, and strong. I am valiant in war, but a coward with women. Therefore, John Alden, I want you to go to the maiden Priscilla — the loveliest damsel in Plymouth — and say that a blunt old captain — a man not of words but of deeds — offers his hand and his heart. Don't put it like that, but more gently. You are a scholar. Put that into elegant language."

John Alden, aghast at the task which was set him, stammered, "I should spoil the message. If — if you want a thing to be well done, sir — I am only repeating you — you must do it yourself; you must not leave it to others."

"I would storm a fortress willingly," the captain said, "but I dare not face a woman with a message of that kind. I have spoken lightly, John Alden, but I feel the matter deeply, and I ask you, in the name of our friendship, to do this thing for me."

"The name of friendship is sacred," said Alden, and rose sadly to go on his errand.

Through the woods went Alden to Priscilla's house.

"Must I give up all my own dreams, and love in vain?" he thought.

The woods were full of mayflowers, and Alden picked a bunch of them, and so came to Priscilla's door, and found her sitting spinning, and singing the grand old hundredth psalm, from the psalm book of Ainsworth, printed in Amsterdam. John entered awkwardly. The hum of the wheel and the singing ceased as Priscilla rose to welcome him.

"I knew it was you when I heard your step in the passage, for I was thinking of you," she said.

Alden stood before her, dumb with delight that she had thought of him — sick with his errand — thinking of what might have been — thinking how, one day in the hard winter, he had tramped through unbroken snow to see if she were safe, and she was glad to see him. Had he spoken then! But it was all too late! He must serve his friend and captain.

Silently he handed the flowers to Priscilla, and as they talked she told him how she had been dreaming of old England, and how she wished that she were back again.

"Indeed," said Alden, "I don't wonder, for this terrible winter has tried stouter hearts than a woman's. You are tender and trusting; you need someone to lean on, and I bring you an offer of marriage, from a good man and true — Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth."

So Alden, the dexterous writer of letters, blurted out his message, and Priscilla looked at

MILES STANDISH TREATING WITH THE HOSTILE INDIANS

him in wonder, and amazement, and sorrow, and she said:

"If the great captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me, why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?"

Then John Alden tried to explain, and smooth the matter, making it worse by saying the captain was busy, and had no time for such things.

"No time for such things!" said Priscilla. "If he has no time now, is he likely to find more time after the wedding?"

Still John Alden went on, urging the suit of his friend, and trying to be loyal to him, telling of his courage, and his skill in battle, saying he was honorable and noble, a gentleman born, and that any woman in Plymouth, or in England, might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish.

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

John Alden rushed into the open air like a man insane. He had betrayed his friend, his trust. He had gone awooing for another, and had prospered his own suit instead. Slowly he went back to Miles Standish.

"You have been long upon your errand," said the captain cheerfully; "now tell me all that happened."

And Alden told him everything, as calmly as he could; but when he came to the words which Priscilla had spoken, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" — the Captain of Plymouth leaped up in a rage, and stamped till his armor clanged on the wall.

"John Alden, you have betrayed me!" he cried. "Me — Miles Standish, your friend! You have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me — you, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother! Our friendship is ended; let there be nothing between us save war and implacable hatred."

So Miles Standish strode about, chafing and choking with rage. But in the midst of his anger there came a messenger to summon him to the council. The Indians were rising! Straightway, without a word, he buckled on his sword and frowning fiercely departed, leaving poor John Alden alone with his sad thoughts.

The angry captain strode away, and in the council room he found an Indian, with a rattlesnake skin full of arrows — challenge of warfare. In his vengeful mood the captain jerked the arrows from the rattlesnake skin and filled the skin full with powder and bullets, saying in thunderous tones, "Here, take it! This is your answer!"

This meant war, of course, and the poem tells how Standish returned to his house, but did not awake Alden, who seemed to be asleep; how in the gray of dawn Standish and eight of his stalwarts marched out of the village led by their Indian guide, to quell the sudden revolt of the red men.

While Standish went to battle, the Mayflower sailed homeward bound, watched with tearful eyes by the colonists left in the desert. With intention to sail in her, John Alden went with the others down to the seashore —

Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep
Into a world unknown, — the corner-stone of a nation!

His foot was placed on the boat's gunwale, when he saw Priscilla, standing dejected among the crowd.

Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient,
That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose. . . .
Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts!
Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine!
"Here I remain!" he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him,
Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness,
Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong.
"There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome,
As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps.
Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence
Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her weakness;

Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,
So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving!"

Lingering by the shore after the others had gone, and thinking of Priscilla, John Alden suddenly found her standing beside him. The scene that followed is charmingly described in the poem. Priscilla frankly stated her case, explaining how she had spoken by an irresistible impulse, and said, "You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us, which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!" Poor John had a hard time of it to control himself, but the outcome was that Priscilla gave him her hand in friendship, and he said: "Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you friendship let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest!" Then she made him tell her about the scene with the terrible captain, whom she described as "a little chimney, heated hot in a moment." Thus John journeyed to the Holy Land of his longings.

Meanwhile the stalwart Standish was marching steadily northward through forest and swamp, silent and moody, chafing in his armor at the thought of being flouted by a maiden. He soon had serious business on hand, however. After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment. Women were sitting at work by the tents, and warriors, horrid with war-paint, sat by the fires. When they saw the sunlight flashing on the breastplates of the English, they leaped to their feet, and two, advancing, came to talk with Standish, offering him furs as a present, outwardly friendly, but inwardly hating the white men.

The two who spoke to him were braves of the tribe, almost giants in stature. They were brothers, and their names were Pecksuot and Wattawamat. Sharp two-edged knives were hung about their necks, in scabbards.

"Welcome, English!" they said, in words they had learned from the traders, and they begged for muskets and powder in return for the furs which they offered. When Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible, they changed their tone.

Wattawamat faced the captain.

"Now Wattawamat can see by the captain's eye he is angry," said the Indian, "but Wattawamat is never afraid. He was born on a mountain at night — jumped from an oak tree riven by lightning, with his weapons all about him, crying, 'Who is there to fight with brave Wattawamat?'" Then he unsheathed his knife and held it aloft.

And Pecksuot stood forth also, self-vaunting and sneering, handling his knife. "So this is the mighty captain the white men have sent to destroy us? He is a little man — let him go and work with the women."

All about them Standish saw the faces and figures of Indians, creeping from bush to bush in the forest, forming an ambush around them. He had stood there undaunted, trying to treat with the savages simply, but when they insulted him so, the hot blood of his race rushed to his head. Fiercely he sprang upon Pecksuot, and snatching his knife from the scabbard, plunged it into the Indian's heart, and the warrior fell, with his face to the sky.

At once from the forest came a warwhoop, and a storm of arrows, but the white men answered with their muskets, and the Indians fled in a panic. Their brave Wattawamat lay dead upon the ground.

So the first battle was fought and won, and when the tidings were taken to Plymouth, with the head of the brave Wattawamat as a trophy, many rejoiced. But Priscilla shuddered, and thanked God in her heart that she had not married Miles Standish; and she feared lest some day he might return and claim her hand as a reward for valor.

So the months passed by, and Standish did not return. In the autumn ships came with kindred and friends, and with cattle for the Pilgrims. Alden built himself a house in Plymouth and planted an orchard around it, and dug a well. Close to the house was a stall for the snow-white bull which had fallen to Alden when the cattle were allotted.

Often John Alden found his way through the woods to the house of Priscilla, telling himself that he must look after her, and calling his love friendship.

One afternoon, when John came in, Priscilla sat as usual, spinning.

"Truly, Priscilla," said Alden, "when I see you spinning and spinning, thrifty and thoughtful for others, you seem no longer Priscilla, but

Bertha, the beautiful spinner — the Queen of Helvetia — who, as she rode on her palfrey through meadow and valley, was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle. She was so thrifty and good that her name has passed into a proverb; and the mothers in future shall, in reproving their children, praise the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner."

Then said Priscilla, laughing, "If I am a pattern for housewives, come, show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands. Hold this skein on your hands while I wind it, ready for knitting."

And as John Alden sat, awkwardly holding the skein, his hands outstretched, there came a breathless messenger, crying:

"Miles Standish is dead — an Indian has brought in the tidings. Slain by a poisoned arrow, cut off with all his forces; all of the town would be burned and the people be murdered!"

Silent and still stood Priscilla, with her arms uplifted in horror; but John Alden leaped to his feet, feeling suddenly free, as though the arrow which had killed his friend had severed the bonds which held him captive, and in mingled joy, regret, and pain, and scarcely knowing what he did, he clasped Priscilla closely to his heart.

So the lovers came together, and one fair morning they were wedded in the presence of the Elder and the Magistrate. Just as the service was ended, who should come striding in but Standish, the Captain of Plymouth, alive and well.

Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion,
"Forgive me!
I have been angry and hurt, — too long have I cherished the feeling;
I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended.
Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,
Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.
Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden."

Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be forgotten between us, —
All save the dear, old friendship, and that shall grow older and dearer!"
Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla, . . .
Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband.
Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered the adage, —
If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and moreover,
No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!"

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing,
Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Captain,
Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and crowded about him,
Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewildered
He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment,
Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at the doorway,
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,
Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;
There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the seashore,
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows;
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden,
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean. . . .

Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its master,
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday;
Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,
Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.
"Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile, "but the distaff;
Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.

Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses. . . .
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

"And the rabbit from his pathway,
Sat erect upon his haunches. . . .
Saying to the little hunter,
'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!'"

HIAWATHA

[This beautiful legend, which Longfellow has told in one of his best-known poems, will be read in its poetical form with much more interest after reading this shorter prose version. Once the story is clearly in mind, the poetical treatment will be more welcome.]

THERE once dwelt beside the Big Sea Water, in the great Northwest — perhaps Lake Superior — in the land of the Ojibways and Dacotahs, an old Indian woman named Nokomis and her little grandson, Hiawatha, "the child of wonder." His mother was dead, and the grandmother in her wigwam nursed the little Hiawatha.

"Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
'Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!'"

Many things Nokomis taught him; of the stars that shine in heaven, of the trees, and birds, and flowers. He was a ready learner.

"At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine trees,
Heard the lapping of the water . . .
Saw the firefly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
. . . And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids."

Once the little Hiawatha saw the moon rise from the lake, all bright, and white, and flecked with shadows; and he whispered to his grandmother, Nokomis, "What is that?"

Nokomis answered: "Once a warrior, very angry, seized his grandmother, and threw her up into the sky at midnight; right against the moon he threw her — 't is her body that you see there."

And when little Hiawatha saw the rainbow for the first time in his life, he whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"

And Nokomis said, "It is the heaven of the flowers. All the dying flowers go there, and they bloom again."

When Hiawatha grew older he learned the language of the birds, their names and secrets, and he called them "Hiawatha's chickens." He learned also the language and habits of all beasts, of squirrels and reindeer, beavers and rabbits; and he called them "Hiawatha's

brothers," and whenever he met them he talked to them.

Then Iagoo, the great boaster and marvelous story teller, a friend of old Nokomis, made a little bow of ashwood for the child, with arrows from the oak bough, tipped with flint and winged with feathers.

"Go now, my son," said he to Hiawatha, "into the forest, and kill for us a deer with antlers."

All alone walked Hiawatha proudly into the forest, with his bow and arrows. The birds sang around him, "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!" The squirrel sprang up the oak tree, laughing, "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!" And the rabbit leaped aside, and sat erect upon its haunches, half in fear and half in frolic, saying to the little hunter, "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

But the little hunter heard them not. He was thinking of the red deer, and waited by the river till they came to drink. Then his heart beat quick, and he knelt on one knee and sent his arrow flying, and a deer fell dead.

Hiawatha dragged the red deer to the village, proud, triumphant; and Iagoo and Nokomis welcomed him, and all the people praised him and called him "Little Strongheart." From the red deer's flesh Nokomis made a banquet for the village, and from the hide she made a cloak for Hiawatha.

Out of childhood into manhood grew Hiawatha, and there was none in all the country who could vie with him in forest craft or manly sports. He could shoot an arrow from his bow, and run forward so swiftly that the arrow fell behind him. He could shoot ten arrows upward with such strength and swiftness that the tenth had left the bowstring before the first had fallen to the ground. He had magic deerskin mittens — when he wore them he could tear rocks asunder; and he had magic moccasins which enabled him to walk a mile at a stride.

HIAWATHA'S VICTORY

Much Hiawatha questioned old Nokomis of his father, and at last she told him how the West Wind was his father — how the false West Wind, Great Mudjekeewis, had wooed his mother, and left her, and how she died deserted, broken-hearted.

Said Hiawatha hotly, "I will go to Mudjekeewis," and he meant to find him, and avenge his mother. He put on his magic mittens and moccasins, and started off, a mile at a stride, crossed the mighty Mississippi, and at last came to the Rocky Mountains, on the summit of which sat the West Wind. Mudjekeewis was filled with joy when he looked on Hiawatha, saw in his face the beauty of his mother, and recognized him as a son.

"Welcome," said he, "Hiawatha, long have I been waiting for you!"

Many days they talked together and much the mighty Mudjekeewis boasted of his ancient prowess, of his perilous adventures, and indomitable courage; but at last, when Mudjekeewis spoke of Hiawatha's mother, Hiawatha sprang up, crying: "It was you who killed my mother," and he wrestled with his father, fiercely, so that all the heavens rang with the tumult, and he forced him backward, fighting still, for three whole days, until they came right to the portals of the sunset.

Then cried Mudjekeewis: "Hold, my friend! It is impossible to kill me, for I am immortal. I have only put you to this trial to prove your courage. Go back to your people, and receive the prize of valor. Cleanse the earth from all that harms it — serve your people — and when death shall come nigh, you shall come to me, and I will share my kingdom with you — you shall be the Northwest Wind."

Thus the mighty fight was ended, and Hiawatha turned once more toward Nokomis, with the bitterness and anger all gone from him.

On his homeward journey, Hiawatha paused in the land of the Dacotahs to purchase arrows from the old arrow-maker who lived there, and to see, too, peeping from behind the curtain, the arrow-maker's dark-eyed daughter, Minnehaha — Laughing Water — "with her moods of shade and sunshine" and her musical laughter.

And now you shall hear how Hiawatha, coming to his own land, prayed and fasted for the profit of his people. First he built a wigwam by the lake to fast in, and he dwelt there seven days and seven nights, without eating or drink-

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MINNEHAHA — "LAUGHING WATER"

ing, and he prayed continually, not for himself, but the good of the people.

On the first day he wandered through the woods, and saw the pheasants, and the squirrels, and the pigeons, and the wild geese.

"Master of Life!" he cried, "must our lives depend on these things?"

The next day he wandered through the meadows by the river, and saw the wild rice and berries, and on the third day he sat by the shining lake, and saw the fishes.

"Master of Life," he said again, "and must our lives depend on these things?"

On the fourth day of his fasting, as he lay nearly exhausted in the wigwam, a youth approached him, dressed in green and yellow, and with soft green plumes upon his golden hair.

The youth said gently: "All your prayers are heard in heaven, Hiawatha, for you pray not for yourself. The Master of Life has sent me — Mondamin — man's friend — to show you how by struggling and by labor you shall get that for which you ask. Rise up, Hiawatha, and wrestle with me."

Faint with hunger, Hiawatha rose, but as he wrestled with the stranger, all his strength came back to him, and when the sun set and the darkness came, the youth in green and yellow, smiling, said to Hiawatha, "'Tis enough, but when the sun sets to-morrow, I will come again."

And the next day and the next Mondamin came, and Hiawatha rose and wrestled with him. Then said the stranger: "To-morrow, Hiawatha, will be the last day of your fasting, and your wrestling too. You will conquer me, and kill me. Make a soft earth bed for me to lie in, and strip these garments from me. Let the sun and rain come to me. Let no weed or worm molest me, and come and watch my grave yourself until I leap once more into the sunshine."

Next night it happened as Mondamin said. The fasting Hiawatha wrestled with him, and the landscape seemed to spin about him; he could see a hundred suns.

Then, suddenly, young Hiawatha stood alone upon the grass. Mondamin lay before him, breathless, lifeless, and Hiawatha laid him in the grave, just as Mondamin said, and spread the soft earth round him. Daily Hiawatha came and watched the place, and drove the ravens from it, and soon a small green feather shot up from the earth; and before the summer ended, the maize grew there in its green and golden glory — a new food for all the nations — and the people all rejoiced.

HIAWATHA'S FISHING

Now, after this, Hiawatha built himself a fine canoe from birch and cedar, and from larch and fir trees, and he ornamented it with berries, and with quills from the porcupine. One day he started out upon the Big Sea Lake, to try to catch the King of Fishes — Nahma, the big sturgeon.

Through the clear water, Hiawatha saw the fishes swimming. He sat in the stern of the boat, with his fishing line of cedar, while in the bow, with tail erect, sat his little friend the squirrel.

"At the stern sat Hiawatha, . . . On the bows, with tail erected, Sat the squirrel."

"Take my bait, O King of Fishes!" Hiawatha cried.

But the sturgeon merely looked up from the sandy bottom of the lake, until, wearied by the shouting, he said to a pike: "Here, take the bait of this rude fellow Hiawatha, and break his line."

Hiawatha felt the loose line jerk and tighten, and he pulled, so that the light canoe stood endwise, with the squirrel frisking on the summit; but when the fish was near to him, Hiawatha looked down into the water, and he saw the pike.

"You are not the fish I wanted," Hiawatha said. "Go back!"

So it happened with the other fishes — none could break the line of Hiawatha, and at last the gigantic Nahma, King of Fishes, got quite angry. He leaped into the sunshine, opened his enormous mouth, and he swallowed both canoe and Hiawatha!

Down in the darkness plunged poor Hiawatha,

"At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker, . . .
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha."

and he groped about in helpless wonder in the inside of the fish, and by chance he came across the fish's heart, which beat and throbbed. Hiawatha struck the great heart with his fists, and Nahma, King of Fishes, shuddered, and grew faint, reeled, and staggered. Hiawatha dragged his canoe crosswise in the fish's throat, lest by chance he should be thrown up into the water, and the little squirrel helped him, chatting gayly.

The sturgeon gasped and quivered in the water once again, and died, and the body drifted landward; Hiawatha heard it grate upon the pebbles of the beach.

Then came the birds, and ate the flesh of the dead fish, and presently they made a little opening in his ribs, and Hiawatha cried to them:

"O seagulls, O my brothers — I have killed the giant sturgeon. Make your openings wider, and so free me from my prison."

And the seagulls heard him, and they toiled, and made a way for Hiawatha, and he and the squirrel came out from their dark prison, and drew the canoe after them.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING

Many more adventures had the brave, strong Hiawatha. He killed the great magician, who sent disease and fever in the land, and always he was working for his people. And at last it seemed to him that it was time he was wedded, and he thought with longing of the lovely Minnehaha in the land of the Dacotahs.

> "As unto the bow the cord is,
> So unto the man is woman,
> Though she bends him she obeys him,
> Though she draws him yet she follows,
> Useless each without the other!"

Thus the youthful Hiawatha said within himself and pondered, dreaming still of Minnehaha.

"Wed a maiden of your people," said Nokomis, "not a stranger whom we know not. A neighbor's homely daughter is like fire on the hearthstone, while like starlight or like moonlight is the handsomest of strangers."

Hiawatha answered: "Dear Nokomis, very

pleasant is the firelight, but I like the starlight better."

"Do not bring an idle maiden," said Nokomis gravely, "nor one who is unskillful, or unwilling. Bring a wife with hand and heart that move together, with nimble fingers, and feet that run on willing errands."

Smiling answered Hiawatha: "In the land of the Dacotahs lives the arrow-maker's daughter, handsomest of all the women. I will bring her to your wigwam; she shall run upon your errands — be your starlight, moonlight, firelight, be the sunlight of my people."

"Ah! but fierce are the Dacotahs," said Nokomis. "Often there is war between us."

Laughing answered Hiawatha: "For that reason, if no other, would I wed the fair Dacotah, that our tribes may be united, and old wounds be healed forever!"

On the outskirts of a forest Hiawatha found a herd of wild deer, feeding between the sunshine and the shadow. He shot a great roebuck, and bore it on his shoulders to the wigwam of the ancient arrow-maker. The old man sat there, in his doorway, making arrow heads of jasper and of chalcedony. By his side sat Minnehaha, plaiting mats of flags and rushes, and as she plaited she was thinking of a hunter from another tribe and country who had come to buy some arrows in the springtime. He was young, and tall, and handsome, and her father had praised his skill and courage, and his wisdom. Would he come again for arrows? wondered Minnehaha.

And then, just as she thought of him, brave Hiawatha stepped out from the shadow of the woodlands, with the deer upon his shoulder.

The arrow-maker saw him, put aside his work, and beckoned him into the wigwam, saying, "Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

Hiawatha flung the red deer at the feet of Minnehaha, and she looked up at him, and gently said, "You are welcome, Hiawatha!" And she rose to bring him food and drink.

While the young man and her father talked, Minnehaha listened — heard when Hiawatha spoke about the good Nokomis, and about his friends, the wonderful musician Chibiabos, and Kwasind, who was so strong that he broke everything he touched. Hiawatha spoke of

"From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow."

happiness and plenty in his land — how at last there was peace between his people, the Ojibways, and the Dacotahs — how, to make that peace more lasting, he would like to marry Minnehaha — loveliest of Dacotah women.

The ancient arrow-maker smoked a little while silently, before he answered. He looked at Hiawatha proudly; he looked fondly at his daughter. Then he said very gently, "Yes, if Minnehaha wishes; let your heart speak, Minnehaha."

"And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
'I will follow you, my husband!'"

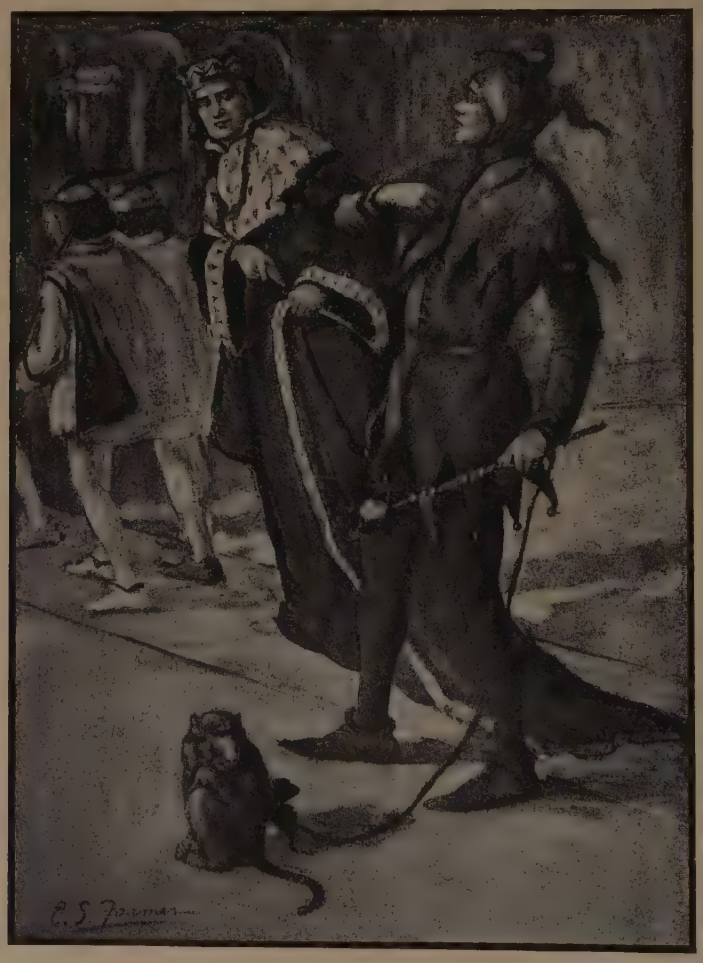
Thus it was that Hiawatha wooed the daughter of the ancient arrow-maker, and together, slowly, hand in hand, Hiawatha and the maiden went back through the forests to the

wigwam of Nokomis. Thus it was that Hiawatha carried sunshine to his people.

And Nokomis made a splendid wedding feast for them, inviting all the people far and near, and all came dressed in their richest raiment — furs and feathers, paint and beads. They had pike and sturgeon to eat, buffalo meat, and bison, and deer, and great yellow cakes made of mondamin. Hiawatha and the lovely Minnehaha and the careful old Nokomis waited on their guests, and made them happy. Chibiabos sang his sweetest songs of love and longing, and Iagoo, the old boaster, told his most marvelous stories.

So by the Lake of Big Sea Water, Hiawatha, brave and strong and splendid, ruled his people, working for them always, and the lovely Minnehaha helped him, and daily the old Nokomis blessed them both. Then came the famine and the fever, and Laughing Water dies, while broken-hearted Hiawatha must wait a little while before he follows her "to the Islands of the Blessed." The white man comes with the story of Christ; and the legend closes with Hiawatha's welcome to the strangers, and the beautiful picture of the departure of

> "Hiawatha the Beloved,
> In the glory of the sunset,
> In the purple mists of evening,
> To the land of the Hereafter!"



"And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, 'I am, I am the King!'"
From Longfellow's "King Robert of Sicily."

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES
ONE OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' STORIES LARGELY TOLD IN PICTURE BY WALTER CRANE, THAT MASTER OF ILLUSTRATORS, TRUE TO ART WHILE MAKING VIVID USE OF IMAGINATION

"THEY CARRIED BAGS OF TREASURE, AND HID IT IN A CAVE"

IN a town in Persia lived two brothers—Cassim and Ali Baba. Cassim was rich, but Ali Baba was poor, and gained his living by cutting wood, and bringing it upon three asses into the town to sell.

One day he saw some robbers in a forest; he watched them from his hiding place, and counted forty of them; they all carried bags of treasure, and hid it in a cave, which opened for them in the solid rock on saying the words, "Open, Sesame." When they came out again, the Captain said, "Shut, Sesame," and the door shut behind them,

ALI BABA CAME HOME WITH HIS GOLD, AND SHOWED IT TO HIS WIFE

and they rode off. Then Ali Baba came down from his hiding place, and went to the rock, and said, "Open, Sesame," and a door opened, and he entered and found all manner of treasure; he carried off a quantity of gold coin, and lading his asses with it, went home.

When he showed it to his wife, she wanted to measure it, to see how much they possessed, and she went to Cassim's wife to borrow a measure, and Cassim's wife lent it to her, putting some suet at the bottom of the measure.

Ali Baba and his wife then measured the gold,

MORGIANA CHALKS THE NEIGHBORS' DOORS AND FOILS THE PLOT

and buried it in the ground; and when Cassim's wife received back the measure, she found a piece of gold sticking to the suet. She told Cassim, who persuaded his brother to tell him the secret of the cave, and went next day to get treasure for himself. He entered the cave by saying, "Open, Sesame"; but when he was ready to depart, he could not think of the magic words, and so was obliged to remain in the cave till the robbers returned, who, enraged at having had their secret discovered, killed him, and cut his body into four quarters, hanging them inside the cave. Presently Cassim's wife, finding that her husband did not return, went to tell Ali Baba, who at once set off to go to the cave, and on entering it discovered his brother's remains, which he carried home on one of his asses, loading the other two with bags of gold.

Ali Baba then buried the body, and contrived, with the assistance of an intelligent slave named Morgiana, to make everyone believe that Cassim had died a natural death. Ali Baba then married the widow, and became very rich.

Meanwhile the forty robbers visited the cave, and finding that Cassim's body had been removed, determined not to rest until they had discovered their enemy; and one of them undertaking the search, in which he was assisted by the Cobbler who had sewn Cassim's body together, at last found Ali Baba's house, which he marked with a piece of chalk, and returned to his fellows.

But when Morgiana saw the mark, she chalked several other doors in the same manner. The thieves then coming to attack the house, and not being able to distinguish it from the others, had to return to their cave; and the robber, who they thought had misled them, was put to death. Another robber then undertook the enterprise, and, being guided by the Cobbler, marked the door with red chalk, but Morgiana marked the neighbors' doors in the same manner, and so defeated them a second time; and the second robber was put to death.

The Captain then went into the town himself, and having found and carefully observed Ali Baba's house, returned to his men, and ordered them to buy nineteen mules and thirty-eight leathern jars, one full of oil, and the rest empty.

THE CAPTAIN IS RECEIVED HOSPITABLY BY ALI BABA

Then the Captain, placing one of his men in each of the empty jars, loaded the asses with them, and drove them into the town and to Ali Baba's house. Ali Baba received him hospitably; and the Captain ordered his men, who remained in their jars in the yard, to come out in the middle of the night at a signal from him. He then went to bed; and Morgiana happening to need oil, went to help herself out of the jars of the guest. She found, instead of oil, a man in every jar but one.

Determined that they should not escape, and heating a quantity of oil, she poured some

MORGIANA, NEEDING OIL, DISCOVERS THE ROBBERS IN THE JARS

THE CAPTAIN RETURNS TO THE CAVE, FORMING A PLOT OF REVENGE

into each jar, thus killing the robber within. So when the Captain gave the signal to his men, none of them appeared, and on going to the jars he found them all dead; whereupon he went his way full of rage and despair, and returned to the cave, and there formed a project of terrible revenge. Next day he went into the town, and hiring a warehouse, which he furnished with rich goods, became acquainted with Ali Baba's son, who one day invited him to his father's house, as their guest at dinner.

On hearing that their new guest would eat no salt with his meat, Morgiana's suspicions were at

once aroused, and she recognized him as the Captain of the robbers. After the long dinner she undertook to perform a dance before the company, and at the conclusion of it playfully pointed a dagger at the Captain, and then suddenly plunged it into his heart.

Ali Baba was very much shocked at this, until Morgiana explained the reasons for her conduct; he then gave her to his son in marriage, and they lived in great prosperity and happiness ever after, as they deserved to do.

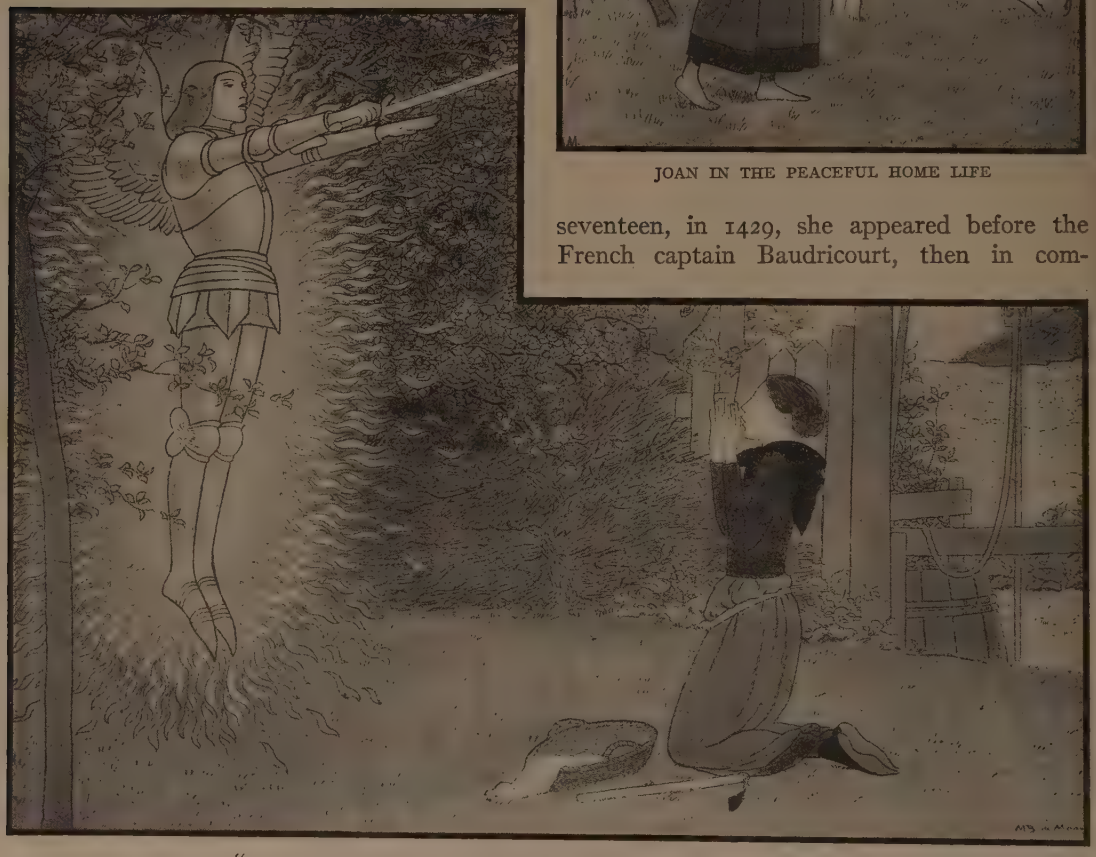
MORGIANA SLAYS THE WICKED CAPTAIN AND GAINS A HUSBAND

JOAN OF ARC, THE MAID OF ORLEANS

JOAN OF ARC (French, "Jeanne d'Arc") will always be one of the famous and puzzling characters in history. Her story is truly stranger than fiction. A simple country girl, born in 1412 in the village of Domremy, France, she tended the herds in the fields, or spun and knitted and did the ordinary duties at home. But while in the fields she dreamed dreams and saw visions, and heard solemn voices bidding her to go forth to the help of the King of France against the English, who were then besieging Orleans. Young Charles VII was weak and had not yet been crowned. France was in dire straits. Paris had fallen, and the kingdom was likely to be conquered.

At this crisis Joan appeared. She became so inspired with the idea that she was divinely called to deliver her country that at the age of seventeen, in 1429, she appeared before the French captain Baudricourt, then in com-

JOAN IN THE PEACEFUL HOME LIFE



"JOAN SAW VISIONS, AND HEARD SOLEMN VOICES CALLING HER"

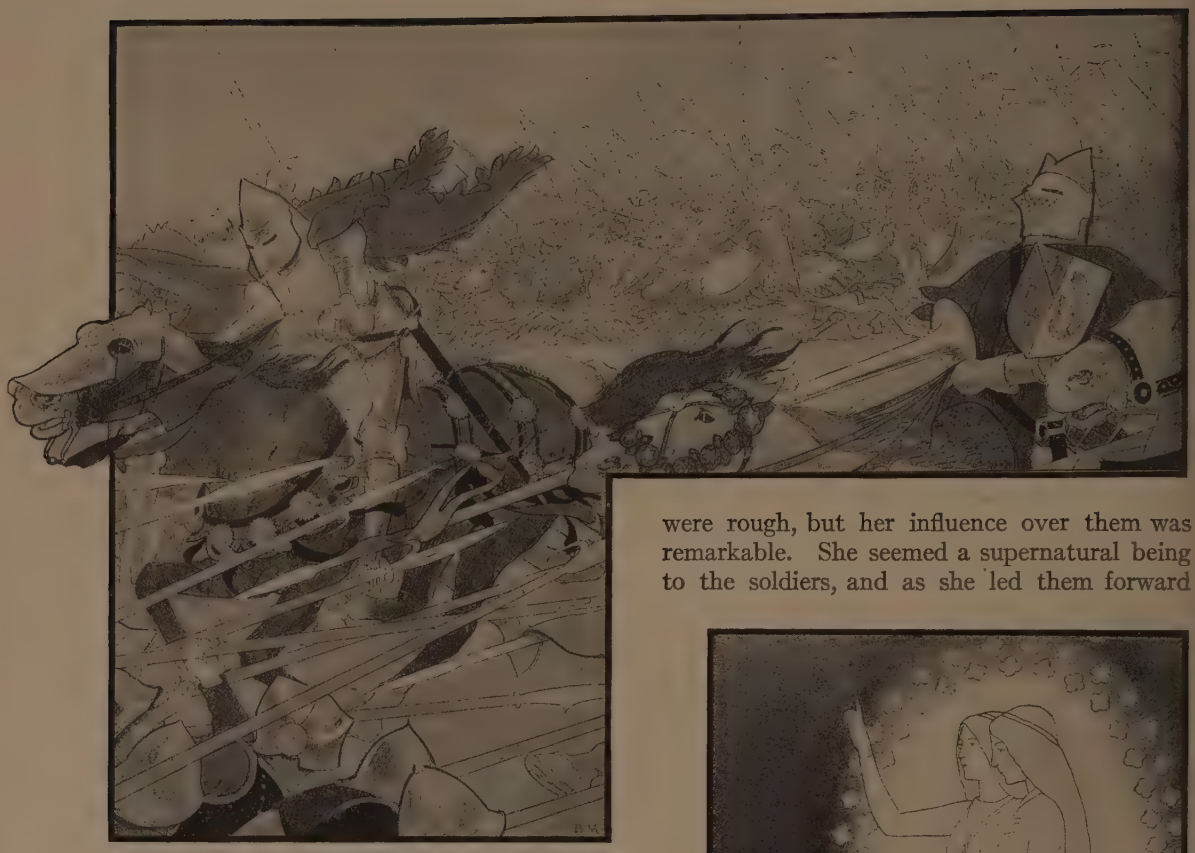
JOAN ON THE ROAD TO ORLEANS

mand, and told him her mission. Incredulous, he was at last impressed by her persistency so that he sent her to tell her strange story to the king. So she was ushered into the presence of the monarch, and the country girl seemed not at all daunted by the court splendor. She had a mission, and could heed nothing else. She said modestly yet with assurance: "Gentle Dauphin, my name is Joan the Maid. The heavenly King sends me to declare that you shall be anointed and crowned in the town of Rheims, and you shall be lieutenant of the heavenly King, who is the King of France."

Imagine the scene and sensation! The king was not easily convinced. To place this girl at the head of an army was absurd. He thought Joan was possessed of a demon. But he was in such need of help from some source that, when the learned authorities decided in her favor, he placed her in command of the army, to raise the siege of Orleans.

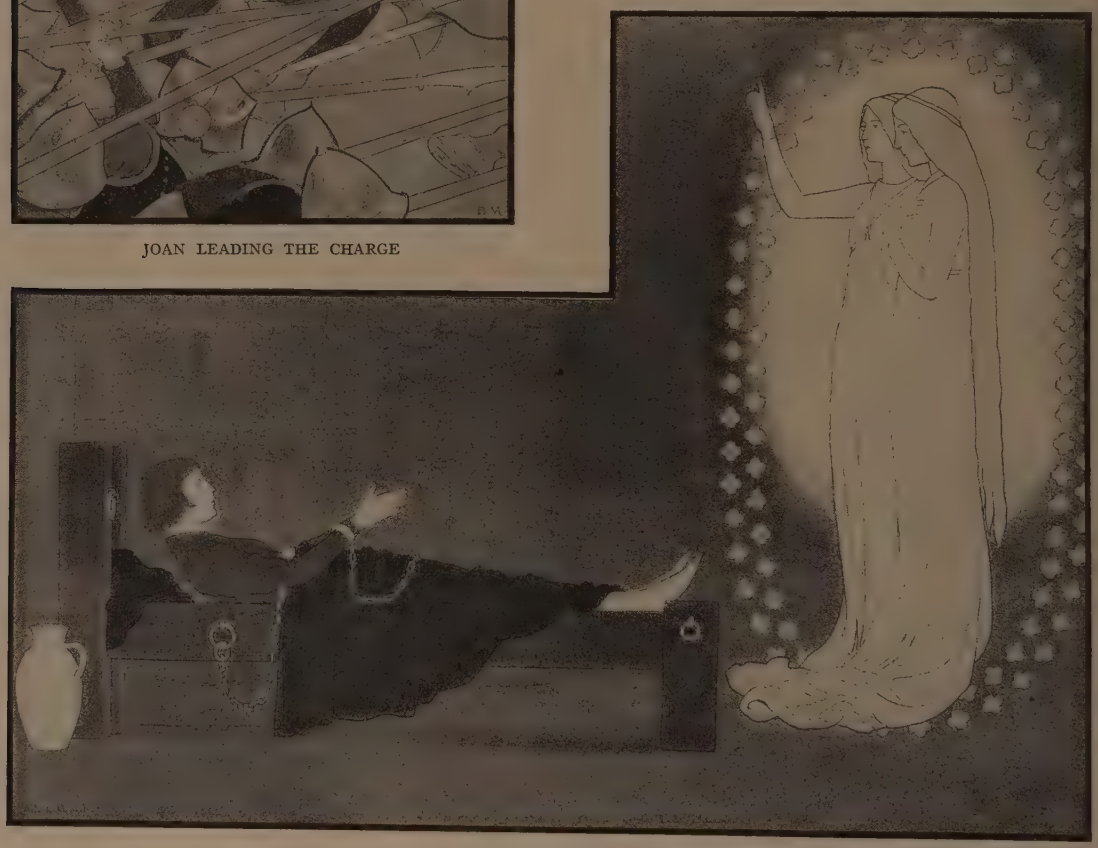
Arrayed in white armor, mounted on a black horse, with a small battle-ax in her hand, Joan was a striking figure, as she rode forth attended by two pages, heralds, a chaplain, and special guards. An army of ten thousand men soon followed her. They

JOAN VISITS CAPTAIN BAUDRICOURT AND ANNOUNCES HER MISSION



were rough, but her influence over them was remarkable. She seemed a supernatural being to the soldiers, and as she led them forward

JOAN LEADING THE CHARGE



JOAN IN THE PRISON, COMFORTED BY ANGELIC VISIONS, AS OF OLD

they felt sure of victory. She displayed skill in the management of forces, including artillery, that astonished the veteran generals. Her enthusiasm electrified the men. Under such a leader they drove the English from Orleans and rescued the city, as she had promised the king to do. And after other victories the English soldiers, too, believed her more than human, and were glad to leave France. So the kingdom of France was saved by a mere girl.

The king was crowned at Rheims, as she had said. Joan now asked leave to return to her home, saying her mission was fulfilled. But she was not allowed to go back to her peaceful fields. She was hailed as the savior of France and given highest place at the coronation. Then came the tragedy. She was betrayed into the hands of the English, who deemed her a sorceress and cast her into a dungeon in Rouen, with double chains around her so that she could not escape. She suffered all sorts of indignities and cruelties, and at length was brought to trial as a sorceress. The king she had crowned abandoned her, to his lasting infamy, and after a year of trial she was condemned to be burned to death. On the 24th of May, 1431, she was burned, saying, as the flames rolled about her, "My voices have not deceived me." So passed away the one pure figure of her time. The French people soon saw that they had made a terrible mistake, and Joan of Arc has long been regarded as a saint, but her death was a stain upon the nation's history that will remain. Her marvelous deeds will keep her name at the forefront of the world's great leaders.

THE SHAMEFUL BURNING OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS

TWO NONSENSE SONGS

(*By Edward Lear*)

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

I

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

II

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

III

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

THE JUMBLIES

I

They went to sea in a Sieve, they did,
In a Sieve they went to sea:
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
In a Sieve they went to sea!
And when the Sieve turned round and round,
And everyone cried, "You'll all be drowned!"
They cried aloud, "Our Sieve ain't big,
But we don't care a button, we don't care a fig!
In a Sieve we'll go to sea!"

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

II

They sailed away in a Sieve, they did,
In a Sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil,
Tied with a riband, by way of a sail,
To a small tobacco-pipe mast;
And everyone said, who saw them go,
"O won't they be soon upset, you know!
For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long,
And happen what may, it's extremely wrong
In a Sieve to sail so fast!"
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

III

The water it soon came in, it did,
The water it soon came in;
So to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet
In a pinky paper all folded neat,
And they fastened it down with a pin.
And they passed the night in a crockery-jar,
And each of them said, "How wise we are!
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage long,
Yet we never think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our Sieve we spin!"
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

IV

And all night long they sailed away;
And when the sun went down,
They whistled and warbled a moony song
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,
In the shade of the mountains brown.
"O Timballo! How happy we are,
When we live in a Sieve and a crockery-jar,
And all night long in the moonlight pale,
We sail away with a pea-green sail,
In the shade of the mountains brown!"

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

V

They sailed to the Western sea, they did,
To a land all covered with trees,
And they bought an Owl, and a useful Cart,
And a pound of Rice, and a Cranberry Tart,
And a hive of silvery Bees,
And they bought a Pig, and some green Jackdaws,
And a lovely Monkey with lollipop paws,
And forty bottles of Ring-Bo-Ree,
And no end of Stilton Cheese.
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

VI

And in twenty years they all came back,
In twenty years or more,
And everyone said, "How tall they've grown!
For they've been to the Lakes, and the Terrible Zone,
And the hills of the Chankly Bore";
And they drank their health, and gave them a feast,
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;
And everyone said, "If we only live,
We too will go to sea in a Sieve —
To the hills of the Chankly Bore!"
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

PLAYING TRAIN

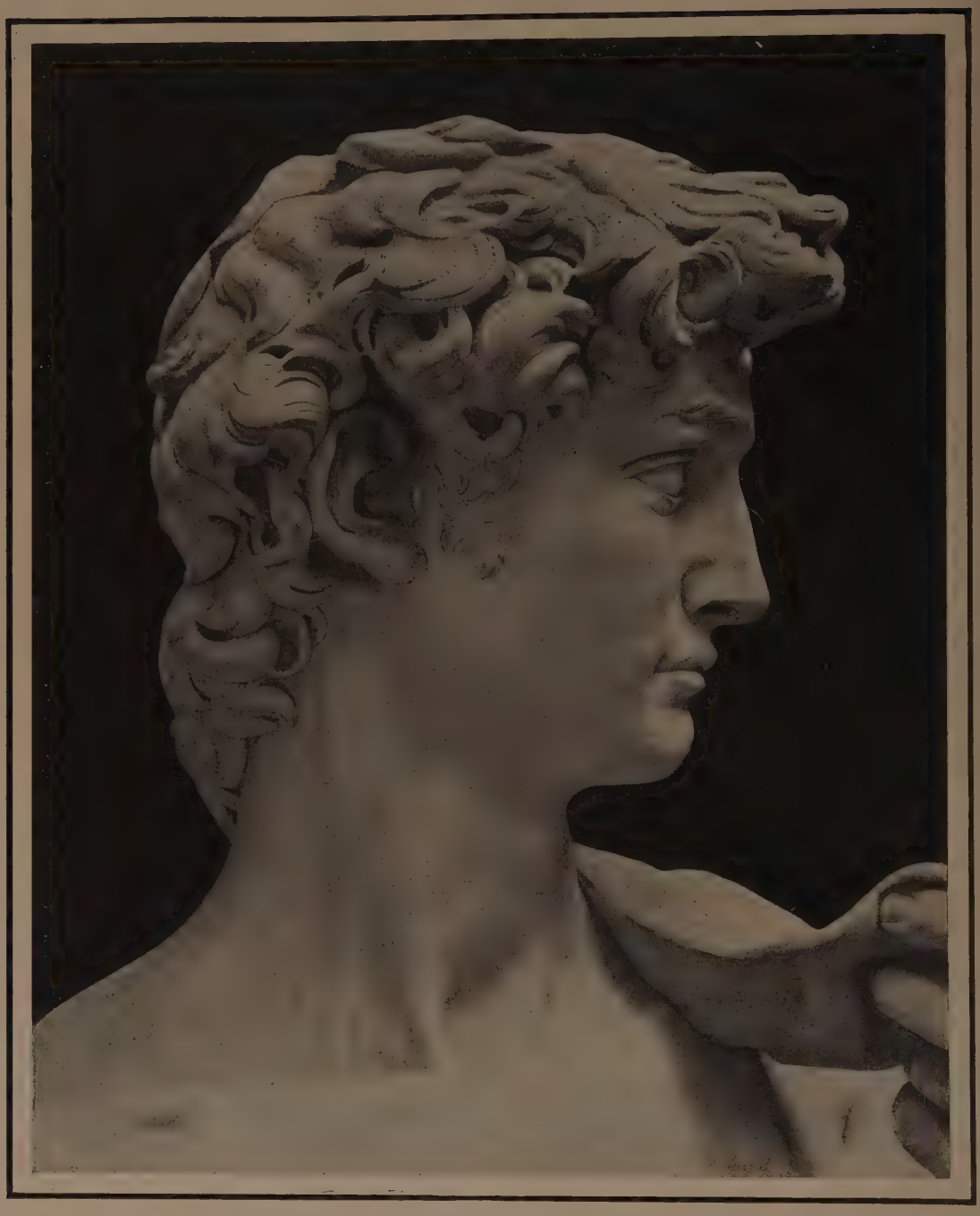
DAVID AND GOLIATH

NOW the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle, and were gathered together at Shochoh, which belongeth to Judah, and pitched between Shochoh and Azekah, in Ephesdammim. And Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together, and pitched by the valley of Elah, and set the battle in array against the Philistines. And the Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side: and there was a valley between them. And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span. And he had an helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail; and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass. And he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders. And the staff of his spear was like a weavers' beam; and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron: and one bearing a shield went before him. And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel, and said unto them, Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? am not I a Philistine, and ye servants to Saul? choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us. And the Philistine said, I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together. When Saul and all Israel heard those words of the Philistine, they were dismayed, and greatly afraid.

Now David was the son of Jesse; and he had eight sons. And David was the youngest: and the three eldest followed Saul. But David went and returned from Saul to feed his father's sheep at Bethlehem. And the Philistine drew near morning and evening, and presented himself forty days.

And Jesse said unto David his son, Take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and run to the camp to thy brethren; and carry these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look how thy brethren fare, and take their pledge. Now Saul, and they, and all the men of Israel, were in the valley of Elah, fighting with the Philistines. And David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and took, and went, as Jesse had commanded him; and he came to the trench, as the host was going forth to the fight, and shouted for the battle. For Israel and the Philistines had put the battle in array, army against army. And David left his carriage in the hand of the keeper of the carriage, and ran into the army, and came and saluted his brethren. And as he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion, the Philistine of Gath, Goliath by name, out of the armies of the Philistines, and spake according to the same words: and David heard them.

And all the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid. And the men of Israel said, Have ye seen this man that is come up? surely to defy Israel is he come up: and it shall be, that the man who killeth him, the king will enrich him with great riches, and will give him his daughter, and make his father's house free in Israel. And David spake to the men that stood by him, saying, What shall be done to the man that



THE HEAD OF DAVID, WITH HIS SLING, BY MICHAEL ANGELO

This wonderful statue, one of the greatest works of the greatest modern sculptor, is in the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence. The halftone reproduction is exceptionally fine in detail.

killeth this Philistine, and taketh away the reproach from Israel? for who is this Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God? And the people answered him after this manner, saying, So shall it be done to the man that killeth him. And Eliab his eldest brother heard when he spake unto the men; and Eliab's anger was kindled against David, and he said, Why camest thou down hither? and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart; for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle. And David said, What have I now done? Is there not a cause? And he turned from him toward another, and spake after the same manner: and the people answered him again after the former manner. And when the words were heard which David spake, they rehearsed them before Saul: and he sent for him.

And David said to Saul, Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine. And Saul said to David, Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth. And David said unto Saul, Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock: and I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear: and this Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God. David said moreover, The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine. And Saul said unto David, Go, and the Lord be with thee.

And Saul armed David with his armor, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail. And David girded his sword upon his armor, and he assayed to go; for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them. And David put them off him. And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand: and he drew near to the Philistine. And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bare the shield went before him.

And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance. And the Philistine said unto David, Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves? And the Philistine cursed David by his gods. And the Philistine said to David, Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field. Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcases of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands.

And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hasted, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slung it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth. So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David. Therefore David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled. And the men of Israel and of Judah arose, and shouted, and pursued the Philistines. And David took the head of the Philistine, and brought it to Jerusalem; but he put his armor in his tent.

(*1 Samuel xvii, authorized version.*)

THE VENUS OF MILO will remain incomparable as a work of genius and the finest expression of womanly strength and grace. The light shines upon the original marble, in the Louvre in Paris, just as it does in this picture, and the marble seems to glow with life. The statue was discovered by Admiral Dumont in 1820 in the Greek island of Milo.

A READING FROM HOMER, BEAUTIFUL OVER A MANTELPIECE

PICTURES THAT ARE GOOD TO LIVE WITH

WHAT PICTURES FOR A BOY'S ROOM?

OUT of the wealth of fine pictures it is sometimes difficult to know which will be most appropriate for certain uses. Any really good picture makes a place for itself, but there are certain kinds and combinations which are especially good for boys, good from two points of view, as the boys themselves are sure to like them, and the pictures, besides, have real artistic and inspirational value. In no single way can parents and friends do more to create in a boy a taste for things that are manly, strong, and beautiful than by the pictures and statuary with which he is surrounded. When he is a little boy these will be selected for him; when he is older he can be encouraged in his taste for the best by gifts and sympathetic discussion of his wishes. First impressions are strong. The boy who opens his eyes every morning upon a reproduction of a great picture, or a plaster cast of a great work in marble or bronze, will have started the day well. His morning exercise will be stimulated by a desire to make the muscles in his arm more like those of David, the shepherd boy with his sling, and his ideals of manly purity and chivalry will be brought to remembrance by the face of Sir Galahad, riding out into the world to right wrongs, or of the knightly King Arthur, champion of the weak and oppressed.

Pictures used to be a luxury. But in these days of good reproductions in artistic prints and halftones, at moderate prices, there is no reason why every boy and girl should not have on the walls of their rooms a good collection from old and new masters. It is also well to have one or two good plaster casts, which are almost as easy to obtain. They are often more real to a half-grown boy than the reproductions of paintings. The Greek athlete in front of the Harvard gymnasium, or the Indian who stands looking out on the lands of his fathers, makes a stronger appeal than any painting of the same figures. Throughout these ten volumes a special effort has been made to give an all-round collection of art from many periods and countries and of many kinds, keeping in view always the training of the taste of young people. The reader who looks through the volumes with this in mind will find a selection made for him, but the following list may be more helpful in being more definitely adapted to the specific case of a certain room.

For little children it is always well to have a good picture of the Holy Family. It gives a

picture of the highest earthly ideal of family life, which will have its effect on every home. Reynolds' boys and girls, Murillo's "Melon Eaters," Van Dyck's "Children of Charles I," and a dozen other pictures of happy, quaint children from all the centuries are good for the children to make friends with. At a certain age boys and girls like pictures with a story; later they come to enjoy beauty purely for its own sake. "St. George Slaying the Dragon" is always a favorite, as are any of the classic pictures which can be matched up to the boy's reading. The emphasis put in school upon mythology, legend, and literature gives an opportunity for Greek and Roman subjects—the "Apollo Belvedere," the "Marble Faun," "Hermes," and the like. At a certain age boys are hero worshipers, and will be made happy by pictures of great men of all times. The combinations may be a bit astonishing to the adult mind, as baseball heroes jostle presidents and scientists. But would any of us be able to justify all the pictures in our rooms? Let us leave the boy as free as we want to be ourselves. And above all let us be willing that he should make changes with his changing tastes. In a family with many possessions it is often difficult to know what to do with certain family treasures if they are taken down, but in the place which he calls his own the boy should be free to put aside for a time certain pictures and ornaments and substitute others. And the walls should not be overcrowded. A few good pictures only receive their due when there is space enough left round for them to get their full effect and be appreciated.

Another line of pictures which is always satisfying is scenery. Landscape and marine pictures are restful and strong, giving a look beyond the walls of the room into the great, life-giving out-of-doors.

THE FREEBOOTER

This is a companion piece by Knaus to the Rich Farmer's Son, on the opposite page. Fine etchings of both pictures can be had, and make the very best pictures for a boy's room. They tell their story convincingly.

WHAT PICTURES FOR A GIRL'S ROOM?

ONE hundred or even fifty years ago there would have been a sharp distinction drawn between the ideal surroundings for girls and boys. But now, while we still believe our little girls to be made of "sugar and spice and all that 's nice," we recognize the possibility of a great many variations in the ingredients of the mixture. The spice may carry them into many fields of interest which would have been unheard of by their great-grandmothers. So the girl will want many of the strong, inspiring pictures which belong as well in her brother's room. But she will also have certain tastes which he does not.

Pictures of children will appeal more to her. She will enjoy making a collection of them. She will want a beautiful Madonna and Bambino from the Hospital in Florence. Burne-Jones' "Golden Stair," Kate Greenaway scenes, Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Angel Heads" and some of his portraits of little girls, reproduced in Volume IX, will be among her favorites. A girl of my acquaintance has made a beautiful collection of animals, with Rosa Bonheur's horses and dogs,

THE RICH FARMER'S SON

Charming Etching for a Boy's Room, from the painting by L. Knaus, famous German artist.

SANTA BARBARA, BY PALMA VECCHIO

some modern pictures of cats, puppies, and other household pets, many of which we have reproduced in this series. A beautiful country road, or a seashore scene, will add to the group, and every girl should have some fine view of a cathedral or cloisters or some medieval doorway or fountain. It will start her on the study of the different kinds of architecture. Both boys and girls will find a reproduction of the Greek temple, the Parthenon, or the Temple of Victory on the Acropolis, a good strong friend to live with. Dutch interiors are quaint and pretty. And the

THE GOLDEN STAIR

From the celebrated painting by Burne-Jones.

DIANA, THE GODDESS OF THE CHASE

This famous statue is in the Louvre in Paris. The photographic reproduction can be easily procured, and is rich, as is here shown.

A HELPING HAND: GOOD TO SEE ON WAKING IN THE MORNING

girl should not consider her room complete until she too has a plaster cast to put on her bookcase. The Sistine Madonna will please the eye. The original is in the Zwinger, below.

THE ZWINGER, IN DRESDEN; ONE OF THE FINEST GALLERIES IN THE WORLD

A GENUINE LITTLE DUTCH GIRL IN WOODEN SHOES

If you can get her in a color print, you will have a treasure.

THE APOLLO BELVEDERE

We give the full size figure, and an enlargement of the bust, revealing the beauty of this "noblest representation of the human form." Apollo, son of Zeus, was the most widely worshiped god of the Greeks, next to his father. He was the god of punishment, and sent death by his arrows. He was also the god of deliverance and of prophecy, of song and of music. This most famous statue of him was found in 1495 in the ruins of ancient Antium, and is now in the Vatican, in Rome. It is seven feet high, supposed to be a copy of a bronze votive statue at Delphi, dating from the third century B. C. The sculptor is not known, but the work is immortal. It belongs to an age when the human body was most symmetrically developed as the highest and noblest expression of perfection, grace, and beauty.

DYING GAUL, OR GLADIATOR; AND A ROOM OF SCULPTURE IN THE LOUVRE

CHARITY, FROM THE PAINTING BY ABBOTT THAYER

Of the many paintings of this subject, none excels this in charm.

THE BOY WITH THE TORN HAT, BY THOMAS SULLY

The frank and whole-souled boy looks out through eager eyes.

DELLA ROBBIA'S CHOIR BOYS

These panels in plaster make a fine ornament for a boy's or girl's room.

THE VALUE OF ART

Art has a refining influence that cannot be measured. The influence of beauty upon us is very great. Then, pictures become our friends, just as books do; and they are full of suggestion and inspiration. I have in my room, for one picture, a large photograph, 34 x 22 inches in size, of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, one of the noblest structures in the world. Every morning, as my eyes rest upon the superb edifice, I feel a sense of its grandeur and rejoice that man can do such wonderful work. Besides that, it inspires a feeling of worship. Cathedrals, whether Gothic, like that of Cologne or Lincoln or Milan, or Romanesque, like St. Paul's, all lead the thoughts upward and away from the evil levels of life. Put a fine etching of a cathedral, therefore, on the wall. The Della Robbia choir boys, such as you see above, are wondrously fine in plaster, and not expensive. They are high reliefs, and come in small size or large, in separate panels. The two given here are among the best. Statuary may not appeal to you as strongly as pictures, but you will find good photographs of statuary very striking, as the head of David, on page 272, and the Venus of Milo, on page 274, will show you. But put a Barye lion on top of your bookcase or mantelpiece, and a statue of Apollo or the Faun of Praxiteles on your desk or shelf, and after living with them awhile you will not be without some plaster in your room.

If you think we give mostly classic pictures, it is because you will more readily find other kinds, and we wish you to be familiar with the

SOUNDING THE BUGLE PLAYING THE VIOLIN PLAYING THE TAMBOURINE PLAYING THE CYMBALS

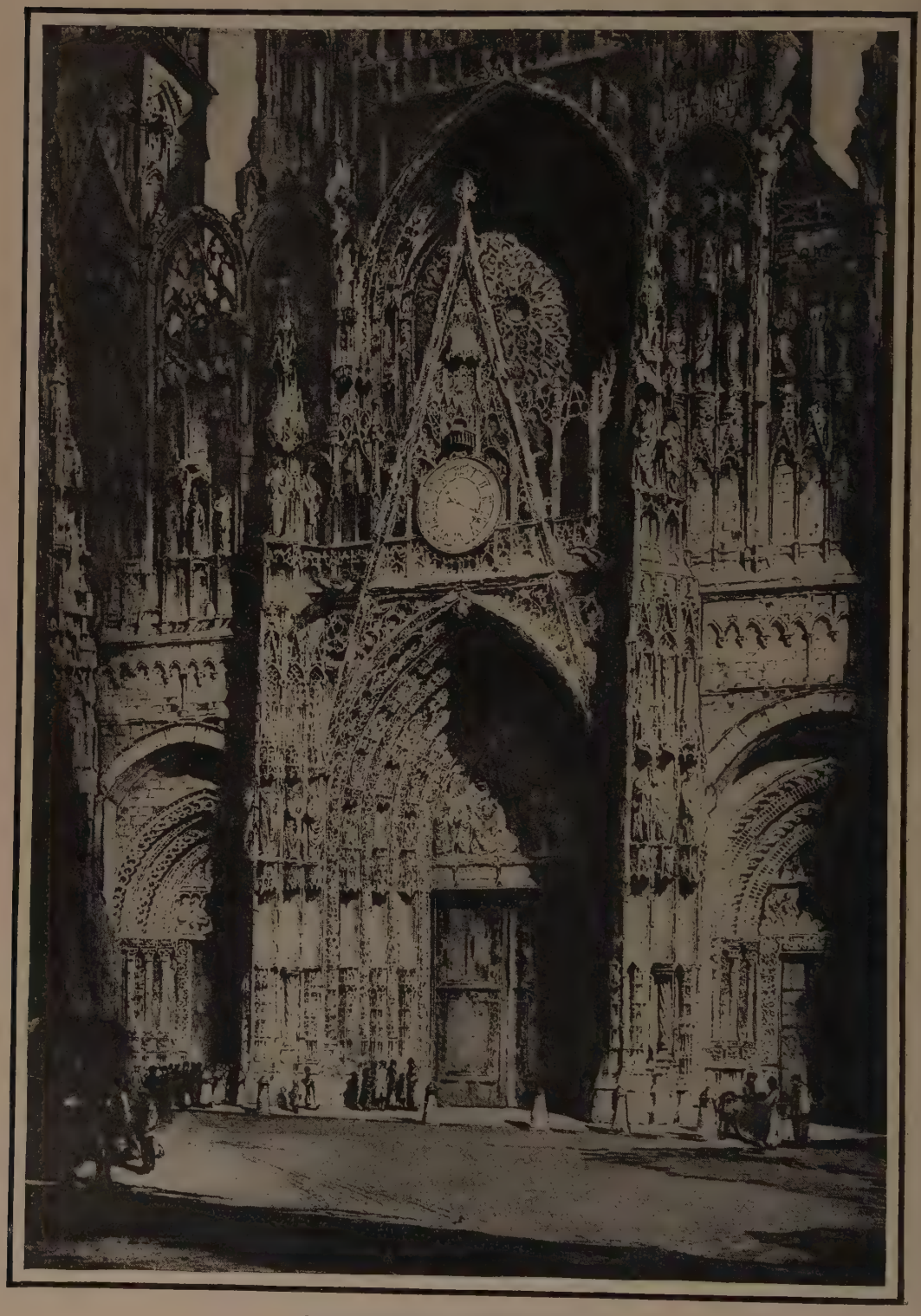
The Angels of Fra Angelico, in the Uffizzi Gallery, Florence.

masters. Have a football poster and some athletic pictures in one corner of your den, or room, together with pennants and a tennis racquet and fencing foils. But do not fail to have elsewhere a place for copies of some of the great works of human genius. Beautiful color reproductions are now within reach of all. But for one I prefer etchings and photographs and engravings to ordinary color prints. It was my good fortune when a college student to have a professor who taught me to appreciate etchings. They are real; and his advice was to get one real thing in art, rather than a score of imitations. I learned from him that the good art stores like to show their treasures to one who appreciates them, even if he does not often buy. So I started out with three or four really good etchings; and they are my friends to-day. Among them was that self-confident and proud son of the well-to-do farmer, one of the fine productions of Ludwig Knaus, the German painter whose children are a delight. Look again at the jaunty lad, on page 277, and at the happier-faced but poorer boy opposite. You can get him in the same size as the other.

A Van Dyck, a Rembrandt, a Whistler etching — one of these will give tone to a whole room, and prove good taste on the part of someone. A large photograph of Venice lends a fine effect. The Roman Forum, or the Coliseum, gives a classic atmosphere. The Chariot Race is full of fire and action. As you look through these volumes, not only this particular one but the other nine as well, you will find many beautiful and suggestive art pages. Here you have St. Mark's Cathedral. In Volume IV, with the story of building and architecture, are pictures of Lincoln Cathedral, with the famous "Imp," who sits on many a scholar's bookcase. Start with one really good picture that you like, and add by degrees till you have, not a picture gallery for a room, but a number of friends on the wall with whom it will be a constant pleasure to live.

THE FAÇADE OF ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL, VENICE

THE VESTIBULE OF ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL



THE CATHEDRAL AT ROUEN, FRANCE

NOTRE DAME, THE WONDERFUL AND HISTORIC CATHEDRAL OF PARIS

A PHOTOGRAPH OF A ROOM IN A SCULPTURE GALLERY FRAMES ATTRACTIVELY

THE BOYHOOD OF MICHAEL ANGELO

IT was at Caprese, in a wild and mountainous region of Italy, that a boy was born in 1475, whose real name was Michelangelo Buonarroti, but who is commonly known to the world as Michael Angelo.

Vasari, who wrote the famous "Lives of Italian Painters," says that the child received the name of Michelangelo because the father thought he perceived something celestial and divine in him beyond what is usual with mortals. In those days people believed that one's future depended much upon the stars under which one was born. And so great things were looked for from this boy, who was born when Mercury and Venus wore a friendly aspect, and were in the second house of Jupiter. This meant that whatever that child should do in the future would be something admirable and stupendous.

Soon after the child's birth, the family moved to a villa they possessed on a farm near Florence. When old enough, the boy was sent to school in Florence; but he spent most of his time in drawing pictures, instead of studying his lessons. He received many a whipping for this, but it did not change the bent of his genius. He used to go about among the studios of the artists of Florence, and loved to watch them at their work. On one of these visits he met a youth named Granacci, who was a pupil of the famous painter Domenico Ghirlandajo. A close friendship sprang up between the lads, and Granacci daily brought his friend some designs of Ghirlandajo, who was considered one of the best masters in all Italy. This fed the flame of Michael Angelo's passion for art, and the boy's father, unable to divert him from his drawings, at last reluctantly decided to place him with Ghirlandajo. He was fourteen years old when his career was thus definitely fixed.

So much ability did he manifest that his

master, Domenico, was astounded by it. He saw that the boy not only surpassed all the other pupils, but equaled himself, the master. Once the boy took one of Ghirlandajo's sketches and, with bold lines, corrected the outlines of the figures, so as to make them perfect in form. One day, when Domenico, who was painting the chapel of Santa Maria Novella, chanced to go out on some errand, Michael Angelo drew the scaffolding, together with the utensils employed, and some of the young men who were working there. When Domenico returned, and saw the drawing of Michael Angelo, he exclaimed, "This boy knows more than I do."

Soon after this, Michael Angelo painted his first picture. It was the copy of a German engraving by Martin Schongauer, representing St. Anthony tormented by devils. In this strange composition the demons are teasing and vexing St. Anthony in every possible manner. They are represented as weird, distorted monsters, of every conceivable kind, but resembling fishes more than anything else. Michael Angelo's copy was to be colored, and so he visited daily the fish markets of Florence, in order that he might study the shape and the color of the scales of the fish displayed there. When the picture was completed, it was of such remarkable excellence that he gained a great reputation by it.

Now there was at this time, in Florence, a most wonderful garden — that of Lorenzo the Magnificent, then ruler of Florence. In this garden, besides the trees and fountains and flowers, there were choice statues of antiquity which had been dug up from the ground where they had been long concealed. In the palace adjoining, there were many splendid works of

THE LION OF LUCERNE CARVED BY THORWALDSEN, IN A ROCK ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE

Executed in 1821 to the memory of the officers and soldiers of the Swiss Guard who fell in the defense of the Tuileries, August 10, 1792. It is eighteen feet in height and twenty-eight in length.

VENICE, SHOWING THE ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND CANAL AND THE SEA BEYOND

art, as well as a rare and choice library. In this garden Lorenzo had established a school of art.

Lorenzo desired to educate a band of noble artists, who should vie with those of antiquity. He was seeking the most promising youths that could be found. To this garden, the two friends, Granacci and Michael Angelo, found their way one morning. After they had been there a few days, Michael Angelo took a piece of marble and set himself to copy the head of an old faun from the antique. Just as the work was completed, Lorenzo chanced to pass. Struck by the excellence of the work, Lorenzo stopped to examine it closely. He jokingly said to Michael Angelo, "You should remember that old people do not retain all their teeth, but you have made the teeth all perfect"; then he passed on. Michael Angelo immediately took his chisel, knocked out some of the teeth, and filed away the gum in such a way as perfectly to represent the results of old age. When Lorenzo returned that way, he saw what had been done.

Satisfied that he had found a genius, Lorenzo sent for Michael Angelo's father, and proposed to him that he should intrust the youth to his care. Thus the boy became a regular student in the gardens. Now he could have the best teachers in Italy, was surrounded by the choicest works of art, and had the companionship of the great men who frequented the garden and palace.

Lorenzo took a great fancy to him, gave him a place at his own table, and Michael Angelo passed in these happy circumstances four golden years. Here his genius had full chance to ripen.

In 1492 Lorenzo died, and the wonderful Medici gardens were soon broken up. Michael Angelo returned to his father's house. Troubled years followed, and Florence was the scene of much disorder and conflict. During this time, the young artist kept steadily at work. It was in 1496 that he first visited Rome. The majesty of the ancient city and the grandeur of its

VENICE THE BEAUTIFUL

Palaces on The Grand Canal, Venice, and bird's-eye view, St. Mark's and Doge's Palace in foreground.

monuments and works of art produced their full effect upon his impressionable mind. The wonderful Apollo Belvedere had been brought to light at about this time. The flowing loveliness of its lines undoubtedly sank deep into the consciousness of the young artist, for they were soon reproduced in a remarkable manner. Not long after his arrival in Rome, Michael Angelo executed a work which at once made him the most famous sculptor in Italy. It is the "Pieta," and represents the dead Christ in the lap of his Virgin Mother. This is the only work upon which Michael Angelo has left his name. One day, soon after the statue was completed, the artist heard a group of strangers, who were examining it, questioning as to who executed it, and attributing it to another hand. That night Michael Angelo took a light and a chisel, and going to the Chapel of St. Peter's, where it was placed, carved his name on the girdle of the Virgin.

Here we must leave the Master Artist. It would be a delightful labor to tell of that glorious statue called the "David," representing not only the youthful conqueror of the giant Goliath, but typifying also the splendid spirit of the youth of the modern world; to dwell on the loveliness of the "Grecian Captive," on the awe-inspiring frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, on the majesty of the mighty statue of Moses, and to stand before the noble dome that crowns St. Peter's — but these belong to the manhood of Michael Angelo, rather than to his youth. To know his works, and to study them, is to come into possession of a great mental and spiritual treasure which ever brings with it new delights and new satisfactions.

INTERIOR OF THE PANTHEON IN ROME

THE BOYHOOD OF RAPHAEL

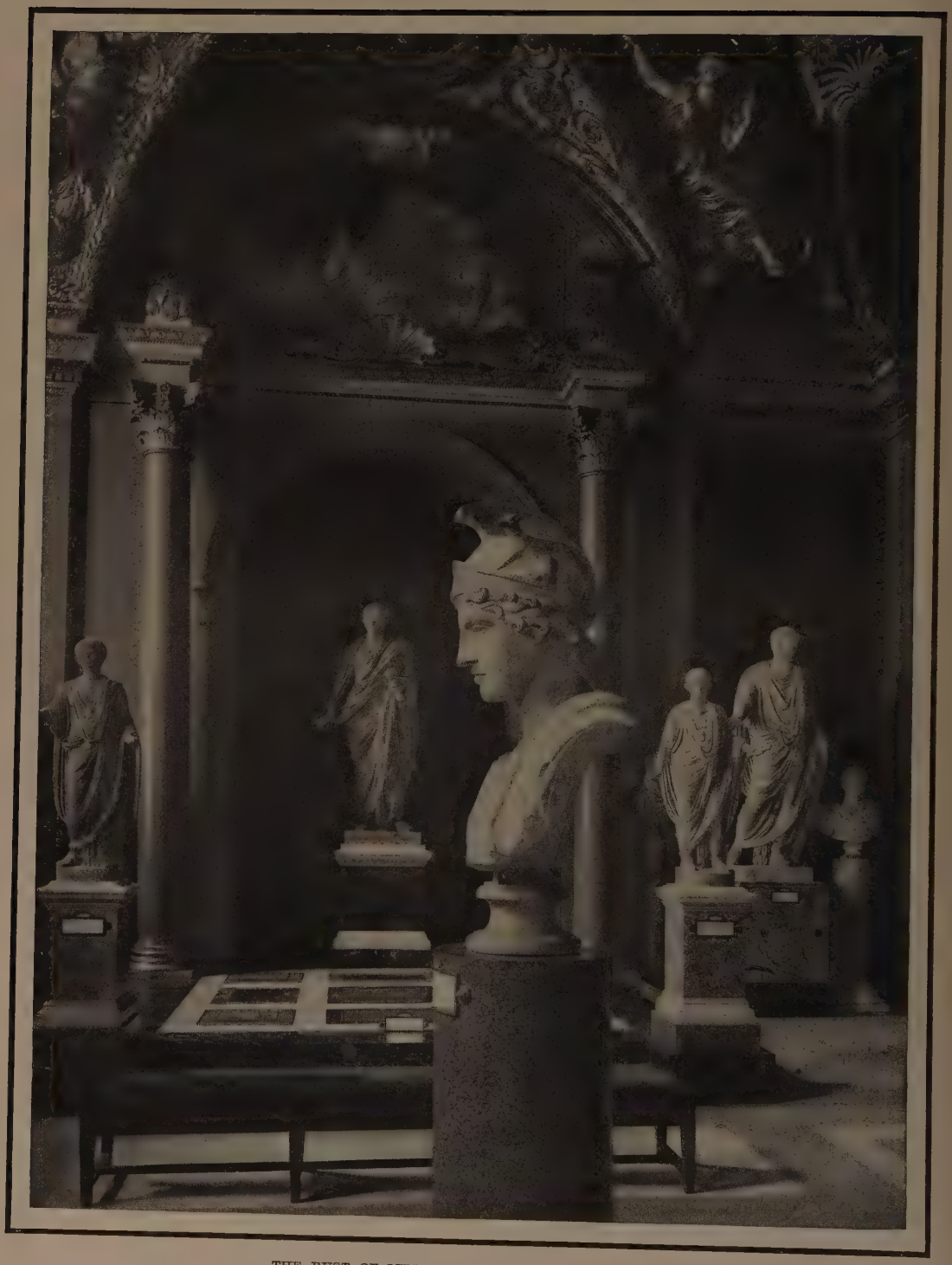
URBINO, where Raphael was born in 1483, was one of the loveliest spots in all Italy. Raphael's father, Giovanni Santi, was highly regarded at the court of Urbino, both as painter and poet; but when the boy was only eight years old he lost his father, and three years later his mother also died. Raphael was now cared for by relatives until it was thought best to send him to Perugia, to study with the great painter, Perugino. The first important painting executed by him is called "The Vision of a Knight." Raphael was probably only about sixteen when he painted this picture, notable not only for its beauty, but for the interest of the story it conveys. At Perugia Raphael began the painting of wonderful madonnas which have enriched the world.

Then he went to wonderful Florence, in 1504, where the site of Michael Angelo's "David" was just being determined upon by a company of artists. Leonardo da Vinci was there, and had just completed his cartoon of the "Holy Family." Florence, with all its treasures of art, was an enchanted city to Raphael. It was now that he painted the unrivaled series of Florentine madonnas, in which childhood is glorified, motherhood is interpreted, and humanity is invested with a sweet and tender charm.

THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR

When Raphael went to Rome, in 1508, he was a young man of twenty-five. Here he was called upon to decorate some of the rooms in the Vatican. The result was those immortal frescoes, and the production of what is by many regarded as the world's greatest single picture, the "Sistine Madonna." That picture is now in the Dresden Gallery. People go into

THE SISTINE MADONNA



THE BUST OF MINERVA IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS

In this Roman Section of the Gallery of the Louvre are seen the statues of the Roman Emperors, the Cæsars, in the background. Note the superb mural decoration in the ceiling panels.

the room devoted to it, as to a holy place, and stand hushed and awed before it.

In the Pitti Palace in Florence, one of the world's most famous art galleries, is hung Raphael's most popular work, the "Madonna of the Chair." Its tender beauty has endeared it to every nation. It was fitting that Raphael's last picture should be "The Transfiguration." As he had always loved to paint the Christ Child, so here he depicts his Lord in the moment of his transfiguration upon the mountain-top. With him are Moses and Elias, and at the foot of the mountain is the group about the lunatic boy. This picture was never completed; while he was still at work upon it, the brush fell from the hand of the matchless artist who was to paint no more in this world. Of all the great artists, perhaps none had so gentle and beautiful a spirit as Raphael.

TWELVE MASTERPIECES

AS to which are the twelve greatest paintings of the old masters, opinions differ, but the following list is one which meets the approval of many artists and critics: 1. Sistine Madonna, by Raphael. 2. The Last Judgment, by Michael Angelo. 3. The Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci. 5. Assumption of the Virgin, by Titian. 6. Immaculate Conception, by Murillo. 7. Holy Night, by Correggio. 9. Last Communion of St. Jerome, by Domenichino. 9. Descent from the Cross, by Rubens. 10. Mona Lisa, by Leonardo, or Beatrice Cenci, by Guido Reni. 11. Aurora, ceiling painting in the Rospigliosi Palace, Rome. 12. The Night Watch, by Rembrandt. All of these but two are religious subjects, which have chiefly attracted the great painters.

TWO OF THE MUSES IN THE LOUVRE GALLERY, PARIS

Euterpe, patroness of Music, and Urania, of Astronomy.

THE ILL-FATED PRINCES IN THE TOWER OF LONDON

Edward V and his younger brother, who were imprisoned and later murdered by their uncle, that he might be King Richard III.
From the painting by Sir John Millais.

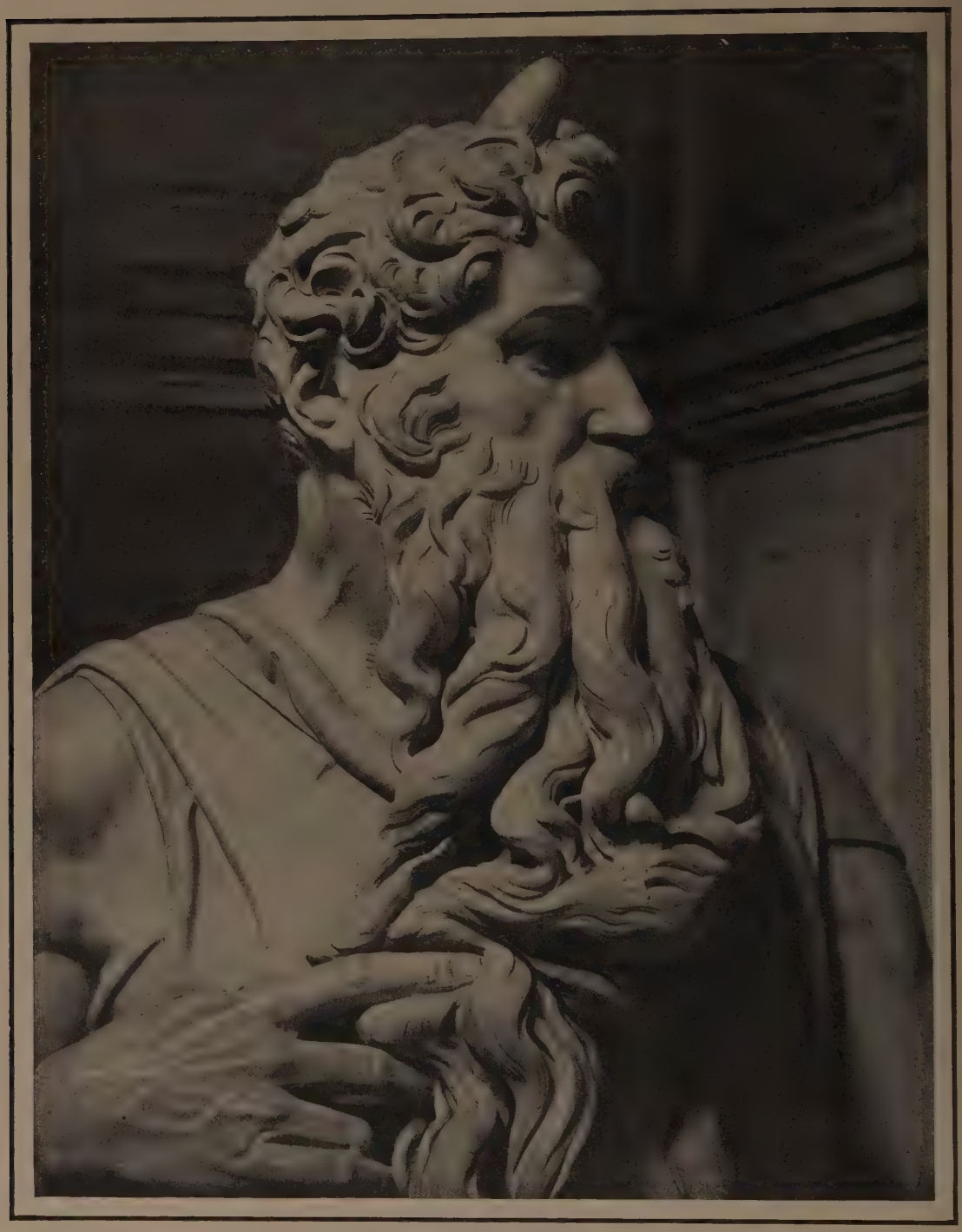
ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT IN LONDON

Ancient and Modern Art come together in this section of Greek Relief Sculpture and the exquisite modeling on the pedestal of the statue of Queen Luise in the Thiergarten, or Park of Berlin. Family life is illustrated. Note the birds in the nest. Photographs 10 x 12 frame effectively.

THORWALDSEN'S STATUE OF CHRIST, IN THE FRIEDENKIRCHE CLOISTERS, POTSDAM

THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM AT CHARLOTTENBURG, NEAR BERLIN

Here rest the remains of Germany's heroine, Queen Luise, and her husband, King William Henry IV, beneath Italian marble figures, lifelike and life-size, upon which a soft blue light falls from above. William I also is buried here.



MOSES, BY MICHAEL ANGELO

This majestic statue is regarded as the strongest work of the great sculptor. It was designed for the Papal Mausoleum in St. Peter's, Rome, which was never completed. It is now in the church of S. Pietro in Vincoli, Rome.

THE THREE FATES. BY MICHAEL ANGELO

Ancient mythology pictures three grim sisters as holding the thread of human life. Clotho, the one on the right, spins the thread; Lachesis tells how long it shall be; and Atropos cuts it.

THE MONUMENT OF MICHAEL ANGELO IN FLORENCE

This beautiful marble monument, in the church of S. Croce in Florence, was designed by Vasari. The bust of the great artist can be plainly seen in the center. The work ranks among the first of its class.

A CROW INDIAN GRANDMOTHER AND PAPOOSE

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THE "SEA GULL" STARTING ON ITS WORLD JOURNEY

CHILD LIFE IN MANY LANDS

The world is so big and a child is so small,
Would you think we would notice the children at all?
And yet of the treasures of land and of sea,
Little children are always the dearest to me.
Song of Santa Claus.

THAT is the song not only Santa Claus but all the fathers and mothers in the world (and nearly all other grown-ups) would surely sing if they only knew the tune. Isn't it blessed that not only you, little lads and lassies of America, are loved and petted and guarded, but that little children in many other lands play and work and learn and grow under the care of loving fathers and mothers? Perhaps you hardly believe this can be true if you have never traveled and seen for yourself the child life of other lands; but if you will gain permission from your parents to go up with me in a very reliable airship, we will take such a journey as will prove to you that of all the "treasures of land and of sea, little children are always the dearest" to every true man and woman.

ALL ABOARD THE AIRSHIP "SEA GULL"

Perhaps it is not proper to name airships, but it will be so much easier to keep track of us on our long trip if our airship has a name that we will just christen it "Sea Gull," for the beautiful birds that are at home on land and sea. Here is a picture of the flying boat after which ours is patterned; for we shall be glad to skim over the water as well as through the air. Of course you must be sure to say that the airship is well provided with food and gasoline, and that the persons in charge are very careful indeed. Wouldn't it be jolly to ask Santa

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THE CHILDREN OF THE RICH AND THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR — ALL ALIKE HAPPY AND CONTENTED

Claus to be our captain, for, although he is not yet known in all the different countries of the world, he would never lose his way in any place where there were children and, moreover, he would have a fine chance to be introduced to the children of those countries where he is at present unknown.

PROMISES ONE AND TWO

There are two promises that will make the trip a delightful one if you will give them. The first is that you will be cheerfully obedient to those in charge of the "Sea Gull." Even if you are having an especially good time with the little children of Switzerland, for instance, or want to play longer with the merry youngsters of Hawaii, or of some other delightful country, you must be ready to embark at the time set by those in charge. The second promise is that you will always be polite to all the children we visit, however strange they may seem to you in appearance and actions. We shall find that the children of every land can teach us something helpful and will deserve our praise for some good quality. Sometimes we shall be so surprised by their different customs and ideas that we shall need to be very careful, lest we show it. If we go in this spirit we shall see the best of every country.

WHEN WE LAND IN SHANGHAI

Of course you will smile when you are told that the tiny Chinese child toddling along the narrow street is a girl and not the boy you thought because of the trousers she wears. But if you did smile in any but the kindest manner you would be guilty of a rudeness no Chinese child ever commits. The Chinese children are always polite to everyone and particularly to their parents, so you may be sure this tiny tot in her funny trousers would be able to set you a good example in manners.

SKIMMING OVER THE MOUNTAINS OF LAPLAND

Then, when the "Sea Gull" lands us for instance on Lapland and you visit little hard-working Hans in his tent and find it empty of all the pretty things that make your home so bright and comfortable, you can show your interest in his father's reindeer and admire the cradle

CHINESE CHILDREN MAKING SIRUP

in which his baby sister sleeps so sweetly. How proud Hans will be when he sees that your interest and praise are sincere, for you will be the most wonderful children he has ever seen.

A BURMESE BOY AND HIS BEAD NECKLACE

Then again, when we swoop down over Burma and, having landed in the heart of the city, observe that the Burmese boys wear necklaces and anklets made of beads and sometimes of metals, you will wonder about them. You may even be inclined to call this little fellow a molly-coddle. Such he may indeed look to your boyish eyes, but when you learn that he neither flinched nor groaned once during the weeks that it took to tattoo him from neck to knee — you will agree with me that he is anything but a coward. Bravery was taught the Burmese lad when you, little friend, were not yet being spanked for

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CHILDREN ON THE QUAY OF THE RIVER LOIRE AT NANTES, FRANCE

naughtiness. So he already bears silently such severe pain as would wring groans and even tears from you, hard as you tried to be brave.

HOMEWARD THROUGH FRANCE

Remember your last promise, little girl traveler, as you sail over that part of France called Brittany and meet the Breton lassie in her heavy broadcloth dress, her crimped collar, her stiff cap, her innumerable petticoats, and her wooden shoes; she certainly does look odd to children from America. But she is a fine little housekeeper, a faithful daughter and sister, and she loves flowers with a tenderness that could never understand your occasional carelessness of them. One hot day a little Breton girl found some roots of primrose grow-

ing in a sunny field. She thought they must be so uncomfortable that she carried them tenderly in her hands for miles to her home. As soon as she arrived at her home she put the roots in a pot and set them in her window. But even the faithful care she gave them could not restore the dried-up roots, and they faded and died.

So everywhere we journey we shall learn about the children. Doubtless we shall be eager to visit them again, and perhaps carry them in our great airship "Sea Gull" for a visit to the children of our own dear land.

FLYING OVER HOLLAND

WILL you come with me to-day in our airship "Sea Gull" and make a flying trip over Holland, where live the cunning little Dutch boys and girls? Let us hover over Amsterdam just long enough to watch the children playing in the grounds of the government building called the Bourse. We are fortunate to have chosen this particular time to fly over Amsterdam, because there is only one week in the year when the children are allowed to play in the beautiful Bourse park. This privilege is given them in honor of a brave little Dutch boy who lived in Amsterdam many years ago. In 1622, to be exact, a little boy was playing around the canals and creeping in and about the barges which crowd the canals, when he came upon a big boat anchored in a place where he had never seen a boat anchored. He was so surprised that he called to a passer-by to come and see it, for it was filled with a great many men. But it was also filled with gunpowder with which these men had plotted to blow up the Bourse. Warning was given in time to prevent this disaster. Ever since that time the children of Amsterdam have been allowed to play in the grounds of the Bourse for one week of every year, and they would be very glad indeed to have you stop and play with them. To-day, however, is just the finest kind of a day for us to skim over the quaint country we call Holland, although the Dutch themselves speak of it as "Nederland."

A PICTURE PUZZLE

That is what it looks like as we fly over the land which seems to us to be cut up into green patches, thousands of them with narrow streams of water separating them. It almost seems as though the water must have been there first. To tell the truth it was, for Holland lies lower than the sea and has had to be drained constantly to keep the land out of water. So it was named the Netherlands or the "Lands Underneath."

A NORWEGIAN GIRL AND HER GRANDMOTHER

All these canals do double service, for they not only drain the land but irrigate it and make it

very rich so that many cows have fine pasturage, and flowers and vegetables grow in abundance. You will surely admire the pretty houses, too, that make such bright dashes of color as we fly through the air. Their red-tiled roofs and brightly painted walls seem to match the flower-beds. Let us swoop down now so that you can see the raftman's house. Many little Dutch children pass all their early lives on these rafts, voyaging back and forth to Germany with their parents. These raftmen have a special trade, the purchase of earthenware in Germany and the sale of it to the Dutch. We can see that planks have been laid across a framework, which I will tell you is made of trunks of trees laid side by side and bound together. There is a two-story house just beneath us, which you would find very comfortable with sitting room and bedrooms. One reason that the Dutch children might give you for liking a raft home is the variety of scenery, for Holland is a very pretty country to travel *through* as well as *over*.

"WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE, NOR ANY DROP TO DRINK"

That is not exactly the case in Holland, but you may be sure that we are carrying our own supply of water with us for the very good reason that we should not like the kind offered us when we land, as we shall shortly do for a few hours. A lady who was traveling in Holland said that one day she led home a little crying child to its mother, who at once started to wash the little tear-stained face. To her visitor's surprise the mother bent down and lifted up a loose board in the floor, dipped up some water from the canal which ran underneath the house, and calmly washed the child's face. The astonished guest saw that not only was the water dirty but that there were several fish in it. She was horrified to be told that they drank this water, and suggested that it must at least be boiled. But the Dutch mother declared that this would take away all taste — although I am afraid even boiling would not do that, as even tea and coffee taste differently in Holland. They are always made very strong, but perhaps it is to disguise the taste of the water, and that would be a good reason certainly.

THE CLEANEST TOWN IN THE WORLD

If the Dutch do not have just the kind of water we should choose, they make a great deal of use of such water as they have. The little village of Brock is said to be the cleanest town in the world. The reason why it shines so is that every Saturday water is squirted on the front of every house, bucketsful are poured out of each window, and more water dashed on the steps and pavements, so that if you were walking past on even the sunniest Saturday without an umbrella you would get a drenching, and probably by little Hans or Gretchen who are helping. This is the custom all over Holland, but the children of Brock are not allowed to play around the front of the house or to come there at all, lest they soil the steps or take the polish off the railings. The Dutch are always washing their houses and their stables (which are often as fine as their houses) and rubbing and polishing their furniture and kitchen things. So everything shines, although they are not nearly so particular about bathing themselves.

WELCOME TO THE STORK

Everywhere as we fly along we would, if we were nearer, see poles stuck into the ground of gardens and fields, each pole supporting a platform. This is the way the Dutch welcome their favorite bird, the stork, which the Dutch say brings babies. So they build the platform for the stork to make its own nest upon it and so have a home for its own new babies. But I am sure the stork parents never follow a custom which the Dutch parents still keep. When a new baby has arrived in a home, his arms are filled with tiny comfits put into bags shaped like trumpets. These are his presents to the children in the family, for the parents want the older children to welcome the newcomer and so take this wise way of helping him win his welcome. For six weeks he continues to give comfits — which are eaten on bread and butter — and by that time the brothers and sisters would not let him go anyway. Baby is always christened on a Sunday and will always as he grows up have a birthday party, for birthdays are considered days for feasts and presents in Holland and Belgium. Belgium is the country

"STORK, STORK, BEST, BRING ME A LITTLE SISTER; NEXT BEST, A LITTLE BROTHER"

that was once part of the Netherlands, so the children there have many similar customs to those in Holland.

LIVING ON SKATES

No wonder you ask if the Dutch children do not skate a great deal when winter has come and frozen all the cunning canals. Indeed, the children fairly live on skates. They skate to school, they skate to church, they skate to market, they skate alone, they skate in bunches, for that's the way it looks when five or six rows of boys and girls, with eight or ten in each row, go flying past. There are games played by the skaters and matches won or lost. Often the children just tie their skates to their stockinged feet and seem to have no trouble in keeping them on. Can't you imagine how good their meals taste after hours of this sport, so that the potatoes and black bread and cheese and fish soon disappear? Meat is rarely eaten by children, though I am sure it would taste very good to the boys who go off ice-boating. Did you ever know that ice-boats come from Holland? Yes, the Dutch boys put their boats on runners, or skates, and lie flat while the sail, filled with a stiff breeze, carries them over the frozen water as swiftly as our airship is carrying us just now down over the fields to that quaint farmhouse yonder.

HOSPITABLE HOLLANDERS

Shall I tell you a little about what to expect, so that you will not smile when you see the children who live there, for they will look very funny to you in their quaint clothes? Here, as all over Holland, the children dress like the grown-up people. Until they are six years old boys and girls of an island called Marken dress alike, and the only way a boy can be told from a girl is by a button on his cap, for he wears skirts like the girls. But after he is six he puts on trousers and looks like his father in miniature. Each district in Holland has its own peculiar costume, but all the Dutch men are fond of silver buttons, and the women of all kinds of necklaces. So little boys wear silver buttons and little girls take great pride in their necklaces. In the family where we are about to call, Jan and his father will look very funny to you in their baggy trousers, reaching to the knees, black worsted stockings, jackets trimmed with coins, and small felt caps. Jan's father wears earrings, too, and several rings on his fingers, but you must not laugh, for your clothes will look just as strange to them, and they will feel sorry for you that you have no earrings. Jan's mother has a gold cap which she will give to her daughter if she has a little girl, as she hopes she will. This golden cap was beaten out to fit her head, with a hole at the top for ventilation. It will not be worn by the little daughter that may come, for she will have one made to fit her own head when she reaches the proper age, but the mother's cap will be given to her for an heirloom. Now Jan's mother is wearing a pretty lace cap. Jan will want us to stay over night; indeed, his parents will urge us also, but we will prefer to get back to our comfortable beds, for Jan sleeps in what seems to us a cupboard built into the wall, and often has a feather bed over him to keep him warm.

FOOT-WARMERS

When Jan was a baby he often had a little fire under his highchair to keep him warm. You must ask him to show you the wooden stool made like a box, with a perforated lid, and a door at one side. This door is opened and an earthenware pot of red-hot peat slipped in. Some of the stoves do not have any door. Jan's mother carries a stove like this to church with her in winter, for the churches in Holland are very cold. When her feet are warmed she puts it on her knees and warms her hands. It will not be surprising if you find the coffee-pot standing on one of these stoves, for the Dutch put them to all sorts of uses. Don't be surprised to find the sugar for your coffee not like ours. It will make you think of the rock candy mother lets you eat, and there will be only one lump passed. You will dip it into your cup until you think you have had your share and then pass it along. Probably you will have some of the delicious Edam cheese. Nowhere will you taste better cheese than in Holland, for the Dutch take as good care of their cows as of their children, often bringing them to stay in the house itself in winter. You will notice that

SNOW BABIES OF SCANDINAVIA

HOW LITTLE NORWEGIAN CHILDREN ARE HARDENED

Jan does not use a knife when he eats, for the Dutch children are not allowed to use knives at the table. They take the fork in the right hand and rest the left hand on the table.

ON THE WAY TO CHURCH

If you saw the Dutch people on their way you might wonder why they did not roll instead of walk. The Dutch women, big and little, old and young (even the baby girls, mind you), wear just as many petticoats as their purses will allow, and look, therefore, as round as barrels. You can judge the wealth of every one of them by the number of her petticoats, and even Jan's cousin has already learned to swing her little body in such a way that you can see that she has on a very generous number of woolen skirts — for they are invariably of wool. But the servant, who is quite poor, walks more stiffly, for, though she looks very fat, she is really padded all round with cotton wool, and has only one petticoat to her name. She is not much taller than you are, so you must be careful not to laugh when you see her to-day, for she will not be nearly so fat as on Sunday. And now, while we sail back home in the "Sea Gull," you shall hear about the brave little Dutch boy without whose story no visit to Holland is complete.

THE BOY WHO SAVED HIS COUNTRY

Since much of Holland lies below the level of the sea, the sea naturally is always trying to get back its own, and it would succeed if the Dutch were any less persevering and patient in their fight against the threatening waters. Years and years ago they began the building of embankments, "dikes," they call them, which are huge banks of wonderful strength rising high above the level of the surrounding country. These dikes must always be carefully watched and strengthened, so that the people may continue in safety in their damp, misty land. The water that is drained off this land is led into canals, which are sometimes very wide and are the chief mode of travel through Holland. In fact, although there are railroads, the trains go very slowly and even actually press down the land perceptibly as they advance. But it is of one of the dikes that our story tells.

Many years ago a little Dutch boy was gathering flowers for his sick mother. He found just the ones he wanted growing on the grassy banks of the dike along which the road led him. Soon he came to a spot where he saw water trickling through the grass. This seemed very strange to him, for he could think of no place from which the water could come unless it were from the other side of the dike. His heart fairly stood still as he realized what this meant if it were so, for he knew there must be a tiny break somewhere, and he knew also that such a break would increase in size swiftly. He ran back and saw that the stream was already larger, or, to his startled eyes, it seemed so. He shouted in vain for help, for night was not far away and the hole must be fixed at once. As he shouted he sought and found the hole. It was large enough for him to thrust his hand into the space, and that was just what he had to do, as there was no time to search for anything that would stop the hole. He knew if he could keep the place from getting any bigger he would be able to save many lives, as this dike was the only barrier between his village and the water beyond.

And the boy did just this. He kept his arm there, filling the hole completely, all through that long, weary night, and was so exhausted at daybreak that when the search party sent out by his anxious mother drew near he could not even call to them. But one of the men found him and shouted to his companions that the lad was found. When the searchers realized what the boy had done, they knew that it was a real little hero whom they were taking back to his mother. The break was mended, but the brave deed was never forgotten. That is why we must not fly away from this quaint and fascinating land without carrying to America the story of one of the bravest laddies born in Holland. There have been and are many other brave children in the "Nederland," for they have always before them examples of courageous and patient fighters against the sea, and they are taught at home and in the splendid schools, for which Holland is famous, that a Dutchman must be a credit to his country and his family.

YEE LEE'S FIRST PARTY

NO baby was ever more welcome than the baby boy who came to the home of Sing Ling, a wealthy merchant, who lived in one of the largest cities of China. The first child had been a girl, and so a great disappointment to Sing Ling and his wife. It always disappoints the Chinese to have girls born to them, for girls cannot share in the worship of the ancestors, a very important part of the Chinaman's life, and moreover girls have to be given a dowry when they are married. But little Yee Lee was quite a different proposition, so to speak.

"His first party must be a fine one," said his father.

This party was given when the baby was a month old. On that day he was given a name, not Yee Lee, for that name was not given him until he had grown up. Instead he was called

EN WONG, A LITTLE CHINAMAN

"Little Stupid," because his parents thought that if they gave him such an ugly name the evil spirits, in whom the Chinese believe, would not notice him. Yee Lee's mother almost thought he had better be called by a girl's name. She was sure the spirits would never bother with a girl. But his father decided that "Little

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PU YI, CHILD EMPEROR OF CHINA

When the Revolution of 1911–12 broke out, which overthrew the Manchu Empire and set up the Chinese Republic, the little boy standing by the Regent was Emperor in name over four hundred millions of people.

Stupid" would deceive them and that the baby boy would live to grow up in safety.

Everybody brought fine presents to Little Stupid and admired his "milk name," for that is what the Chinese call the first name. The most important present was a pair of shoes made by his grandmother. She had worked a pussy's face on each toe in the hope that the little grandson might "walk as safely through life as a cat does upon a wall." Grandma had also made the cap, which was put on Little Stupid's head as soon as the barber had shaved it. The barber wore a red ribbon and made no charge for cutting the baby's hair. Red is a lucky color, the Chinese think. You may be sure the barber was given a handsome present,

for he was almost as important as the baby himself. Little Stupid had a string of ancient coins round his neck, placed there when he was only a few days old so that he would be an

PADDLING ON A CHINESE HOUSEBOAT

obedient child and safe from the evil spirits. A red cord had also been tied round his wrist when he was three days old to help him to be good. To satisfy Little Stupid's mother, an ear-ring was put in his ear so that the spirits would mistake him for a girl.

WHAT WILL THE BABY CHOOSE?

When Little Stupid was four months old he had another party. At this his grandmamma, on his mother's side, gave him a present of some soft, sticky candy. This was placed on his chair so as to make him fond of sitting in it. And of course he had learned to sit in a chair and do many other things before he had this second "birthday" party. Such an important day that was! A fine feast was spread for his relatives and their friends, all of whom brought him presents of pretty shoes and caps. After the feast was over all the people went into the room where the ancestors of the family were worshiped. The baby was placed on a table and surrounded by many small articles, such as a pen, coins, and a mandarin's button. Then everyone watched to see what he would reach for. If he had chosen the pen, his parents and guests would have been sure that he would be a scholar; if the money, that he would go into business; but as he chose the button, they were positive that he would be a great man. They must have been disappointed when Little Stupid grew up and became a merchant, after all, and not a very successful one either. Perhaps he tried to live up to his name, instead of the omen.

THE HOMES OF THE CHINESE

The room in which the ancestors of a Chinese family are worshiped is the largest in the house. Usually it is the one directly in front of you as you enter the open court round which the homes of well-to-do people are built. In this room on a narrow table against the wall stands a wooden cabinet. It is full of slips of wood about a foot high. The Chinese think that each one of these pieces of wood is the home of the soul of some ancestor whose name is written on it. Each person is supposed to have two other souls, one of which goes into the unseen world and the third of which stays in the grave.

The best bedrooms are on the right and left of the room where the ancestors are worshiped. There may be another court behind these rooms, and perhaps back of it still another. Instead of building one story on top of another, as we do, the Chinese spread them out, because it is considered unlucky to build very high from the ground. Of course there are all kinds of homes in China, from caves cut into cliffs and poor huts up to the wooden houses of well-to-do people and palaces of the rich.

THE CHINESE HOUSEBOATS

One kind of Chinese home would delight boys and girls of all lands. It is a boat called a junk. The same junk is often the home

of a family for several generations. In the city of Canton nearly a million people live in junks, and almost never go on land. There are junks given over to shops, so that the water people do not even go ashore to buy the few necessities. Weddings are celebrated on the water, and occasionally even a funeral. Instead of having men to manage the junks, girls are taught, when very young, to do this. Pretty and gay they look under their big wide hats. Nor is their only duty to manage the boats. Barefooted, they must hurry back and forth between the shore and the junk, carrying the freight and sometimes even the passengers who are to be its cargo.

"HAVE YOU TAKEN YOUR RICE?"

This is the way Yee Lee would say "How do you do?" if he should meet you. Rice is the principal food of China. What a time we should have eating as the Chinese do! Even little "Not Wanted" (the daughter of Ching Ling, who lives on a junk) manages better than we would if we had to use the funny chopsticks which the Chinese use instead of knives and forks. If you should be so rude as to laugh at Not Wanted for having no such implements as ours, she might be provoked enough to tell you the legend about the use of knives and forks in China. In very olden times it was customary to eat with them, just as we do; but the Chinese, after they became more civilized, thought it better manners to have the meat cut up in the kitchen. Then no knives were needed, and chopsticks served every purpose, although a Chinaman often carries a knife in his chopstick case.

Chopsticks are made of bamboo, rather thicker than wooden knitting needles, and are held between the thumb and first fingers of the right hand. At meals each person has his own bowl of rice or vermicelli. Watch little Not Wanted pick up a piece of meat and begin to eat it. Before she swallows it, she raises her bowl to her lips and pushes some rice or potato into her mouth with the chopsticks, held now in her right hand. There is an old Chinese riddle: "Two pieces of bamboo drive ducks through a narrow door." The "narrow door" is the mouth, the "ducks" are bits of meat or fish or vegetables, and the "pieces of bamboo" are the chopsticks. Not Wanted does not have her meals until the men and older boys have had theirs. In the country, girls and women mingle more with the men than in the city, but even there they do not eat together.

SCHOOL DAYS

There is an old Chinese saying that runs like this, "Better to rear a pig than bring up a son who will not read." So our little Chinese friend "Spring Dog," who is just six years old, must start in with his schooling. First, however, his father has consulted a fortune teller as to a day favorable for Spring Dog to begin. There are two days in the year when no boy starts to attend school for the first time — the anniversaries of the days on which Confucius died and was buried. Confucius, who founded one of the three religions of China and is greatly honored by the people, was the patron of learning, and it would be very unlucky to start by paying disrespect to his festival day. Spring Dog is to go to an old-fashioned school. Let

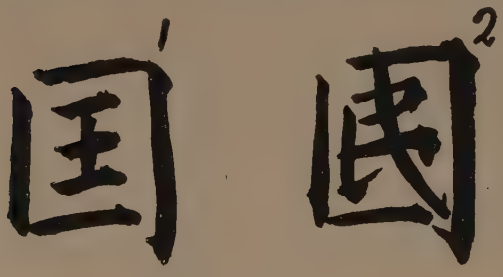
HOW LI KU AND SAN TI TRAVELED IN AN OX CART

us accompany him and his father. Spring Dog has had his head well shaved and has dressed himself in his best clothes. He carries with him a present for his teacher and "the four gems of

study," namely, a pen which has a brush for a nib, a cake of ink, a stone slab for rubbing down the ink with water, and a set of books. The father and son walk with great dignity on this most important occasion. We enter the school with them and hear the older man introduce Spring Dog to his teacher. The teacher now implores the spirit of Confucius to help the new student. Spring Dog bows very low and begs his master to teach him his letters. The lad now receives a new name called a "book name." "Opening Brightness" is the one selected for our little friend. By this name he will be called until he is twenty. After that he must be addressed by the name chosen for him, but he must always speak of himself as "Opening Brightness."

A PICTURE ALPHABET

Aren't these odd-looking letters to have for an alphabet? You see, they really are picture



CHINESE CHARACTERS

The first of these Chinese characters, or picture words, is the old word for *kingdom;* the second is the new word for *republic.* The outside lines are the same; the central word in No. 1 is *King,* in No. 2, *people.*

words, for each one represents a word and not just a single letter. The Chinese call these signs "characters" and write them in columns instead of one after another, as we write our letters and words. Opening Brightness will begin to learn his lessons just as his father and grandfather and many generations of ancestors have learned them. Beginners stand in a row before the master's table and are taught to read the first line of the "Three-Character Classic" until they know it pretty well. Then they sit in their places and repeat it aloud. Opening Brightness has forgotten a word, so he goes up to the table and asks his master how to read it. We hope he will not forget too often, or he will be in disgrace.

"PEY-CHOU," OR "BACKING THE BOOK"

One of the other boys has learned his lesson. He gives his book to his teacher, bows, turns his back on him, and repeats the lesson. This is called "Pey-chou," or "backing the book," for if the boy stood facing the teacher he could see the large picture words. Now that the lesson is well learned its meaning will be explained to him.

This is only one of the many things the Chinese do in a way that seems to us backward. For instance, they shake hands with themselves, and they wear white for mourning instead of black — a much more cheerful custom certainly.

The lesson to-day in Opening Brightness's school is on the duty of children to their parents. That is the first lesson taught every Chinese child, and no other child in the world learns it more willingly and thoroughly. There will be many more lessons on politeness.

Much care is also taken to teach all the children to write as well as read. All mistakes are corrected in red ink. A pupil must learn about two thousand picture words before he is able to read and write well. Only great students ever master the forty thousand characters of the Chinese language. Now we will bid farewell to Opening Brightness, for he will be busy for many months and years getting the education that is so highly prized by all the Chinese. As we leave the room, the whole class will rise and salute us politely.

LITTLE WOMEN OF CHINA'

"Little Women" they are almost from birth, for when they are wee babies they are often engaged to be married, and before they are able to fully understand what marriage means they are sent to the home of their husbands to live. The life of a Chinese girl is often hard, especially in the poorer families. But this is gradually changing, just as are many other customs, so there are happier days ahead for these little women.

WHAT THE LITTLE WOMEN WEAR

It seems queer to us to call the clothes that the Chinese girls wear "dresses," for they are long, loose jackets and loose trousers. These are made of bright, pretty colors and often are beautifully embroidered by the girls. The shoes that are worn are also handsomely embroidered. Even these handsome shoes must, however, be taken off when the wearer enters a room, just as are common wooden ones. Girls of all but poor families used to have their feet bandaged to keep them from growing, but this cruel practice is rapidly dying out.

THE FEAST OF LANTERNS

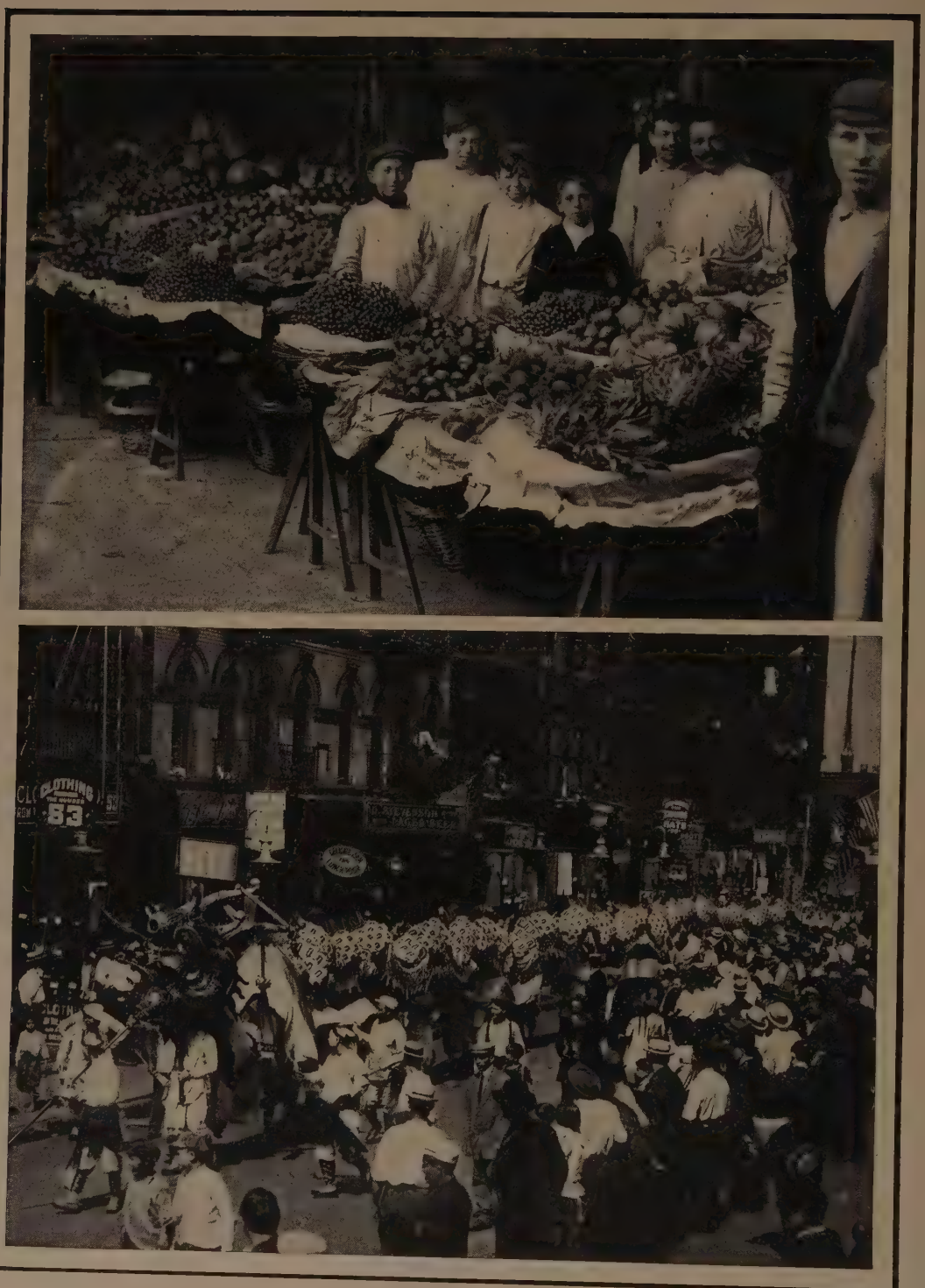
"Ching-a-ring-ting, Feast of Lanterns,
What a lot of chopsticks, prongs, and gongs!"

Such fun as everyone has at the Feast of Lanterns. This festival comes on the fifteenth day of the first moon. The first moon is sometimes at the end of January and sometimes as late as the second or third week of February, and sometimes a year has a whole extra month put in, just as an extra day is added to our February in leap-year. The Feast of Lanterns closes the New Year's celebrations, which have lasted two whole weeks. It is only in Christian lands that we have Christmas, but every nation has some sort of a celebration at the midwinter season. So the Chinese children are having fun and frolic at the time that we do, you see. During these merry days old and young have taken part in the fun. The streets have been filled with children playing their games, especially battledore and shuttlecock. In the evening there have been plays and feasts and fireworks. For several days before the fifteenth, everyone had been hanging out lanterns of all sizes and kinds. The little boys like best the "throwing ball" kind, lanterns made of bamboo frames pasted over with different colored paper. Inside of this lantern is a little clay dish, filled with fat, into which a wick is stuck. When evening comes, out come the boys with their "throwing ball" lanterns. These are lighted and whirled round and round by means of a string tied to the top.

When twelve o'clock strikes fireworks are set off, drums are beaten, and much noise is made so as to drive away bad spirits. The houses are trimmed with red cloth and the children's hair tied with red ribbon, for that is the color the evil spirits are supposed to avoid. Everybody gives and receives presents, puts on new clothes, and pays his bills. The narrow streets are crowded with merry people, big and

THREE LITTLE CHINESE MAIDS WHO NEVER WENT TO SCHOOL

little, and are ablaze with lanterns and fireworks. Here comes little Wung Chung's father, who is a very important official. He wears his official hat, which is made of felt and turned up all round and trimmed with fur. Wung Chung draws attention to the coral-colored glass ball which is fastened to the top of his father's hat. This shows that the wearer is an official of the highest rank. Many other balls are of light red, light blue, dark blue, and some are of mother-of-pearl. The gilt ball on Wung Chung's uncle's hat shows that he is in the lowest ranks.



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TOP: FRUIT MARKET IN BUENOS AYRES. BOTTOM: CHINESE DRAGON FESTIVAL IN NEW YORK

THE CHILDREN'S OWN FESTIVAL

The children look forward to the Feast of the Dragon Boats with the greatest eagerness. Long, long ago a very wise man, named Ken Yuen, held the office of minister of state to a prince who was not kind to the people.

Ken Yuen wanted to please his ruler, but also he loved the people and wanted the prince to be kinder to them. The prince became so angry with the prime minister that he removed him from his high office and put him in a very lowly one. This was a terrible blow to Ken Yuen, for he held his prince in great reverence in spite of the prince's selfishness. Life seemed no longer worth while to the minister. So he threw himself into the river and was drowned in spite of the efforts of some fishermen who tried to save him. Every year after that the people went out in boats on the anniversary and made offerings to his spirit. On one of these anniversaries, Ken Yuen is said to have appeared and complained that a huge reptile stole these offerings as they were thrown into the river. Since then the boats have been painted to look like dragons in order to frighten away the reptile. Then, too, each boat has a big drum placed in the middle, and this is beaten constantly, adding to the fright of the monsters. The Chinese believe now that good Ken Yuen receives the offerings they so gladly render him.

THE WONDERFUL KITES

Once upon a time a Chinaman was told by a fortune teller that on a certain day a great calamity would befall his household. The day mentioned was the ninth day of the ninth moon. When it arrived the unhappy man took his family and all his servants far away into the hills. To pass the time, he started them all flying kites and even joined in the fun himself. There were all kinds of kites imaginable, and some kinds that no one but a Chinese or a Japanese could even imagine, for those two nations excel in kite making and kite flying. There were several made to look like birds. These made a whirring noise as they soared through the air. Could you have examined these very closely you would have found a bow with strings fastened behind the wings, so that when the kite was going swiftly these strings made the whirring noise. There were others made to look like and wriggle like fishes. When it was growing dark the father sent up a kite with a tiny lantern fastened to its tail, so that it looked like a flying star.

At last, when the day was really over, the man decided to return to the home they all so dearly loved. And what do you suppose he

A SOUTH CHINA LITTLE ONE

is said to have found? Something had occurred to kill all the animals, for they lay in the yard and stables, dead, every one of them, so the story goes. That is why on the ninth day of the ninth month Chinese families go away from their homes, lest the same thing happen again. And they take their kites to pass away the day

and have a merry time, just as that other Chinese family is said to have done many years ago.

GAMES AND RIDDLES

If you saw the little Chinese children playing "catching fishes in the dark," you would recognize some kind of blindman's buff. Each child calls himself by the name of a fish. One child is blinded, just as we play. Then the fishes run past (for these little human fishes have to play on land and so cannot swim, you see), trying to touch the blind man as they pass. If the blind man catches a fish he must name it rightly, and if he does so the caught fish has to be blinded and catch another fish. "Call the chickens home" is another way of playing blindman's buff. The blind man stands still and says, "Tsoo, tsoo, come seek your mother." All the little "pretend" chickens run up to him and try to touch him without being caught. There are many other games that are similar to games you play, only called by other names. Then there is a real Chinese one called "tiger trap." Boys and girls take hands and stand in two rows, facing each other. One waits at the end of the lines of children and bleats, as a kid does when it is used as bait in a trap set for a tiger. Then the tiger rushes in and tries to catch the kid. As soon as he is in between the lines, the children close up the ends. Unless the tiger gets out very quickly he is caught and must be "it" again.

CHINESE BOYS AND GIRLS AND THEIR TEACHERS IN WEST CHINA

Old and young fly kites and guess riddles. At the Feast of Lanterns you will often find a group of men and boys gathered round a lantern with a riddle written on it. Sometimes shopkeepers put riddles in their shop windows and give prizes to all who guess correctly.

There are other festivals that provide jolly days for the little yellow kiddies of China, a country well worth a long visit from you all one of these days.

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THE CITY AND THE COUNTRY CHILDREN

Top: A City Kindergarten in New York. Bottom: A Rural Schoolhouse in Kansas and the Scholars at Recess Play.

A STAY-AT-HOME STORY OF SPAIN

LITTLE SPANISH "NIÑOS" AND "NIÑAS"

"OH, Nina," said Winkie as he joined his sister after school, "I learned something about you to-day in school."

"About me?" returned Nina in great surprise.

"Well, about your name, so it 's about you in a way. Our teacher was telling us about the boys and girls of Spain, and she said that the Spanish word for boys is 'niños' and for girls 'niñas.' So you have n't a real name after all."

Winkie thought this would tease his sister, but she only laughed and said:

"Is that all you learned about Spanish children?"

Winkie looked very indignant as he replied:

"Indeed not. She told us lots of very interesting things. I wish I was a Spanish boy, for they have lots more fun than we do. They don't have to go to school as much as we do, although Miss Morrell says there are good schools. But their parents are not so strict about the children's attending."

"But you have very good fun at school," said Nina. Whereupon Winkie changed the subject, for he knew this was true.

"The mothers in some parts of Spain do a funny thing," he said. "They knock a new baby over the head with a plate, and if the plate breaks they think he is a sensible child because his head is hard enough to break the plate. But if the plate does not break the baby will bring sorrow. Is n't that a queer way to treat a little helpless baby?" And Winkie made a face at the thought.

"Perhaps you'd rather be an American baby and a Spanish boy," teased Nina.

"Well, the boys have great fun with their donkeys," Winkie went on. "Three or four sometimes get on a donkey's back at a time, and another boy walks beside him. Every once in a while the donkey lies right down in the dust and rolls over, with the boys managing as best they can to get out of his way. When the beast is ready, he just gets up again and lets the boys mount him and plods off to school, or wherever the boys are going. Sometimes a pair of panniers is put on the donkey's back and little bits of children put into them to go for a ride up very steep mountains, with just a boy to drive the donkey or mule, for mules are used a great deal, Miss Morrell says. The babies' parents are not at all afraid to trust their children to the boy driver, for the animals are so sure-footed. Would you think that safe, Nina?"

"Well, I'd rather see the mountains and the mules before I decided," replied Nina. "But you have n't told me what names are given to boys and girls in Spain. Parents surely call their children something besides 'niños' and 'niñas,' don't they?"

"Indeed they do; they give them a whole string. Nearly every boy is named Joseph for one name and every girl is named Maria, after the Virgin Mary. And sometimes a boy is named Maria too. I would n't like to have a girl's name even if I had a lot of others. King Alfonso has eight names, and one of them is Marie. Miss Morrell says the Spaniards are very fond of their young king. Do you know that he is the only monarch who was born a king? And oh, Nina," laughed Winkie, "once, when he had to be taken to a reception, he cried so loud that a great man who was trying to make a very grand speech had to stop. The queen, his mother, you know, was so upset that she did n't know what to do, but the nobleman stopped right off and said, 'When the king speaks, his subjects must keep silence.' "

"Mercy, how polite!" cried Nina.

"Oh, the Spanish are the most polite people that ever lived! They are very polite even to their servants and the beggars. If a Spaniard cannot give money to a beggar, he says in a very kind voice some Spanish words that mean 'Pardon me, your Grace,' or 'For the love of God.' But he almost always gives the beggars something, for the priests teach that this pleases God."

"I should think there would be lots of beggars," said wise little Nina.

"There are," answered her brother. "Nobody works very hard in Spain if he can help it, although Miss Morrell says the poor have to be at it most of the time in order to earn a living. But if you ask the poorest boy you meet what his name is he bows most politely and says, 'Josef, to serve God and you.' I forgot to tell you that all the girls and women are

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TOP: A SPARTAN AND HIS SON. BOTTOM: A HOLLAND MILKMAID; A SWISS BOY

always called by their first names, even grandmothers."

"That does n't seem very polite," said Nina.

"Well, it would seem polite in Spain, because they say it politely," said Winkie knowingly.

"Don't they have awful bullfights in Spain? That does n't seem very polite!" exclaimed Nina. Winkie had to acknowledge that the Spanish people are still fond of this cruel sport and that the boys have mimic fights. But he added that King Alfonso never attended but one because that one made him faint, and so probably bullfights would be given up.

"The children play two queer instruments," he added, "because all the Spanish love music. Babies, when they are very young, are given a 'zambomba' and a pair of castanets. The zambomba is a kind of drum with a tube that stands up straight in the drumhead. You run your hand up and down this tube and get the funniest sounds."

"What are castanets?" asked Nina.

HOW THEY CARRY BABIES IN SICILY

"They are hollow shells of polished wood or ivory. They are fastened to the thumb and held in the palm of the hand and made to clatter together. They are played in church and everywhere, and everybody dances to the music made by castanets."

"Not everybody," contradicted Nina. "People would n't dance in church!"

"Ho, ho!" Winkie's voice had a triumphant sound; "that's where you are mistaken. There is a dance called the Dance of Les Seises, which is performed every year in the Cathedral of Seville, by the choir boys. It is one of the most interesting sights of the Easter celebrations, Miss Morrell says. No one knows just how long ago it began, but it has been danced every year except one since the Moors were in Seville. The boys wear such handsome clothes, just like the Spanish cavaliers of long ago, with plumed hats and white stockings, and buckled shoes. Their jackets and knee breeches are of silk and velvet. When the priests have surrounded the altar, the boys enter the chancel and are arranged in two long rows before the priests. At a signal violins begin to play way off in a distant part of the cathedral. Then the boys slowly advance, striking their castanets and dancing gracefully before the altar. After they have danced and sung until the bells of the old Moorish tower of the Giralda ring the summons to evening prayer, the boys retire, dancing, down the nave of the church."

"Would you think that the Pope would allow it?" asked Nina, who knew that the Spanish nation is Roman Catholic.

"Once an archbishop did try to have it stopped," Winkie answered, pleased that Nina was so interested; "but the people were so angry that the boys and the musicians were sent to Rome to give the dance before the Pope himself. He was so impressed, that he said, 'I see no harm in this, any more than in the children's hosannas before our Lord when he entered Jerusalem. Let them have their dance so long as the clothes which they wear may last.' So what do you suppose? The same clothes are constantly repaired and they never have worn out, and that is enough to allow the dance to continue year after year. I wish we could go to Seville some Easter, don't you?"

"Indeed I do," replied Nina, "but I guess we will have to mind our manners from now on so the little Spanish children won't think us very rude. Perhaps we had better begin now," she continued in mock politeness. "So please accept my thanks, dear good brother, for bringing home these pretty stories to tell me. Will you be so kind as to learn more tomorrow?" And she bowed her prettiest bow.

THE LITTLE ANT WITCHES OF THE TYROL

ALTHOUGH you have heard of all kinds of fairies and gnomes and witches, I am sure, if you will go with me to-day to a certain mountainous country in the most eastern part of the kingdom of Austria-Hungary, you will see the only real little ant witches in the world. The Tyrol is the name given to that part of Austria which is near Switzerland and has mountains famous for their beauty. It is here that the voices of the happy boys ring out and reëcho "Huldiöh, Oh!" and call again when the answer has come, "Huldiöh, Oh, Huldiöh!" And it is here that the witches go ant hunting.

TATTERS AND RAGS TO HUNT IN

Perhaps you think that these children dress in pretty costumes, as people do in England, for instance, when they go hunting. But the little Tyrolean maidens know that they will have to make a difficult way through the thick underwood and the soft soil of the region in the neighborhood of Seefeld, where the ants are most numerous. Therefore they wear the shabbiest clothing, sure that it will be shabbier before the hunt is over. Up, up they climb until they find a tiny brook flowing peacefully along. Each little witch makes a small island on the edge of the stream by digging a ditch round a certain portion and leading the water into the ditch. After the water has been turned from its regular course for about two feet, it is allowed to resume its natural bed. When she has her island made, our little huntress scoops out a few holes and then covers them with leaves to keep the holes cool and shady. Now she is ready for action. She draws on a pair of coarse gloves, for the tiny ants will bite if they get a chance, and taking her trowel is off to search for an ant hill.

REWARDED

Lisbeth is the first to locate her ant hill. It is such a fine one that she is very careful to lift the soil with her little spade, so as not to disturb the white eggs that lie hidden. Lisbeth is so pleased to find the eggs close together, for if they were scattered she would just scoop up the whole hill, dirt and all, and empty it into her bag. Lisbeth is a rather fussy little witch, so she tries to get her eggs without putting a lot of dirt into her bag with them. With a full bag she hastens back to her island and empties it on to the soil; not, mind you, into the holes, for

HUNGARIAN CHILDREN

that is the work she intends the ants to do themselves. Lisbeth herself goes a short distance away to eat her lunch and perhaps take a nap or dream about other witches. And would you believe it, hardly has Lisbeth deposited the ants and their eggs on the sunny part of the island, than the little creatures start at once to carry all the tiny white eggs over to the shady holes. This may take until evening, but by that time the little ant witches have only to take the eggs out of the holes, turn off the water that the poor little defrauded ants may leave the island (now no longer an island), and hasten home with numberless eggs to sell for food for birds, the purpose for which the eggs are sought. Do you know of any other little

girls who make a business of going hunting even if only for such tiny things as ant eggs?

"WHO WILL BUY A BOY? WHO NEEDS A GIRL?"

The monarchy of Austria-Hungary is so full of interesting places and people that it is too bad that we have not time to visit all the children within its boundaries. We should see so many different costumes and so many different kinds of homes that you would not believe we were in the one kingdom all the time. But

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PRINCE BORIS OF BULGARIA

before we leave the Tyrol, let us attend the most curious market that you will find in any part of the whole kingdom.

This market is held on the 19th of March, in Ravensburg. What is for sale, you ask? The Schwabenkinder. This is the name given to the boys and girls who are sent into Swabia every spring to serve on the farms of that country. They have been walking from all parts of the surrounding villages under the care of an old man or woman until they have at last reached the market town, tired, footsore, and hungry, for they have lived mostly on charity since they left their poor homes.

"TAKE MY SISTER, TOO, I BEG"

The farmers are sometimes kind and sometimes not. Otherwise this forlorn little lad would not have to beg so hard that his sister be taken by the same man who has just bought him. Of course none of the children are bought for good, nor are they often abused, but they have to work very hard through the long season for which they are engaged. At the end of this period, the 19th of October, the old man or woman will call for her charges and lead them home. Each child will be the richer by one or possibly two suits of clothes and a small sum of money, between one and a half and three dollars if he is under nine years of age, and from three to six dollars if he is over nine. But you need not feel too sorry for these little farmhands, for they are almost always well and happy, in spite of the hard work. They grow fond of the wandering life, probably because their own homes are so unattractive. Fewer children are sent to Swabia nowadays than formerly, as kind-hearted people are trying to help the parents in other ways.

"HAPPINESS HAS FALLEN ON MY HOUSE"

Those are the words with which the father of a new baby in Roumania gives thanks, for he is very glad to have a tiny little son or daughter come to his home in the heart of the hills. The child will be little care, for he will do much as Topsy did in "Uncle Tom's Cabin": he will "just grow." The Roumanians take life simply and indeed learn when very young not to expect too much. Let me quote a prayer that each child is taught, and tell me whether it is not after all a wise and sweet prayer: "Lord, give not to man as much as he could do with." Why does the Roumanian think that a good prayer, do you suppose?

Through Bohemia, Slavonia, Hungary, and many other parts of Austria-Hungary we would go to-day to wander with the gypsies, if we only had time, but the children will welcome us next time, you may be sure, and that is something to plan for in the future, is n't it?

SOME WORLD RULERS AND CHILDREN OF ROYALTY

EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY AND HIS FAMILY, INCLUDING THE GRANDCHILDREN

The Crown Prince is on the Kaiser's left, the Empress on his right. His only daughter, Princess Louise, sits at the extreme left, as you face the picture.

QUEEN MARY, THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND KING GEORGE V OF ENGLAND

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PRINCE PIEDMONT, CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY

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THE LITTLE PRINCESS BEATRICE OF SPAIN

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TOP: PRINCESS ILEANA, DAUGHTER OF CROWN PRINCE OF ROUMANIA, AND THEODORA, SECOND DAUGHTER OF PRINCESS ANDREA OF GREECE. BOTTOM: PRINCESS VICTORIA LOUISE OF GERMANY AND THE GRAND DUCHESS OF MECHLENBURG–SCHWERIN

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TOP: JULIANA, DAUGHTER OF QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND, AND THE ENGLISH COUNTESS OF WARWICK'S SON. BOTTOM: PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCESS MARY OF ENGLAND, AND CHILDREN OF CROWN PRINCE OF ROUMANIA DRESSED AS OFFICERS OF PALACE GUARD

OUR TRIP TO TURKEY

A DAY SPENT WITH JUSSUF, A LITTLE PASHA ZAD

IT is a Friday in spring when the "Sea Gull" enters the harbor of the wonderfully interesting city where Jussuf lives. When you are told that this city is built on seven hills and that it is not the city of Rome, can you possibly guess what city it is? Or must you wait to land and really enter the narrow streets, lined with houses whose windows are latticed and

A WATER CARRIER IN TURKEY

barred, noisy with dark-eyed, dark-haired people, none of whom seem in a hurry, and none of whom look very jolly? Even little Jussuf, whose father is well-to-do, hardly smiles as he leads you through the streets of Constantinople and cries "Uscht! Uscht!" to the ugly, hungry-looking dogs that literally dog the horse's steps. For it is to Constantinople that you have come, and it is to see how the little children of Turkey live that Jussuf, a pasha zad (pasha's child), has gravely offered to take you about the city and to his home. Of course he is on horseback, for all Turkish boys ride, and he has arranged for you to ride too.

THE WATER CARRIERS

"Are you thirsty?" Jussuf asks politely after he has seen that you are safely mounted. You have to admit that you are, and you wish mightily, I am sure, that you might have an ice-cream soda, for you are a little American, with a love of cold drinks. But the "sakka" comes forward and offers you water. "He is a very busy man always," says Jussuf gravely. In fact, Jussuf is so much more serious than the boys to whom you are accustomed that you wonder if he is unhappy. Indeed he is not. His father is a man of comfortable means; his mother (whose name is Khanum Effendi, corresponding to the "madame" of the French) is devoted to him, and his home is one of the pleasantest in the city. Moreover to-day is Friday, which is Jussuf's Sunday, and so he does not go to school.

"Do not mind the beggars," Jussuf warns us, but he throws alms ("backshish") to them himself, for this is a custom followed by all Turks of the better classes.

"The dogs are so many and so bothersome, don't you ever kick them, Jussuf?"

"Oh, never! We never kill even a tiny insect. The Koran forbids it. Besides, these dogs are very useful," continues the little Turkish boy who believes that the Koran must always be obeyed. "You see, they keep our streets clean, for they are always hungry, poor things. Each dog has his post and he will fight any dog who tries to eat anything on his particular route. Watch now," cries Jussuf, as another dog comes warily along and sniffs for a possible tidbit. The big, gaunt dog, which just a moment ago was almost under the feet of Jussuf's horse, is on the watch too, but he will not attack the other dog unless the stranger finds a morsel and starts to eat it.

JUSSUF'S SCHOOL

As we pass along, Jussuf shows his schoolhouse, which is built next to the mosque, as the Mohammedans call their churches.

"Would you like to look inside?" he asks. Of course we should, especially when we are told that it is a real Turkish school of the old-fashioned kind. But there is not very much to see. A blackboard is suspended from the ceiling by strings made of the fibers of the palm tree, and there is a board for books and slates, another for water jugs, one for the master's coffee apparatus and pipe, and besides these things there is a mat on the floor, for the master's seat.

"But where do you sit?" Jussuf is asked.

"On the floor, in a circle round the master. And if we are not attentive he touches us smartly with his palm cane. Nevertheless the 'mollah' (that means 'learned man') is very good to us. He teaches us to read the Koran and to write, so that we can copy it and learn it by heart. Then he teaches us some arithmetic and some geography," Jussuf adds proudly. Of course you know that Jussuf does not use our language, but we are pretending that you understand Turkish and we are putting it into English for those who can't or won't pretend.

Much to our surprise a great bell at this moment rings out from the roof of the mosque, and other bells ring all over the city, if we can judge by the noise. Immediately Jussuf dismounts and drops on a little mat he spreads before him and repeats a prayer to Allah and to the prophet Mohammed while he kneels. Everywhere you see men and boys (for there are few women to be seen on the streets of a Turkish city) kneeling in prayer, and all have their faces turned in the same direction. Afterwards Jussuf tells us that every Mohammedan, when he prays, turns his face towards Mecca, the holy city where Mohammed was born.

"Five times daily I pray to Allah," Jussuf adds reverently. "Early in the morning we all rise, and after 'Addest' (washing of hands and face) we repeat a short prayer. Then my parents and the rest of the family go to bed again for two or three hours. Then we have coffee, and after two hours we have our breakfast. Five times in the day the 'Muezzin,' the crier of the hour of prayer, calls us, and then we consult much with our 'tesbih.'"

Jussuf's tesbih is a rosary made of coral, but he tells us that tesbihs are also made of different woods and of agate and sometimes even of small pearls. Some are made of pebbles which have been picked up by pilgrims on their way to the holy city, but every tesbih must have ninety-nine beads, divided into three sets, so Jussuf tells us. We can be very sure that he tells the truth about not only the tesbih but everything else, for it is the rarest thing that a Turk tells an untruth. He may drive a sharp bargain; that is business, he would say, and truth-telling is not expected there. Another fine trait of the Turks, whom we sometimes think are pretty lazy and superstitious, is that they are very temperate. Drunken men would be hard to find on the streets of the city.

"Are you fond of school?"

Jussuf hangs his head a bit.

"Not so very," he answers truthfully.

"Does your father punish you if you do not learn your lessons?"

"No, not often. He does not like to work very hard himself." This is also true, for the Turks are proverbially afraid of hard work, like some other people you may know.

HOW JUSSUF DRESSES

Jussuf looks very quaint in his long coat (he calls it "stambouli"), loose trousers, and his bright-colored fez. The boy that is passing stops to greet Jussuf. This boy wears a short open jacket which shows his embroidered shirt and his broad sash. When these lads were babies they were wrapped in so many clothes that they looked like little bundles. No one but their mothers saw them until the little ones were six weeks old, for the Turkish people think that a person might say something in praise of a baby which that person did not mean, and that would bring great misfortune to the child. So the mother keeps everyone away from her darling and besides puts a great many charms on it to keep away the evil spirits. Jussuf's friend greeted him with such a deep bow and some words that sounded so queer to us, that we are glad to be told what he said. "El salam aleikum!" "Peace be with you," Jussuf translates it for us.

Now we wander on through the streets and stop to buy some sweets at the odd-looking stalls where the men are dressed in turbans and robes. We see that all the women are veiled, which makes us think of the "Arabian Nights."

JUSSUF'S HOME

When we reach Jussuf's house he takes us to the reception room, which he calls the "selamlik." This is the room for the men and boys. His father is here to receive us, for you and I are boys in this case. Here he invites us to have dinner with him and Jussuf and the other male members of his family. In the meantime Jussuf has taken off his "peluchin" and gone into the "haremlik" to greet his mother and the other children. If there were no guests, all the family would have dinner here. Both rooms are furnished much alike and simply. The Turks paint the walls of their rooms white and the ceilings red or blue or yellow. The floors are inlaid and have a mat or two spread on them. There are comfortable couches with many soft cushions. We look in vain for pictures and statues. They are forbidden by the Koran, the book which records the sayings of Mohammed and rules the lives of his followers.

OUR DINNER WITH JUSSUF

Soon after sunset, "Ascham" (evening prayer) is said and then dinner is eaten. This is served on a sort of stool about a foot high. Trays are placed on it which contain bread, and also ivory spoons for the solid food which we cannot pick up with our fingers and horn spoons for liquids. We are served to caviar, olives, cheese, and preserves on porcelain plates. The dishes are sometimes placed on leather saucers and several of us eat from one dish. How do you like the dish called "borok," a pie filled with cheese? It tastes rather nice after one has had enough of the "pilaf," which is mutton spiced and minced, with pistachio nuts added. We all use the same napkin, which is long enough to reach round the tray. And now, unless you are to spend the night as well as day with Jussuf, you will stay only long enough to hear the stories that all Turks love to tell and to hear, and join in the singing for a while. After the evening has been passed in this manner, the mattresses and covers will be pulled out of the cupboards and spread on the floors, and after the last of the five daily prayers, Jussuf and the family will soon be fast asleep. But where are his toys, you ask, and what games does he play? Well, if you lived in Turkey you would not have many toys nor play many games, for the Turkish fathers do not teach their boys games nor know of many toys to give them. Jussuf has always to stand in his father's presence and must never speak until he is spoken to, and it will be some years before these customs are changed. So if you love toys and games you had better go only for visits to Jussuf. But would n't it be fun to bring Jussuf to visit you? Perhaps you will, who knows?

THE LITTLE CHILDREN OF INDIA

"Little Mistress Josephine,
Tell me, have you ever seen
Children half as queer as these
Babies from across the seas?
See their funny little fists,
See the rings upon their wrists;
One has very little clothes,
One has jewels in her nose;
And they all have silver bangles
On their little heathen ankles.
In their ears are curious things,
Round their necks are beads and strings.
And they jingle as they walk,
And they talk outlandish talk.

"Many such as these I saw,
In the streets of old Jeypore;
They never seemed to cry, or laugh,
But sober as the photograph,
Squatted in the great bazaars,
While the Hindus, their mammas,
Quarreled long about the price
Of their little mess of rice;
And then, when the fight was done,
Every mother, one by one,
Up her patient child would whip,
Set it straddling on her hip,
And trot off all crook'd and bent
To some hole, where, well content,
Her and baby's days are spent.

"Are n't you glad, then, little Queen,
That your name is Josephine?
That you live in Springfield, or
Not, at least, in old Jeypore?
That your Christian parents are
John and Hattie, Pa and Ma?
That you've an entire nose,
And no rings upon your toes?
In a word, that Hat and you
Do not have to be Hindu?
But I thought you 'd like to see
What these little heathen be,
And give welcome to these three
From your loving *Uncle P.*"

THIS is the letter that many years ago Phillips Brooks, that great-hearted American who loved all children, wrote to little Josephine as he sailed away from the wonderful land of India and saw for the last time the little brown children of Hindustan. India is often called Hindustan, since both names come from the name of the river Indus. "Stan" is a Persian word, meaning "country of land," so you can easily see how well either one fits. What a fascinating country it must be when a traveler like Phillips Brooks writes in one of his letters:

"It will be hard to leave these gentle Hindus and their delightful land."

When he has really boarded the ship after a visit to the lovely island of Ceylon, he comforts himself by writing to the little American girl these quaint verses about the brown babies of India. On the island of Ceylon is the beautiful city of Kandy where he saw

"——a particular dandy,
With two earrings and half of a shirt."

. . . . . .

"And here comes the belle of the city,
With rings on her delicate toes,
And eyes that are painted and pretty,
And a jewel that shakes in her nose.

"And the dear little girls and their brothers,
And the babies so jolly and fat,
Astride on the hips of their mothers,
And as black as a gentleman's hat."

Can't you picture the bright, sunshiny day and curious birds that fly about the gardens of wonderful flowers, and the children with few or no clothes playing on the streets? Many of the older people are squatting in such a funny fashion, for the Indians never stand when they can sit or squat. Not only in the island of Ceylon, but in nearly all parts of India grow trees and flowers that we never see in our climate. Perhaps no animals enjoy the trees more than the monkeys. The Indian people consider monkeys sacred. They not only make pets of them but even build temples to them. There is one temple where five hundred monkeys live in the greatest comfort and freedom, fed by the presents of food that people bring to their temple. It would be great fun to be a monkey and run from branch to branch in a banyan forest. That is a tree that puts out sprouts from its branches, which in turn stretch down into the ground and grow up again into trees. Sometimes one banyan tree makes a forest that covers five acres of ground.

A DAY WITH TIMMAYA

There is one thing that all visitors to Hindustan notice about all the Indian children—just as there is one thing that everyone who visits

A CEYLON MOTHER AND CHILD

Japan notices about the little Japanese. But the two things are exactly opposite, for, while the little children of Japan seem always smiling and gay, those of India seem quiet and serious even in their play. The two races are alike in one particular, however, for no other children are more polite than the Japanese and the Indian. Now surely you will be wondering why the latter are such little Sobersides. Perhaps you can best understand this by spending a day with thirteen-year-old Timmaya, the son of a well-to-do Hindu. Timmaya's father, by the

way, is a jeweler; so Timmaya will be a jeweler too, when he grows up. This is not because his father wishes or insists upon it, for the father has no more to say about it than Timmaya himself. The religion that rules their lives settles this matter, just as it does so many, many others. To us, who have so much freedom in our lives, it seems very probable that the little Hindu children are always so sober even in their play because of the many rules that they must learn and constantly obey in order to be happy here and in the life to come. Another reason that might well make them sad is that they are not taught to believe such happy things about heaven as are the little children of our lands. Timmaya must from the moment he wakes in the morning live according to the rules for the class or "caste" to which he belongs. He and all his family believe that the great god Brahma whom he worships made these rules wisely and will be terribly angry if Timmaya does not follow them.

Timmaya has just waked up and is so very hungry that if he were not a Hindu he would probably merely wash his face before he put on the few clothes boys wear in this hot country and then rush out for his breakfast. But he is a Hindu of high caste and so he must bathe very carefully before breakfast and before every other meal he eats. Timmaya believes that otherwise he will be displeasing the great god Brahma. Now that he has had his bath, he is nearly ready. He has only to wind a long white cloth round and round him and put on the loose jacket boys wear, and his turban. This turban is the most important article of Hindu dress, as its shape and color show to which caste the wearer belongs. Timmaya would be sadly disgraced to be seen without his turban. He winds it about his head as soon as he is out of his bath.

THE FOOD TIMMAYA EATS

Timmaya has breakfast with his father and brothers and two men who are visitors. It is served on the wide veranda, for India is so hot that the people live out-of-doors as much as possible. Even at breakfast time the mats of woven grass are already hung about the piazza to keep out the hot sun. Timmaya's grandmother and his mother bring in the breakfast. How surprised you would be if you could go into the cook-room and see the little cupboards in the wall, in which the food is cooked. In each cupboard are a few bricks or stones on which the women place pans of food. Underneath the bricks are tiny fires. Of course time is needed to cook in this way, so the cooks squat down on the floor to watch the process. In fact a Hindu never stands up to any kind of work if he can possibly squat.

The great bowl of steaming rice that Timmaya's mother places on the mat in the center of the room tastes very good to the hungry boy. She puts a pile of it on each plate, but is very careful not to touch the plates, for that would break one of the laws of their religion. This morning Timmaya is pleased because the sauce, "curry," as it is called, is his favorite kind. He begs for an extra serving and gets it, too. Even then he has room for some little cakes of fried meat and some preserved fruit. He quenches his thirst with a big bowl of goat's milk. Timmaya is ready now for his day, but his little brothers and sisters are not. They cannot have their breakfast until after the others are through, while the women of the family must wait until even the little children have eaten. It would be a great misfortune if a servant touched any food eaten by his master's family.

"May I have Chikka come and play with the elephants, father?" asks Timmaya.

"After you have taken your offering to the temple," his father replies.

Timmaya hastens to the temple with garlands and incense, which he puts carefully in the lap of the idol, and then bows in a certain manner. As he is leaving the temple he sees a Brahman who looks very angry. The Brahmans are the priests and are of the very highest caste. Next come the warriors, "Rajahs"; third, the business men and those who own lands, and lastly the lowest caste, who must be the servants of the others. The shadow of one of the lowest caste men has fallen on the Brahman and rendered him "unclean." Now he must make sacrifices to Brahma. Not so very long ago he could have slain the servant, for, although no Hindu ever kills an animal, he does not prize human life as highly. When Timmaya learns what has happened he feels very angry, too.

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CHILDREN PLAYING HOP-SCOTCH IN CASHMERE, INDIA

He remembers how he had had to make offerings to Brahma when an English boy jumped into the pool in which Timmaya was bathing, although the little "Sahib," as the English boys and men are called, meant no harm.

While Timmaya is on his way to Chikka's

home, he sees a little Rajah and falls back so that his own shadow shall not touch the Rajah. He knows the rank of the Rajah by the silken thread worn over the right shoulder. Both of the boys wear the lock of hair that is left on the heads of all Indian children until they are twelve years old, and is never shaved from the heads of Hindu boys. Timmaya's servant, Huri, had his lock taken off on his twelfth birthday and was given a fine party. After a feast at home, he put on new clothes and went to the temple to make offerings to the gods and gifts to the priests.

TIMMAYA'S VISIT TO CHIKKA

Timmaya and Chikka had great fun playing with the elephants. They spent the whole morning watching and feeding them. The Hindus are very fond of all animals and have many pets. Their religion forbids them to kill animals or eat meat, and also teaches them to consider certain animals as sacred. Timmaya's father was beginning a new piece of work on this particular day, so he went to the temple where he could make offerings to the god Ganesa, a god that has a man's body and an elephant's head. This god Ganesa is supposed to remove obstacles of any kind and so bring success. If you could see the wonderful things that the real elephants do, you would not be so surprised that this elephant-headed god is so much worshiped by the Indians. Chikka and Timmaya had great fun watching the big, clumsy animals piling up teak. One would lift up a huge log with his trunk and lay it on the pile, and then take hold of the other end and bring it around into place. The boys tried to imitate the queer sounds that the elephants made, so that they could sometimes talk to the elephants the way

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CHILDREN OF INDIA AT PLAY; MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE IN THE BACKGROUND, DELHI. THIS CITY IS NOW THE CAPITAL OF BRITISH INDIA

the servants were doing. Dinner time came before the boys knew it. The afternoon was spent in games and especially in flying kites. The boys were glad this was not a school day, for then they would have had to return to school for part of the afternoon, and would not have had their free morning.

AT SCHOOL

To-morrow, however, they will be obliged to return to school. Sometimes the classes are held out under a big tree and sometimes on the porch of the schoolmaster's house. The pupils sit around him, swaying back and forth as they read their lessons aloud. This is the custom in almost all Eastern countries. In India the children learn their letters by writing them in the dust (and they never lack plenty of dust) with their fingers. When they get farther on they write on wooden slates with reeds and India ink. But Timmaya and Chikka use chalk, because they are Hindus. They would astonish you when they said their tables, for all Indian children are very clever at arithmetic and say their tables up to an extraordinary number. To-day, however, there were no tables to say, and you may be sure the boys were very glad.

A VISIT TO THE BAZAAR

When the day was nearly over they went down to visit the bazaar and buy themselves some sweets. On the way to the shops they stopped to watch the jugglers, who do such wonderful things that even grown-up people are interested. Chikka coaxed Timmaya to stay quite a while watching a snake charmer. This man had a basketful of snakes. When he began to play on a small flute, a snake poked its head out of the basket and began to coil itself round the arm of the snake charmer. Soon another and then another appeared, until all the snakes were crawling over the man, to the great delight of the onlookers. Just then a Hindu servant came hastily to the snake charmer with the message that he was needed at his master's home.

A large snake had found its way there and

YOUNG INDIA — SONS OF NATIVE PRINCES IN THEIR DURBAR DRESS

the charmer would be able to coax it to him. The man therefore quickly whistled his own snakes into their basket and did not even wait to spread his handkerchief on the ground so that the children could put their cowrie shells into it.

These cowrie shells are used as money. Our Hindu laddies were very generous, however, and dropped several shells in the dust for their entertainer. He bowed deeply in just the way that was correct for him to bow to high-caste Hindus. As he hurried away the boys turned their attention to a queer-looking cart that was approaching. As it was drawn by zebus, they knew it must belong to a very wealthy man. Zebus are animals which look like small oxen, with humps on their backs like buffaloes. These are the most useful of beasts. They were rewarded by a glimpse of a boy who they knew was a Brahman because they saw the sacred thread over his right shoulder and a yellow "W" on his forehead with a grain of rice stuck in the center. They also saw a bright red dot there and knew he was going to a feast. They caught a glimpse, too, of great bouquets of marigolds and pictured the little prince making an offering of these favorite flowers at the shrine of a god. For this event the high-caste boy was dressed in yellow silken robes, as yellow is the sacred color in India. When the last had been seen of this procession, for the zebu cart had been followed by an array of elephants and servants, our boys started again for the shops.

A LITTLE AMERICAN GIRL WITH THREE INDIAN PLAYMATES, RIDING ON A ZEBU, THE "HORSE" OF INDIA, WHICH IS A BEAST OF BURDEN AND ALSO USED FOR RIDING AND DRIVING

The streets were full of children, all a nice brown color and with big black eyes and sober faces. As Phillips Brooks says:

> "One has very little clothes,
> One has jewels in her nose."

The Indian people, big and little, love to wear bangles and necklaces and rings. They

"wear rings on their fingers, bells on their toes," all of which jingle and jangle as they move. It is deemed safer to wear one's jewelry than to lock it away, notwithstanding the fact that many people are robbed of it, and sometimes children have been stolen for the jewels they wore.

Every child wears a charm of some kind, and usually a good many, for these are supposed to keep away the evil spirits in which the Indians have been taught so much to believe. Let us stop for a moment and visit the little Hindu girl Yogina. She has a chain round her neck with a tiger's claw charm. She wears a necklace of acorns. In her hand she holds a cowrie shell. She knows it will buy her some of the sticky sweets of which all the Indian people are so fond.

DILAWAUR, THE MOHAMMEDAN BOY

Down the street comes a young Mohammedan boy. He is with his father, who wears the blue turban and the dress that shows he is a Moham-

MOHAMMEDAN SCHOLARS AND TEACHERS

medan. The boy, whom he calls Dilawaur, has a silver locket in a chain round his neck. In this you would find verses from the sacred book of the Mohammedans, the Koran — a word which means to read or to be read. The verses are written on paper, folded into little packets, and put into the locket. Dilawaur thinks Yogina such a cunning little girl that he offers her some of his candy. Her mother quickly motions the boy away, for her little girl would be rendered "unclean" if she should touch this candy.

Dilawaur was not taught the same religious rules that Yogina was. His father told him when he was a tiny baby that he must worship Mohammed, a great man who lived in Arabia

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BOYS UNDER PALM TREES, BARBADOES

about six hundred years after Christ was born. The Koran is to the Mohammedans what our Bible is to us. Dilawaur not only wears a different kind of charm from Yogina, but he eats meat at his meals and has the pleasure of his mother's company and of his sisters', if he has any. To-day he and his father are fairly loaded down with jewelry, for the men of India wear as much jewelry as the women do.

He looks at Yogina and wishes he might play with her. Perhaps she, too, would enjoy having him but that just now her mother brings her a doll with yellow hair and blue eyes —

the favorite coloring for dolls, in the opinion of little Indian girls. Unlike the little girls of China, Indian girls are passionately fond of dolls. This makes them seem all the braver when they offer their dolls at the Festival of Dassiveh.

INDIAN FESTIVALS

The Festival of Dassiveh is the time when all the little girls must part with their dolls. On the first day the little mothers put on their best dresses and go down to the nearest water-tank or stream and cast their dolls in. The festival lasts nine days, and on the tenth the boys destroy all their toys. For three months the girls cannot have any more dolls. When that time has passed they may have new ones; only, as they know that these, too, must be sacrificed at the next Dassiveh feast, they are always aware of the sadness of the next parting. In the time when there are no dolls to pet, the little girls amuse themselves by making mud-pies and molding images and toys out of clay. This is also a favorite sport of the boys. The girls have another curious custom in which the dolls take part. Dollies for this are made of clay and painted and dressed. Then they are thrown into the river at a certain time in imitation of the custom of the grown-up people, who burn the bodies of their dead on the banks of the sacred river Ganges and throw the ashes into the stream.

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AN INDIAN FESTIVAL, SHOWING THE VAST MULTITUDE OF PEOPLE

Sarasvati, the Hindu Goddess of Learning, has a great festival in her honor, too. The boys (for until recently Indian girls did not go to school) clean their ink-stands and carry them to the temple to lay them before the queer image of Sarasvati. At this festival you find all the boys dressed in the sacred yellow.

TUNGI'S WEDDING

Tungi is a twelve-year-old Hindu girl. She is married, for the Hindu girls marry very young. If she were not a twin she would not be found as we find her, in her father's home, but would be a very hard-working little wife in her husband's house. Twin girls are thought to bring such bad luck that Tungi will never enter her husband's house. Nevertheless, she had a very gay wedding, about which you may like to hear. Her wedding took place when Tungi was nine years old, after she had been engaged four years.

A GROUP OF TAMIL GIRLS, SHOWING THEIR PECULIAR HEAD AND NOSE ORNAMENTS

On the day of her wedding she was bathed with perfumes and had her face powdered and her eyebrows painted. Her mother then put on her a lovely pink silk dress, and over that draped a pale blue scarf. Next came her grandmother, bearing in her hands a jeweled headdress which she had worn at her own wedding. She placed this on Tungi's proud little head and then hung long earrings in her ears and clasped a beautiful gold collar about Tungi's neck. But this was by no means all the jewelry that grandma put on the happy girl. When she had finished you could scarcely see Tungi's arms for the bracelets of gold and silver and her fingers for the rings. As she stood there, a smiling little bride, her grandma threw over her a long veil of silk tissue, spangled with gold. The thing that would have seemed odd to you was Tungi's bare feet — bare, that is, of shoes and stockings but covered with rings on her toes and bands of silver on her ankles.

Just as Tungi was ready, the bridegroom was seen approaching on a handsome white pony. He wore a white silk dress with golden flowers embroidered all over it. He had many chains of jewels and precious stones round his neck — indeed, one of the diamonds was enormous, for it is in India that the largest diamonds are found. The bridegroom wore shoes, and in front of his turban he had a handsome ornament. Following him came a long procession of relatives and friends. When they all reached the door they were presented with wreaths of jasmine and wands of sandalwood — the latter

to be lighted like a candle, although it gave off a different and very fragrant odor as it burned. The bridegroom and Tungi were escorted to a pretty arbor in the inner courtyard, where they seated themselves. The Brahman priest who married them made a "salaam" to the north, one to the south, to the east, and lastly to the west, in this way showing his politeness to the good spirits who were supposed to be present. When he had said a great many long prayers, Tungi's grandmother slipped a silver cord round the little girl's neck, after which the guests threw handfuls of rice from a copper bowl. After this all the little girls marched round the courtyard and then sat down with the other guests to watch the "nautch-girls" dance. The guests did not dance, because they thought it too hard work. While the dancing was in progress the musicians beat drums and played on odd instruments shaped something like mandolins and zithers. Dinners, for there were many to be served and according to the rules of caste, followed, and in the evening fireworks were set off. These were very wonderful. Many were shaped like animals and birds, lighted with colored lamps and fires, besides which there were the lanterns made from yellow gourds. The evening ended very happily, and then the bridegroom and his relatives started off on their homeward trip, and little Tungi was left behind in her father's house for the rest of her life.

If Tungi's husband dies before she does she will have to go in mourning for him for the rest of her life and never marry again. Her head will be shaved and she must never wear pretty clothes again nor eat more than one meal a day. Indeed, some Hindus would not even look at her, for they think that to see a widow is bad luck. Let us hope that Tungi will not be left a widow until the Hindus give up some of these cruel laws, as they are beginning to do now that Europeans are opening schools and educating the Indians in modern customs.

NATIVE STREET BARBERS IN INDIA

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SCENE IN A RUSSIAN CLOTH MARKET

WHEN THE CUCKOO LEAVES PARADISE FOR RUSSIA

"CUCKOO! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" Plaintive and sweet falls the song of the cuckoo on the ears of the little children of Russia. The first of the birds to leave Paradise, the Russian legend relates, the cuckoo wings its way to the snowbound land and carries to it some of the warmth of Paradise. But why should the cuckoo's voice seem plaintive and sad if he is heralding the spring, that short and lovely season in Russia? Why should he not sing gayly to little Alexander Alexandrovitch, the son of a prince, and to the children of the "mouschik" (peasant) over yonder in the field?

Perhaps the cuckoo does sing the very same song to the children of all lands, but it is the difference in the children that makes it sound differently. To the people of Denmark, for instance, the cuckoo's song seems merry; but the children of Denmark are loved and petted from babyhood, and even the poorer ones have many happy times. The children of Russia, excepting only the rich and the well-to-do, know little of fun and comfort. Childhood for them is as short and fleeting as the spring.

THE TEARS OF RUSSIA

In a country where there are a comparatively small number of wealthy people and a very large number of very poor ones the children of the latter are not likely to have many comforts and are indeed lucky if they have most of the necessities. When you do not have what you want and, worse yet, what you really need, you know you are not likely to feel very jolly. At first you may weep bitter tears,

and many of them. But when you realize that tears do not alter things, you finally put away this childish protest and try to accept bravely what has to be. Then all the world begins to seem less bright and gay, and you see a grayness and hear a sorrow in it that your more fortunate little friend does not know. If you sing, your song will have a note of sadness, for voices always tell the story of the heart. This is the reason that the songs of Russia sung by the children

THE RUSSIAN BOY OUT HUNTING

as well as by the older people, are called the "Tears of Russia." Even the music to which the children dance their favorite dances, the "tressaka" (something like our heel-and-toe polka) and the "roosrala" — even this music has a mournful sadness. It affects the children as well as the grown-ups. But how they all love it, and how gladly they welcome every wandering minstrel! He may always be sure of an audience and, after his "balalaika" (as the Russian lute is called) has done its part, he will be given refreshment and a shelter for the night, if night is at hand.

"COME AND TAKE YOUR HERRING WITH ME"

There is one thing to be depended upon all over Russia, among rich and poor, old and young — everywhere you meet the kindest hospitality. The little son of the wealthy nobleman offers you bread and salt most politely when you enter the hall of his father's palace, and the child of the poorest mouschik welcomes you as warmly.

"Come and take your herring with me" is the way of asking you to join the family in a meal. Once you have "broken bread," as we say, with a Russian, you will be shown special consideration by all of his family. Since the boys and girls are taught very early to act like the older people, they do not play roughly with each other, nor would they think of treating grown-up people with the freedom you feel. The boys and girls of the wealthy class are much petted, but do not seem spoiled, perhaps because they are obliged to treat politely everyone but the servants. It is sad that the Russians have been so slow in showing consideration to the lowly classes, but this will come in time, and especially as the schools increase in number and give to all the much-needed education. The little nobles are sometimes sent away to school, or have tutors and governesses at home, but they do not know any such thing as our good public schools, where rich and poor receive the same instruction and have the same opportunities. They look upon poor people as if they were no better than animals and treat them accordingly. To tell the truth, many of the mouschiks and their little ones would seem to you hardly like human beings, so wretched are their homes, so empty their minds (for few ever have the chance to learn to read and write), and so dull are their lives.

SOPHIA'S "IZBA"

Sophia's father is a mouschik, but he is not so frightfully poor as many of his neighbors. The "izba" (cottage) which he himself built is a fairly comfortable one as izbas go. He had

only an ax to use in building, but that served to cut down the trees and make the logs. Then Sophia and her brother Iwan (the common name given to Russian boys) helped to fill up the crevices with weeds and soil. They helped their father mix manure and earth to make the floor and heaped up great banks of soil against the walls outside to keep the cold out. Sophia and Iwan are fortunate in the great stove that warms the cottage when terribly cold weather drives all the family indoors for the long months of winter. Close to this fire they all gather, night and day. The hammocks in which the children sleep are slung from the rafters near the stove, and the bench where the older children sleep is built along the wall nearest the fire.

THE FAMILY BOOTS

Little Sophia and Iwan are as proud as the rest of the family over the two pairs of boots that belong to their father. A mouschik who owns two pairs of boots must be pretty well-to-do for a mouschik. To be sure, he is not the only one to wear them, for the other members take turns with him. All are equally careful of these most highly treasured articles, taking them off if a shower comes up and carrying them over the shoulder to keep the boots clean. Sophia feels very sorry for Marie, who is her best friend, for Marie's father is so poor that in summer he goes barefoot, and in winter has only wooden shoes stuffed with straw to keep out the frightful cold. It is often so cold that Sophia and Marie have to watch each other's noses and rub them as soon as the end begins to get blue, lest they freeze. It is not only the mouschik who loves his boots, however, for every Russian has a weakness for footgear. Row after row of boots, for young and old, big and little, hang in the different shops.

There was once a very wealthy Polish minister who never wore a pair of boots more than twice, and then he hung them up in a room with many others and proudly showed them to his friends and callers. One day a gentleman came to call who had seen so many barefoot peasants that when he saw all these boots, he said, "Now I know why the peasants in Poland (which now belongs to Russia) go barefoot: all their boots are stored up at the minister's house."

BUTTER-WEEK, THE RUSSIAN CARNIVAL

Is n't this a funny name to give to a carnival time? It must come at the time of new butter, you declare. Indeed, it does not, but right in

A SLIPPER PEDDLER

the heart of winter. It is the last week of the Christmas and New Year's festivities and is called "Massljaniza." Everything that contributes to fun and festival is made ready for this event. In the cities the theaters, the merry-go-rounds, the swings, and the shops all put on a festive air; even the tiniest village makes preparations to the limit of its ability. Best of all the amusements, Sophia and Iwan love the "ice mountains," as they are called. An

ice mountain is a wooden slope made of planks, and supported by posts and beams. This slope is bordered by raised edges so that the sleds cannot run off the sides. "Sleds?" you question. Yes, indeed, for water is poured over the planks and allowed to freeze until the slope is a glare of ice, down which Sophia's and Iwan's sleds dash headlong.

"But how do the people get to the top?"

Just as they do in our own toboggan slides. They climb to the top by a flight of stairs, and each one waits his turn on a light platform erected there. Down one slope go Sophia and Iwan, and up the corresponding slope, and then return by a separate track.

Such shouts and laughter and pleadings to return by the other line, for that is the track on which the car returns to its starting place. In Copenhagen the little Danish children have a similar amusement, called "Russian railroad." This is a sort of railway laid between two towers, built of wood. The railway lines (for there are two) are not regularly curving, but have a great wave in the middle. On this railway runs a truck in which there is an armchair

HUNTING IN SIBERIA

seating two people. The children take tight hold of the arms of the chair and then are ready to be pushed over the brink of the slope. Down in a flash goes the truck, then on over the curved wave and up the other slope almost before the children realize it.

Then there are the cake and candy shops to visit and men dressed as clowns to watch and tea to drink. At last, when the children are so tired that they consent to go home, they find there the delicious, hot "blini" (pancakes made of butter, flour, and cream) which are the finishing touch to Butter-week.

THE JOYOUS LITTLE CHILDREN OF JAPAN

CAN you imagine any prettier sight than a garden of flowers where each flower is a little girl with sparkling black eyes, shining black hair, and dressed in a silken kimono of pink or blue or lavender or some other color as dainty, while the petticoat she wears shows scarlet beneath her tucked-up kimono? Every face is a happy one, every voice is gentle, every petticoat is scarlet, and that may seem to you the queerest thing of all. In perhaps no other land except Japan would you see every little girl looking happy even at a garden party, and certainly you would never find them all with petticoats of the same color, would you?

When a new little baby comes to a Japanese home it finds only two garments ready for it, a bright yellow kimono, and a tiny coat of red. As soon as the household is told whether the baby is a boy or girl, all the family begin to make a wardrobe for it — of every shade of blue if the baby is a boy, and of pinks and reds if a girl.

Nowhere in the world are the babies more welcomed than in sunny Japan, the Land of the Rising Sun, as its people love to call it. Perhaps it is because babies and all children are so dearly loved there that there is always sunshine in the Japanese homes, even when the rainy season makes out-of-doors dull and wet. If the women are making blue baby clothes you will find them particularly excited, for in Japan, as in all Eastern countries, boys are especially welcomed. However, even if the newcomer is a girl, everyone will be gay and busy, for the Japanese have never felt about girls as the Chinese and the people of India have. In all countries where girls are not so welcome we find that the religion has caused it, for fathers and mothers are really the same everywhere unless they are taught to believe that girls are of no account. In Japan, only the sons can inherit the father's property, and only the sons can take part in the worship of the ancestors of the family, and only the male ancestors are worshiped. So the Japanese parents who have no boy born to them are naturally much concerned about the worship of their ancestors and of themselves after they are dead.

JAPANESE CHILDREN IN THE NURSERY

BABY IS NAMED

Although the rest of the household has been celebrating for two days after the arrival of the baby, the little one does not take part in the feast and fun until the third day. And then his part is likely to be a very uncomfortable one for him, as it consists of shaving his tiny head. In olden days this was a very elaborate performance, but fortunately for the little Jap of to-day it is much simpler. The sides and the back of the head are shaved smooth, while a small tuft is left on the top. Then the older members choose a name. Usually little girls are named for flowers, or sometimes for trees, and the boys are given names appropriate for them, like brave (Isamu), smart (Toshio), and similar ones. The Japanese believe that a child will often grow to be what his name implies.

ICHIRO VISITS THE TEMPLE

You could hardly have found a happier father and mother than Ito and O Hara San, the parents of Ichiro (first boy). They had waited impatiently for the baby to be thirty days old, and then, on the thirtieth day, had taken him to the temple for the first time. Ichiro had been strapped in front of his mother and carried in that uncomfortable position until he was taken off and presented to the priest. After the priest had offered many long prayers, he waved over Ichiro a "gohei," which looks like a paper feather duster, all white and clean. Then O Hara San bought two charms for her baby boy, one of which she put away with the cuttings of his first hair and the paper on which was written his name; the other she put in a tiny bag and hung to his "obi," as the sash is called. Ichiro's obi is not as handsome as the one worn by his girl cousin, Yuki. Yuki wore a pretty red one until she was seven, and then was given a gorgeous one of rich brocaded silk, much wider than the red one. Twice more Ichiro was taken to the temple while he was still a small boy, once when he was three years old, to give thanks to the gods, and the next time when he was five.

ICHIRO GROWS UP

It was this third visit to the temple that seemed to Ichiro the most wonderful of all the events of his childhood. On that day he wore for the first time the "hakama," a kind of trousers made of silk and worn beneath the kimono. When he had offered gifts to the gods and was once more out-of-doors, he marched along with great dignity, for he knew that from now on he would be considered to have entered young manhood, and he tried to walk as though he realized it. All would have gone well had he not met some of his friends with their kites, ready for a kite fight.

THE GAMES BOYS PLAY IN JAPAN

In all the countries of the Far East, not only boys but grown-up men have great sport flying kites. They are wonderful kites, too. Some are made to represent fishes, others look like great birds, and even make a noise as if they were alive. That is because they have hummers made of whalebone, which vibrate in the wind. The kite fights such as Ichiro joined in are simply fascinating either to watch or share. In order to make a fighting kite, a piece of glass is pounded very fine and then mixed with glue. This is rubbed on the string of the kite for about thirty feet near the kite end and left to dry. When this is thoroughly dried and the kite sent up, the person flying the kite tries to draw his string across the cord of another kite and so cut the other kite loose. Usually the vanquished kite is then presented to the winner, and in a most polite manner, for ever since he was a tiny baby the boy has been taught to accept victory or defeat with equal dignity. So there is never any discussion between the two concerned. When the slightest difficulty does occur between little children of Japan, they simply turn to an older child, who settles the matter in a few words which no one ever thinks of questioning. This kind of training makes all the boys very manly even when they are still babies in years. Sometimes instead of single kites engaging in a fight, there will be two "teams," as we would call them, one flying blue kites and the other red, or whatever color is fancied, and the boys of each team will work together. It is wonderful how skillful boys and grown-ups become, and how long a kite will be kept from disaster.

TOP FIGHTS

The Japanese boys are very fond of having top fights, as well as kite fights and mimic games of war, for the Japanese, unlike the peaceful Chinese, are always interested in war and fighting. A little later you shall hear a bit about their great warriors, the Daimios and their followers, the Samurai. To return to the top fight, each boy takes his top, winds it up, and throws it on the ground. While it is spinning, another boy tries to throw his top in such a way that it spins against the first top and knocks it over. When they are all tired of this fun, the boys may join other children who are painting sand pictures on the roadside. Each child tries to make a picture in the shortest time, using sand of four colors — red, blue, yellow, and black. They make the most delightful pictures, for the little Japs are artists to their finger-tips. One English artist tells about a Japanese servant boy who took two hours to arrange some fan-holders on the artist's wall, and adds, "When he had finished, the result was simply beautiful. That wall was a perfect picture."

THE LITTLE JAPS' GREAT FATHER

You could not possibly grieve a Japanese child in any other way so much as if you neglected to tell the other children about his beloved Emperor, the Mikado. All children, boys especially, are taught that the strictest duty they owe is to the Emperor, and next to their ancestors. When the children are still babies they listen to the stories of brave men who have proved in one way or another their love for the Emperor and often for their parents. The Japanese parents do not send the children to bed earlier than they themselves go, nor do they have them rise at a different time. When the parents gather round the queer little charcoal stove, called the "hibachi," to pass the evening telling tales of bravery and sacrifice, the children are there to listen. By the way, the servants are there, too, for nowhere in the

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TOP: JAPANESE GIRLS DANCING. BOTTOM: MAIN GATEWAY OF SHINTO TEMPLE, TOKYO, AND THE "LOTOS FLOWER" GAME PLAYED BY SCHOOL CHILDREN

world are servants treated more kindly than in Japan, and let us add that they well deserve the kindness.

In time of war, a whole regiment, when ordered to go forward to certain death, will dash on, shouting "Banzai!" ("May you live a thousand years") until every man has been cut down. This is because every boy in Japan is taught that the most glorious thing that can happen to him is to die for his Emperor and his native land. And that is one reason why Japan is so strong a nation.

they were growing old and perhaps becoming a care. He himself was not so very young, for he had had his seventieth birthday, and was just twenty years younger than his parents. But he would often dress in baby's clothes and sprawl all over the floor so that his father and mother would think him still a baby and believe themselves young and strong.

Another paragon, although he was very young and delicate, always slept uncovered at night,

A DOCTOR OF WRITING IN JAPAN AND HIS HARD-WORKING SCHOLARS

HOW RORAISHI DECEIVED HIS PARENTS

This is a story which is told to the children of Japan, that they may realize how devoted one Japanese son was to his parents. It is one of twenty-four stories contained in an ancient book called "Twenty-four Paragons of Filial Virtue."

Roraishi had always loved his parents so dearly that he could not bear to have them feel in order that the mosquitoes would satisfy their appetites at his expense and leave his parents undisturbed. So the Japanese boy has ever before him the thought of duty to his country and his ancestors, and is taught that it is a fine thing to obey without question or delay.

THE JAPANESE BIRD OF PARADISE

This is the way someone describes the Japanese girl, that is, until she is married. Then she is likened to a dove, for when at sixteen or seventeen she is married, she must take off all

A JAPANESE MOTHER AND CHILD

her bright, pretty colors and dress in soft grays and stay closely at home, the meekest of wives and daughters-in-law. But up to that time, unless she is being trained for a geisha girl (the dancing girls of Japan), she will have the loveliest times imaginable. She has been happy from the day she was born, for her parents have tried to make her little life a sweet, joyous song. When she was a tiny thing, she did just about as she liked. She ate when she was hungry, drank when she was thirsty, and slept whenever she chose. To be sure she had sometimes to be waked to greet a guest with the most charming bows, dropping on her wobbly knees and touching her head to the floor. But she seemed to know she would then be taken up at once and strapped again to her sister's back or slung in front of her mother and fall asleep again in a jiffy. Ever since she was a baby she has been dressed in garments made exactly like her mother's, only, of course, much smaller. When she is seven years old and puts on the wide sash, the "obi," that shows she has left babyhood behind, she is called a "musume" or "moosme," and considers herself a real little woman. She is a gay, quaint little creature, who wins your love at first sight. She makes the most graceful bows when she greets you and offers you tea whose bitter taste is made sweet by her smile.

A JAPANESE FAMILY OFF FOR A PICNIC

O CHA NO YU

This is not the name of a place nor of a person nor of anything you would ever guess, but it is the name given to describe the ceremony of serving tea very formally. When the pretty musume, Cherry Blossom, offers you the many cups of straw-colored tea (with which she passes you sugar, cream or lemon) notice carefully all her pretty bows and gestures. She has spent days and months in mastering the lessons in

etiquette. All of her muscles must be very supple, and her whole attention must be given to rendering this service with perfect grace and graciousness. Since she was a tiny baby she has been taught how to wait on people, how to enter the room, how to carry a tray or bowl at exactly the right height, and how to offer a cup

A LITTLE JAP PLAY MOTHER

or plate daintily and properly. Not only the Japanese girls, but the boys are taught all this.

THE LITTLE MOTHERS OF JAPAN

Nowhere in the world are girls more thoroughly trained for motherhood than in Japan. Little Cherry Blossom, who looks so charming in her pink silken kimono, would be dreadfully ashamed if she could not cook a meal nicely and show you some of her own sewing and weaving. She has been five long years (at any rate, they would seem long to you, I am afraid) in learning the art of arranging flowers ("koto-playing"). Her small hands were often tired and stiff, for she had so to arrange each leaf and blossom that it would express the symbol for which it stands. Every flower has a special meaning in Japan, where flowers are loved. Whenever there is a feast in the home, the daughter of the house must so arrange the flowers that they will be a silent poem, expressing all that would otherwise need to be said and certainly could not be as sweetly spoken.

HURRAH FOR SCHOOL

Don't imagine the little school-children of Japan ever hurrahing very loudly, for though they love school with all of its hard tasks and its fun they would never shout so loudly as to pierce your ears with their yells. They have been taught that nothing is more vulgar than to talk loudly and to shout in sharp tones in their play. Always they keep their voices low and gentle, and yet, at the same time, the little Japs have probably more fun and gayety in their lives than any other children in the world. Everyone likes to help himself to fun and share it with others, while the older people think nothing too much trouble that will make a child happy. But at the same time the children do their part, for it has been truly said that you see no cross or disobedient children there. They seem to know that they must return kindness with smiles, and indulgence with gratitude. So no rules seem necessary, and everyone is happy. In school the children are smilingly obedient to the teacher, for have they not been taught from babyhood that the teacher has absolute power, and will use it wisely? This he certainly does, for he is as devoted to the interest of every pupil as if he were the parent of each and all. In the kindergarten the child begins to hear stories of his great Emperor and is taught to bow before the picture of the Mikado with the greatest reverence before he is hardly able to keep the balance of his tiny body. For twenty-five hundred years Japan has been under rulers of the same family line, so we need not be surprised that all the children are so loyal. Children are taught to read and write and to know history. How you would laugh to see, *and hear*, a group of children on their way to school, all studying aloud, as do the children of other Eastern countries.

CURIOUS SIGHTS FOR STRANGERS

Perhaps our rickshaw boy will explain some of the odd things we see as we stroll about a

Japanese city. The queer little carriage into which he bows us so politely is one of the strangest vehicles we have ever seen. But we soon find that it is very well suited to the cities with their narrow streets, filled with shops and shoppers, and to the country roads, which are sometimes roads in name only. They become so muddy and soft that the coolies, as the working men are called, often lose the straw sandals that they wear. All along such a road you will see these "waraji," as the sandals are called, which fortunately may be replaced at every roadside house for a "sen," something less than a cent. If we meet one of the few horses you will be amused at his shoes, for they, too, are of straw, tied to his feet with straw cords. The real name of our queer carriage is "jin-ri-ki-sha," meaning "man-power carriage." Our boy must be well-to-do, for our rickshaw is lacquered and painted. Taro, our boy, explains the dark banners which we see hanging over many doorways as the sign of the public bath-houses. He tells us that his people are a very clean race and have not only their private baths but these public ones, so that anyone may have a bath at any time for a very small sum. He adds that he himself was hardened by frequent duckings in cold water when he was a wee baby. When we ask him where boys carry all the things which you carry in your pockets, he points to the sleeves of his kimono. These make pouches that hold more than the pockets of several of your suits. Each boy carries a purse with some coins, often strung together, and some writing materials. When he grows up he carries an inkstand and a brush and paper.

Taro thinks we would like to go to a temple, for every Japanese goes constantly to temples and tea-houses, and usually finds them close together. He shows an image of Buddha, whom they all worship faithfully. In answer to your question as to why the paint is nearly rubbed off the strange old face and body, he

PLAYING ROKONELENKER, A JAPANESE GAME

explains that when a Japanese has a pain in his eyes, for instance, he goes to the temple and rubs the eyes of Buddha. Then Taro draws our attention to a great many babies' bibs that are hung on this particular image and says they all belonged to little sick babies who have been cured by Buddha. You may be glad that you are more fortunate in having parents who do not trust you in illness to a wooden image.

As we again take our way down the sunny street we see two lads wrestling. They are practicing jiu-jitsu, a manner of wrestling that brings wonderful results when used by the Japanese. Just ahead goes a boy on stilts. Now he rests while he watches a game of battle-

JINRIKISHA RIDING, THE COMMON METHOD OF TRAVEL

dore and shuttlecock, by some little girls who play it very well indeed. Along comes another little girl blowing soap-bubbles, but she forgets to blow her bubbles when a juggler comes near and begins to do most remarkable tricks. Even he is forgotten when she catches sight of the man who sells all the materials for a cake and then lets her make it right then and there and cook it over the fire he provides. Down comes the boy from his stilts, for he too loves to make cakes in this way. He brings out his purse from the depths of his sleeve and pays the small sum asked for the privilege. But first Taro asks the other boy to address an envelope which Taro produces, knowing that it will amuse us to see the boy take the envelope, turn it upside down, and begin at the opposite end and write the address backward, as it seems to us, putting the name of the country down first, then the city, the street, and lastly the name of the person.

Just when we have resumed our trip, Taro suddenly stops and with the greatest haste slips on his blue jacket. He has been so warm drawing two of us in his rickshaw that he has only worn the short drawers. But alas for Taro, he was not quick enough to escape the sharp eyes of the policeman approaching. This little man, for he hardly measures five feet, immediately delivers a stern lecture to Taro on his lack of respect to us, the most honorable guests of Japan. Taro bows at every other word not only out of fear but also out of intense respect for both the policeman and us. After numberless apologies to us for the coolie boy's rudeness, the policeman goes on his way leaving Taro to add his abject apologies and bows. When he has somewhat recovered his usual smiling composure, he tells us that the police are from the finest class of Japanese, as are so many of the servants. While he is speaking he bows most profoundly to a small boy whom we are passing. This boy is a servant, he explains, and has been especially taught to render service most beautifully. The boy's father was formerly a Samurai, that is, a member of the household of a Daimio, as the princes of Japan are

called. When these Daimios gave up their great holdings of land the Samurai became policemen and servants, for in Japan it is considered an honor to serve the government in any capacity. Next to that comes the privilege of rendering faithful service in the homes of your countrymen, if you cannot afford a home of your own. Taro tells us that this boy is likely to entertain us charmingly if we happen to call at the home of the master when the master is out. He will even be invited to stay in the room after his master has returned, and will be sure to laugh most heartily at our jokes. If he leaves, it will not be until he has made many, many bows to his master and to us.

Outside of the house he will put on his wooden clogs, which the Japanese always leave outside so that they will not soil the soft white mats everywhere strewn on the floors of Japanese houses. All the people wear thick white stockings called "tabi," that look odd to us because there are divisions for the toes, the big toe having a nice little place for itself round which the wooden clogs, "geta," are fastened.

FOUR BEAUTIFUL FESTIVALS OF THE JAPANESE

If you should ask a Japanese coolie or a Japanese prince or a Japanese baby who could just talk:

"What are your prettiest and most important festivals?" the answer would be the same, accompanied with many bows:

"The New Year Festival, the Feast of the Dead, the Feast of Dolls, and the Feast of Flags."

Everyone enters into the fun of the New Year Festival, which comes in the middle of winter, but nevertheless transforms the streets into forests of waving branches and feathery arbors. Look at the street and house in which lives our little friend Cherry Blossom. On either side of the door is a pine tree, which is joined to the tree next to it by a grass rope. Cherry Blossom thinks this rope will prevent the evil spirits from entering her house. Just as the little girl comes out two beggars meet in front of her home and bow most politely to her and then to each other, making the special bow that everyone makes on New Year's Day in Japan. Cherry Blossom has her hands full of presents, as you can easily tell when you know that a present always has a little gold or red or white paper kite fastened to the string which ties the parcel. All day and for several days the fun goes on, parades and fairs and calls and feasts. In the summer time comes the Feast of the Dead, which is not as mournful as it sounds, for the idea of it is to do honor to the dead. But Cherry Blossom loves best the

LITTLE JAPANESE KINDERGARTEN PUPILS, WITH THEIR WOODEN SHOES IN THE FRONT ROW

Feast of the Dolls. This takes place on the third day of the third month and is just the opposite kind of a festival to that which the little girls of India have. For instead of drowning their dear dollies, the little Japanese girls are allowed not only to play with their everyday dolls but to bring forth the "honorable O-Hina," which are kept for safety all the rest of the year in the family "godown." This godown, by the way, is a little (or, in wealthy families, sometimes a big) house built of cement, where all the treasures of the household may be kept

DOLLS' DAY IN YOKOHAMA, THE GREAT DAY FOR JAPANESE CHILDREN

safe from the fires that often sweep through the paper houses of the Japanese, and also from the many earthquakes which occur in Japan.

CHERRY BLOSSOM'S O-HINA

As Cherry Blossom comes of a wealthy family she has many and beautiful O-Hina. Each pair of dolls (for they are always given in pairs) is dressed in exactly the costume of its period and has a collection of the furniture of that age. In such a family as Cherry Blossom's the furniture is made of gold lacquer, and some of solid silver and others of the beautiful porcelain for which the Japanese are so famous. To-day the little girl is very busy preparing an elaborate feast of real food with the utensils of her toy kitchen in order to refresh her dolls. Besides her dolls Cherry Blossom has a great many images representing the Emperor and Empress and officials of the court and all the furniture needed for the royal palace. She treats with especial honor the pair of dolls which were given to her when she was born, for they will be the "honorable O-Hina" of her own little daughters and then her granddaughters and so down through the generations to come. Every Japanese girl, even the very poorest, is given a pair of dolls as her first present (but by no means her last, for the Japanese are always giving presents and love to do so) and she always keeps them. She takes them to the home of her husband when she marries, and puts them away in his godown. If he lives in the country and is too poor to have a godown of his own he takes them to the village godown.

THE JAPANESE BOYS' FLAG FEAST

Although Kanaya, Cherry Blossom's brother, enters into the fun of her Dolls' Festival and helps her to enjoy it, he can hardly wait for the Feast of Flags, which comes on the fifth day of the fifth month and brings as much fun and frolic to him as the Feast of Dolls has to her. In front of every house where there are boys, a tall post of bamboo is set up and from the top of it a huge carp (a kind of fish) made of brightly-colored paper is hung. If a new baby boy has come to a house during the year the carp is made bigger still. When the wind blows into the body of the fish, which is hollow, it wriggles its fins and tail just as a fish does when swimming. The Japanese think the carp is typical of a youth working his way through the difficulties of life to success, for they say it has the power of ascending streams and of leaping over waterfalls.

The Feast of Flags is held on the day sacred to Hachima, the Japanese God of War, when a mimic battle takes place. The boys divide

JAPANESE BOYS WITH PAPER FISH

themselves into two parties, called Genji and Heike, which were rival clans in olden times. Every Genji carries a white flag on his back, and every Heike carries a red one. On the head of each boy fighter is a kind of helmet made of earthenware. Each mimic warrior has a bamboo sword with which he tries to break an opponent's helmet, so that his side may win, for the side which breaks the most pots and captures the most flags wins the battle. The boys make as much noise as possible, as indeed everyone else does, so as to frighten away the god Oni, who is thought by the Japanese to come down from the heavens on the fifth day of the fifth month to devour boys. But Oni is supposed to fear not only noise but sharp swords. So long sword-shaped blades of sweet flag are gathered from the edges of rivers and the rice-fields and used everywhere, in the house, and out-of-doors, and even on the boys. The lads tie them about their heads with the roots sticking up like horns from their foreheads, for Oni is supposed to fear horned men, too. So you see, the Japanese boys and girls have happy days and many festivals, and they show their appreciation by the sweetest politeness and obedience.

THE CHILDREN OF SUNNY ITALY

"Yankee Doodle went to town
Riding on a pony,
He stuck a feather in his crown
And called it macaroni."

OF course this quaint old rhyme set to an old English tune has nothing to do with Italy and the little children there, but it would really describe well the small boys of Naples and their hardy little ponies. The lads do not ride the ponies as did "Yankee Doodle," but they drive them through the streets harnessed to small carriages. The harnesses are of bright colors, and feathers as gay stand straight up, nodding over the ponies' heads as they move. The little animals may be content with this apology for macaroni, but you may be sure that little Antonio and Giuseppe who are playing near would not be satisfied with anything but the real macaroni. How do you suppose they eat it? Watch and see, for Antonio has bought a dish from the macaroni vender and will have it all inside of him if you do not keep your eyes fastened upon him. He takes one of the long pipes, as the pieces are called, throws back his head, and lets it slip down his hungry throat so quickly that you wonder how in the world he learned to aim so well. Antonio does not have macaroni as often as you think, for it is not a dish for the very poor although they dearly love it. But little cares Antonio, for what can matter in a land where there is always sunshine and one can have plenty to eat if he can manage to get five cents a day, either by work or begging? You would know Antonio was happy if you could hear him sing.

ITALIAN CHILDREN AT WORK IN MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL

There is an old Italian proverb that says:

"If I sing the whole day I'm without bread,
And if I don't sing I'm without bread."

So Antonio sings and very sweetly, too. He sings when he is hungry, he sings when he is sad, he sings when he is lonely, and always when he's

glad. And so do all the Italians, for it is as natural to them as it is to breathe.

BREAKFAST IN A BASKET

Giuseppe lives in a tall, dark house six stories high. His father and mother and their four children live in one room on the sixth floor, for that is as much rent as the father can pay. There are very, very many poor people in Italy, but they are more fortunate than the poor of colder climates. The sunshine seems to get into their systems and to make them cheerful and care free, even when they do not know where they will get the next day's food. So it is with Giuseppe, when he wakes up in the morning in a room so dark that he won't know until he goes outdoors whether it is a sunny day. Of course he will wait for his breakfast before he starts. But he will not have to wait long, for his mother takes a basket, puts a bit of money into it, and lowers it from the window to the coffee vender who is crying his wares beneath the window. If it could be afforded, other venders would be directed to put fruit or some other simple edible into the basket, which is then drawn up to Giuseppe's window and straightway emptied. Giuseppe's mother has taught him and his sisters to cook, but does not often do it herself, nor allow them, for she can buy everything as cheaply from the men and women who go through the streets with their charcoal stoves and their various articles of food. When Giuseppe's mother buys milk she has only to have the milkman stop at the door of the house and milk his cow then and there. Antonio's mother is very particular to have her baby girl drink only goat's milk, so the man who sells goat's milk drives his goat up the stairs to the "flat," as we would call it, where Antonio lives. Indeed, the goats are taken right into the houses of the wealthy to be milked.

THE BABIES OF FLORENCE

Florence is not in this instance a woman, but a very lovely city—"The beautiful," it is called. Among the many sights we hardly know where to turn, but we must surely go to a building called the Baptistery, for every baby born in Florence is baptized there. Little Michel is only a few days old when we attend his christening. As his parents are too poor to buy him a pretty dress, they have rented the one that he is wearing. Do you notice the red ribbon on his arm? When his sister Angelica was baptized she wore a blue ribbon, for that is the Madonna's color. Michel will be named John, for every boy in Italy is named John and every girl is named Mary. Michel's godfather chose the name of Michel, which is added to John. If the little boy's parents wished, they could have given him a third name, but they decided not to do so. However poor the parents of Italian children may be they are very fond of their babies, and if they knew better how to care for them more babies would live to grow up.

NO ABANDONED BABIES

When the Italians have to give up their babies to hospitals and asylums, they are quite heartbroken; so they take every means to insure the safe return of the child when such return becomes possible. Baby Giulia has just been left in the care of the kind sisters at the foundling hospital, because her mother, a poor widow, cannot support her. But as she leaves the place she puts carefully in her purse the tiny piece of ribbon which the sister has given her. It has been torn from another piece that will be kept for Baby Giulia until her mother comes to claim her again. If the torn edges match, even though years have elapsed since the baby was left, the mother will know that she has her own little girl. It is possible that she may not see the child in all the time that passes between this sad day when she bids her "adios" and that happy one when she comes to tell the sisters that she can now support the little tot. Giulia's mother will never let her daughter do what so many Italians are not only allowed but taught to do, that is, earn a living for themselves and others by begging. The children are so cunning about it that you can hardly refuse, but does it not seem a terrible pity to let them grow up to be beggars? Better times are slowly coming, for the good king and queen of Italy have the interest of all the children at heart and are doing all they can to have the boys and girls better educated and fitted to earn an honest living.

IN SWEDEN, NORWAY, AND LAPLAND

"GOOD morning, Wholesale Merchant Svenson. May I speak to my brother for a few minutes?"

"Good morning, flicka. And who may your brother be?"

"My brother, Wholesale Merchant Svenson, is Gotfried Larsson, the new 'pojke' who engaged to you yesterday for a year's service. Our father gave him a note to carry to you beside his 'betygs.' I need to see him for only a few moments, Wholesale Merchant Svenson."

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SWEDISH BOY AND GIRL ON FARM OVERLOOKING LAKE VETTERN

The "flicka" (which is the Swedish word for little girl) looked up at the merchant with a sweet smile and curtsied prettily. The merchant had no idea of refusing her, but first he wanted to talk with her a little. So he said:

"Pray, what then is your name, my little 'barn'?"

"Barn," which sounds so much like the Scottish word "bairn," means "child" as does the Scotch word. And "pojke" is Swedish for "boy," and is pronounced a wee bit like our word, for the Swedes call it "poyk."

"Ingeborg is my first name, and my others are Britta and Olga. I love my brother dearly and I hope you are pleased with his betygs, Wholesale Merchant Svenson," said Ingeborg.

"Yes, indeed," said the merchant, smiling. "The betygs were most satisfactory. Since you are so fond of your brother, I shall be glad to let him take you with him on the errand he is about to do." Ingeborg thanked the merchant prettily and waited for her brother to join her.

GOTFRIED'S "BETYGS"

What do you suppose these betygs were about which Ingeborg was so anxious? We should call them Gotfried's school records, given in both countries. Every child in Sweden and Norway is obliged to attend school until he is fourteen years old. Splendid schools they are too, as education has always been highly prized in these northern lands. The betyg is given to each child when he has finished this much schooling, and relates his history from the time of his birth to the day that he leaves school. The schoolmaster has the power to write exactly what he thinks of his pupils and their work. At fifteen each child is confirmed and given a "prest betyg" by the clergyman. These two documents are presented to any person with whom the boy or girl is seeking employment — a most excellent custom. No wonder Ingeborg was pleased to find that Wholesale Merchant Svenson was entirely satisfied with those Gotfried brought.

QUEER CUSTOMS ABOUT NAMES

Did you notice how careful Ingeborg was to say "Wholesale Merchant Svenson" every time she addressed this man whom we should call "Mr. Svenson"? Among the peasantry of Sweden and Norway surnames are not much used, but, on the other hand, certain names are as common as our Smiths and Joneses. In order to distinguish one from another, the name of the father is added, as with Gotfried Larsson (son of Lars). The business or profession of every man is stated on his visiting cards and is used in addressing him. To be polite Ingeborg used

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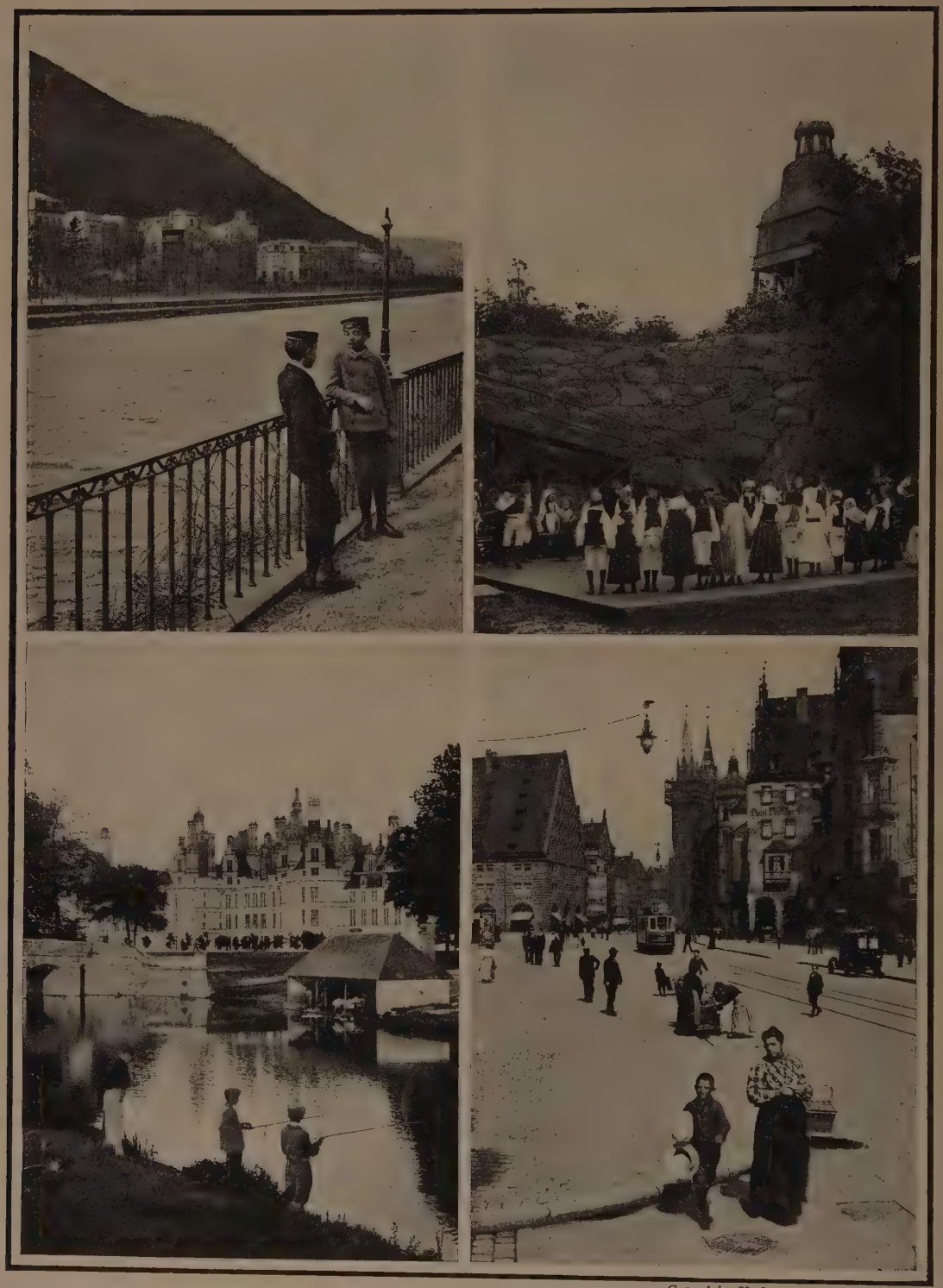
TOP: A SPANISH BOY ON DONKEY WITH PANNIERS, AND A FRENCH THRESHING SCENE. BOTTOM: TWO SWEDISH GIRLS, SHOWING BACK AND FRONT OF THEIR PICTURESQUE CAPS, AND BOY CRADLE MAKERS OF DAMASCUS



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TOP: GERMAN SCHOOLBOYS, AND A SWEDISH SUMMER FESTIVAL AND PAGEANT. BOTTOM: A FRENCH CHATEAU, AND A STREET SCENE IN QUAINT OLD NUREMBERG, GERMANY

the term "Wholesale Merchant" ("Grosshandler" is the Swedish word) every time she spoke, just as she always addressed or spoke of her music-master as "Music Professor" Nils. She has in her language no such word as our "Mister," or the German "Herr," or the French "Monsieur." An alderman, a burgomaster, and every other official hears his title many times in the course of a conversation. Ingeborg's cousin, who is a soldier, was given a new name when he went into the army. So many soldiers have the same names that it is the custom to add that of a bird or a tree or animal. Her cousin had a tree-name added to his own.

GOTFRIED HAS A NAME DAY

Not long after the day that little Ingeborg called on Wholesale Merchant Svenson, Gotfried had a name day party. Was that the day on which he was christened? No, because children are always christened on the Sunday following the day they are born. Nor was he given a new name. This was Luther day, and Gotfried was celebrating because his second name is "Luther." In Scandinavia (that is the name that includes both Sweden and Norway) there is a pretty custom of naming every day of the calendar, so that there are three hundred and sixty-five name days from which to choose. The apostles and saints and members of the royal family and well-known characters both in real life and fairy tales are thus honored. Sometimes the peasants give a child simply the name of the day on which he was born, and add the name of his father, as, for instance, "Oscar (December first, named for the dearly loved King Oscar) Larsson," that is "Oscar, son of Lars."

GOTFRIED'S FOSTER BROTHER, GUSTAVUS

If you had been at the party on Gotfried's name day you would have seen a small boy with flaxen hair and fine blue eyes, merry almost all of the time but occasionally, when no one was looking, sad and almost tearful. But as everyone seemed to be especially kind to the little fellow ("gosse" is the word that the Swedes use for such a little boy) he had not much chance for tears. You would surely have thought that he was the pet son and brother if you had seen how kind everyone was to little Gustavus. But instead he was a poor orphan boy, left fatherless and motherless not long before Gotfried's party. He had been sent by the poor-law guardians to board with Gotfried's parents, for that is the way that orphans are cared for in Scandinavia, where kindness is the keynote of all national and family life.

"TACK FOR MALEN"

The table was as pretty a sight as you would want to see. Hidden in evergreen wreaths were presents for Gotfried. There were also especially good things to eat. While Lars Nilsson (Gotfried's father) was a hard-working man,

A NORWEGIAN BRIDE

with a large family, he and Britta, his wife, always managed to have a real feast for the children on their birthdays and name days and Christmas. The family had a particularly happy time at Gotfried's party, for the oldest

daughter, Josephina, had obtained permission from her mistress to be present. After the meal was finished (the children had been seated as well as the older folks, although usually the Swedish children stand at meals) each child went to the parents and kissed the kind hands that had provided the feast and said very politely, "Tack for Malen," which means "Thanks for the meal," making at the same time a deep bow or curtsy. Then the whole party gathered about the huge stove the like of which you have never seen unless you have been to Scandinavia. Now Josephina must tell about her experiences. Since she was last at home her mistress has engaged a woman to help her with her work.

JOSEPHINA AND HER BUREAU

The whole family is very proud of Josephina. She has been in service only two years and has given great satisfaction to her mistress. She will probably remain with this same lady for years, until Adolph Johan Eriksson is able to carry her away as his bride — for the maids in Sweden never think of changing their places the way ours do in America. This is due both to the servant and the mistress, for each respects her position and the other, too. Twice a year maids are engaged wherever a change has become necessary, May first and October first. On these days the streets are so full of bureaus one wonders if a bureau factory is moving out of old quarters into new. That is not the explanation, however. When Swedish girls go into service they take their bureaus instead of trunks. When Josephina was engaged for a position, she was presented with a handsome bureau of which any girl would be proud. Her parents proved in this way how pleased they were with such a good and deserving daughter.

A MAYPOLE IN JUNE

It would not be surprising to us to see a Maypole instead of so many bureaus on May first, but it would astonish the Swedes themselves. In Scandinavia the word for "May" is much like ours, "Maj," with the *j* sounded like our *y*. The word really means "green leaf." When the Maypole is raised in June and the pretty dances and songs are given to celebrate the event, it means that the "green leaf" days have come and the "green leaf" pole is ready. The long winters and the late springs make this festival a memorable one for old and young.

IN THE LAND OF THE REINDEER

Far in the northern part of Norway live a people who would be much distressed if they were driven away from the cold and desolate-looking land called Lapland. It must be in the mountains that Santa Claus keeps his reindeer, for no other place would suit the pretty animals so well. We are going to see Hans, whose father owns six hundred reindeer and must move his home often to keep the large herd well fed. This he can easily do, for Hans's home is always a tent, and can be quickly taken down and as quickly set up. The only thing that bothers Hans's father is the trouble that comes when the mosquitoes take a notion to hunt the deer. The little insects are such large fellows and come in such clouds that they drive the poor reindeer almost mad. Then the suffering animals, stung to desperation, want only to reach the water and plunge into it. Often it happens that the mosquitoes drive the deer and their owners down from the mountains to the coast. Hans does not like this to happen, for he prefers the hills and tent to the seashore and the huts of sod in which the coast Lapps live.

REINDEER SONG

The reindeer feed me
  And give me milk.
They dress me in garments
  As soft as silk.
They give me their skins
  To blanket my bed.
They carry me far
  On my reindeer sled!
Oh, the reindeer swift
  Are my friends most true.
If you want my love
  You must love them, too.

That is what Hans would sing if he could, for his reindeer friends indeed do all that the song tells you they do. Venison is as delicious meat as Hans could want, and the reindeer's milk suits his taste for drink exactly. Perhaps you did n't know that reindeer give milk, and

Courtesy of Our Dumb Animals

LAPLANDERS AND THEIR FAITHFUL SERVANTS, THE REINDEER

very likely you will be surprised to learn that each animal gives only a teacupful. Think of the time it must take to get enough milk to satisfy Hans and his four brothers and three sisters. What do you suppose the children like for breakfast? Reindeer moss cooked in milk and water. The milk is very thick and rich, and the moss is the moss found between the rocks. The reindeer love this moss too, and when they cannot find it easily they dig holes in the snow until they get a good meal. Hans and all his family dress in clothes made of reindeer skins, and snuggle between blankets that are as soft and warm as they need to be in that cold, cold land.

"They carry me far
On my reindeer sled,"

and so swiftly, as of course you know from the speed with which Santa Claus gets away. Hans's sled looks something like a little boat, and rocks back and forth very much like one as it is whirled over the snow. Whenever Hans's father has to move to new pastures, each member of the family has his own sled to carry him to the new home. The herd of reindeer is driven by the hired men. You can imagine how good the coffee tastes after such a journey. There is also sure to be a huge kettle of fine soup made of fish and cooked over a fire built in the open air. Hans is usually glad to warm his toes by the same big fire, although he and all the family have boots made of bearskin. Not only does a bear's skin make boots of all sizes (and slippers, too) but his meat is very good to eat. The boots and slippers are made with the fur turned inside, so it feels soft and warm, you may be sure. Even Hans's tiny baby sister has her bearskin slippers. Where do you suppose baby is left when her mother goes to church? In a deep hole made in the snow, with a small place round her head left open for a breathing space. You will see her pretty cradle hanging from a deer's antler fastened to the wall.

ROCK-A-BYE-BABY

Hans's father made the cradle of white birch-bark and burned pretty figures on the bark with a red-hot iron. Then he lined it with green cloth that his wife had embroidered in red silk. Baby's blanket was made of the skins of hares,

which are very soft and warm. Don't you suppose that Baby Bunting was really a little Laplander?

ACROSS TO NORWAY

We must not leave Scandinavia without at least calling on Olaf, a Norwegian lad and the descendant of a great Viking. We have all read of the Vikings of olden days who sailed westward across the Atlantic and into many strange seas in their high-prowed boats. Olaf is very proud to be numbered among their descendants, and shows us proudly the drinking horn handed down through generations of his family. The ancestor to whom it had first belonged had conquered a very brave enemy and had then invited him to a feast and offered him wine out of his own horn. The two brave men had from that time been friends, for Olaf's ancestor had returned to his former enemy

AN ARAB SCHOOLMASTER WITH HIS CLASS

half of the grain that had been taken for booty. Sometimes the drinking horn and the sword of a Viking chief were buried with him in a hut which was built on the deck of his ship. The ship was dragged out of the sea and pushed into a great cave that had been dug for the purpose. The warriors hung their shields on the sides of the ship, which was then ready to receive the chief's body. All the people of the village helped to cover the ship with earth so that it finally looked like a small hill. Olaf wishes you might stop over long enough in Christiania to see the great Viking ship which was taken from one of these mounds a few years ago and is now on exhibition in that city. Even to-day the Norwegians are splendid sailors, for the smallest boys are accustomed to the water and to water sports. There are hundreds of beautiful lakes both in Norway and Sweden, besides the miles of magnificent coast. In many parts of the countries the children are almost as much in boats as the children of Holland, but the lakes and rivers of Scandinavia are very much prettier than the canals of the "Nederland."

LITTLE ARABIAN KNIGHTS

OVER the northernmost city in the world, Hammerfest, in Norway, poises the "Sea Gull." We all turn our eyes towards the lonely North Cape, and, after a moment's silence, bid farewell to the land of the Midnight Sun and ask our jolly captain where we next shall journey. But Santa Claus only smiles quizzically and points our beloved airship southward. Where in the world are we going, do you suppose? Someone guesses the British Isles, and for a moment seems right, only to be teased as we swoop down upon the very waters of the North Sea, skim them lightly, and rise again into the clear air to fly over Denmark, to make then a sudden direct turn to the south. Across Germany we fly, so swiftly that we hold our breath, and are soon circling the snow-crowned mountains of Switzerland, over them to the lovely plains of Italy. Straight for the Adriatic heads the "Sea Gull," and across the sunlit waves of the Mediterranean Sea, to rise for a final flight over Syria and to descend in Arabia. It is gorgeous daylight when we arrive to visit the little Arabian Knights. But we know we are in the land of the other Arabian Nights and that to the east of us, beyond the Persian Gulf, lies the ancient country of Persia, and to

the west of us, across the Red Sea, Egypt, the land of the Pharaoh kings.

THE "FATHER OF THE HUMP"

We have come to earth in the very heart of the Arabian Desert. It may be that we shall be very glad to have so swift a craft as the "Sea Gull" to carry us elsewhere if we do not like our camping-place. If we had to depend on the steed of little Hassan, the son of a Bedouin sheik, we should travel slowly indeed. The "Father of the Hump" is the very vivid picture word for "camel," in Arabia. Of course Hassan has a beautiful Arabian pony, which is his favorite, but he knows that no other animal in the world is so well fitted as the camel for the life and needs of the great desert. So he chooses his camel from the great herd belonging to his father, and makes his longest journeys on it. Hassan rides bareback, and doesn't fall off either! Just how astonishing this is you will not know until you have tried it yourself. But you must hasten to respond to the warm welcome extended to us by Hassan and his father. The Arabians are very hospitable and charming in their manners. The tribes who live in the desert are called Bedouins. When once you have broken bread, as we say, with a Bedouin he will never harm you. He calls this "eating salt" together. So we may be sure that when we leave our little friend Hassan, he is always our true friend. May we be as true to the friendship as he is sure to be!

TONGUE OF THE ANGELS

That is the way someone has described the language of the Arabians. The language is rich indeed in charming expressions, pretty speeches. "May your day be a happy one," Hassan will say as he bids us farewell. We must be sure to show in some way we wish him something quite as delightful. Hassan's father will be greatly pleased if we call his little son a brave little lion, for that is quite the Arabian's way of expressing admiration for a fine little lad. If Hassan ever acts selfishly, however, his father would quite approve of your calling him a camel! For the Arabs have a story about a camel that explains this. It seems that one very cold night a camel, which was fastened just outside of his master's tent, asked permission to put his nose in out of the cold. The master readily granted the camel's request,

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A BENGALI MAID, WITH HER SISTER AND MAIDSERVANTS

whereupon the animal thrust his whole head in, saying his ears were cold. Then he shoved his neck in and gradually his entire body, filling the tent so completely that he pushed the owner out into the cold. Have you ever heard our quaint saying, "Give him an inch and he will take an ell?" This might apply to the camel of the Arabian story, only we would have to give him more than one ell to accommodate his great homely, awkward body.

GOOD-BY TO ARABIA

Though we have only had a glimpse of Arabia, we are summoned to embark on the "Sea Gull" once more and be carried wheresoever our captain decides. It looks from the direction as though we were flying over towards Persia.

We have left behind little Hassan wrapped in his long cape which we would be inclined to discard, not knowing, as Hassan does, that one must keep every bit of moisture in his body when he lives out in the heat of the Arabian desert.

We are flying towards Aden now, the chief city of Arabia, located on the Gulf of Aden. The "Sea Gull" drops low enough for us to see the little children on the city streets — "The People of the Walls," the Bedouins call these city people. We laugh when we learn that the children who are dressed in trousers are girls and those in kilts are boys.

BOYS WHO DYE THEIR HAIR

We are glad that the "Sea Gull" can skim over the waves of water as easily as it does over the waves of air, for we see a very funny sight as we leave the shore. In a rather large boat are some of the queerest-looking boys of our travels. Their faces are as black as jet, but their hair is not at all the color we expect, for the boys look like negroes. These lads, however, admire the light hair of the white people, so they cover

THE "FATHER OF THE HUMP," THE ARABIAN WORD-PICTURE FOR CAMEL

their black locks with a mixture of lime and mud and at the first stage of the process look as if they did n't have any hair at all. Some of the boys in the boat look queer on this account, while others look just as odd with their red or flaxen locks, for after a while the sea water in which the boys are constantly playing begins to act upon the lime and turns the black hair to the strange colors we now see. These lads are from Somaliland, in the eastern part of Africa.

A VISIT TO A PERSIAN SCHOOL

WE must travel very fast now, for we have many places to visit before we return to America. Fast though the "Sea Gull" goes it takes a good while to go round the world, and that is what we must do to get back to our native land. So our visits will be brief, as if we were seeing moving pictures passing in swift succession before our eyes.

Now we have flown across the deserts of Arabia, skimmed the waters of the Persian Gulf, and come to earth in a tiny village in the barren, hilly country of Persia. We seem to have arrived just at the time that school is in session. At any rate, that is what we imagine is going on in the room where we hear such a noise that we stop at the open door. We have learned long since in our travels that in the old-fashioned schools of all the eastern countries the children study aloud. We are not a bit surprised either to see no girls, for we have grown accustomed to the fact that little attention is given to their education and happiness in the countries of Asia, but we do look in amazement at the sight of a small boy (it is Hafid) lying on his back on the floor, with his feet sticking up in the air, while the master beats the soles with sticks. No wonder the tears stream down the boy's cheeks, for the beating must hurt more than the spanking the average child receives. Let us beg the master to stop now that Hafid looks sorry.

DOT YOUR "I'S"

"He would not write his lesson carefully," explains the schoolmaster. "He must make his dots more accurately. See how badly these are done?" He holds out at arm's length a paper that to us seems a mass of little square spots, some above and some below the lines, while some letters have as many as three dots. The dots must be square, because the height of the letters is measured by the size of the dots. A little Persian lad would think it very simple to learn to make our letters. Hafid would make, however, a funny-looking page if he wrote our alphabet with his own pen and ink. He makes his own pens of fine cane cut into various shapes and sizes, so that he can write large or small.

In his box Hafid keeps a penknife and a small slab to rest a pen-point upon for its final cutting. There is also his ink-pot and a little brass ladle for adding water to make ink as he needs it. Hafid never carries ink about in the liquid form. Instead he keeps in his inkwell a tangled piece of silk soaked in ink. Of course this dries up between lessons, but is easily moistened with water when needed. Hafid knows just how wet to get the silk so that not a drop of water is left in the pot.

HELD IN THE STOCKS

"What are those strange-looking things, schoolmaster?" Someone asked this question about a wooden arrangement that reminds us of the old-fashioned stocks used to punish people in our own country in olden times.

"Sometimes, when my pupils are not willing to take their whippings, I must put their feet through these holes so the sticks may be applied. Hafid took his punishment bravely, so I am glad to show him the mercy you seek for him. Hafid always faces his penalty bravely when he knows he deserves it," adds the master.

"In Persia," he continues, "our rulers punish older people in this manner and sometimes so severely that they die. But if a man is rich he often bribes the 'farrash' (he who administers the whipping) to break many sticks on the wood that holds the culprit's feet. You see, a man is sentenced to so many sticks, that is, the number mentioned must be broken before he can be released. I had told Hafid he must have four sticks, but to please you and reward him I have broken but one." Lucky little Hafid looks very glad that we came.

"Hafid will gladly go with you to buy some of our sweets, which are very delicious." That pleases us all, and we thank the master for his great courtesy, which is, however, the universal custom in Persia, not only towards strangers, but between the Persians themselves.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET

Such sweets we have not had in all our travels as the deliciously fresh dainties that we now proceed to buy under Hafid's guidance. He apologizes for the few moments' delay that is necessary, explaining that the candies are only good when they are absolutely fresh. Then he calls our attention to several men who are also waiting. They have trays, on which, Hafid explains, the candies are arranged and carried home to the master or mistress whose order the servants are filling. No one ever eats stale sweets in Persia, nor thinks of handling them as we do in taking our candies from box to plate and even to a second dish perhaps.

A LITTLE PERSIAN RUG WEAVER

Indeed, the Persian sweets would not stand such treatment, because they are so soft and sticky. Hafid suggests that we eat a sherbet while we wait, and joins us with much pleasure in the cooling refreshment. It is interesting to watch the man who is making sherbet and see just how it is prepared.

We are reminded of making snow ice cream as we watch. The man puts a sugar loaf in a basin and pours cold water slowly over the loaf.

When it is melted, he flavors the liquid (this time with orange juice) and pours it into glasses partly filled with ice. Hafid tells us that sometimes the sherbet is not served with ice, and then it is not as good. He adds that at home a bowl of sherbet is placed in the middle of the tablecloth and each person drinks in turn from a carved wooden spoon which he dips into the sherbet. Hafid says that his mother has her

A SYRIAN SCHOOL

sweets made at home, for homemade candies are considered much more delicious in Persia.

"Sometimes I have only bread and sweets for my dinner, and I like that kind of a dinner," declares the little Persian lad. "My mother thinks sweets are healthier than milk, and she even gives me sweets for a toothache!"

BABY'S WEIGHT IN SWEETS

When Hafid's baby brother came, Hafid and all the family and neighbors had a great treat. It is the custom in Persia to weigh a new baby and to give his weight in sweets to the people in the house and those who come to see the baby. No one must refuse, unless he wants to bring bad luck on the new baby, and of course no one ever is mean enough to do that, because the Persians are kind and polite. The baby himself has his first taste of sweets when he is a week old. He is given tea with sugar after the first week and some sugar candy. Indeed, he gets more water inside his little body than he does outside, because he is not given a bath after the first one until he is a year old. In spite of the dirt, the babies are pretty, with their great dark eyes and black hair. Hafid's little brother was never left alone in a room until he was forty days old. In Persia, as in all Mohammedan countries, the people have many strange customs and stand in great fear of evil spirits. It is unfortunate, especially for the babies and children, because some of the superstitions cause illness and death.

HAFID'S PARENTS DO A "SAVAB"

When Hafid was a baby, his parents were so grateful for his health and beauty that they decided to do a "savab" (the Persian word for a good deed). They wanted it to be a very important one, because they believed with all Persians that each savab helps one to get into heaven. Hafid's parents have taught him to believe that God will weigh both the good deeds and the bad deeds of every person when the day of judgment comes. If his good deeds are heavier, Hafid thinks he will enter heaven, and if his bad deeds outweigh the good, Hafid is sure he will be sent to hell. The savab that Hafid's parents finally chose was the adoption of an orphan boy, whom they have brought up with the greatest kindness.

FATIMA'S TROUSSEAU

Fatima is Hafid's cousin, the daughter of his father's brother. Hafid is engaged to marry her, because it is a very great savab for a boy to marry the daughter of an uncle on his father's side. It is pleasant to learn that the children are fond of each other and that they will not be married until Fatima is fourteen years old. Even that seems to us Americans much too young (and rightly), but it is not so bad as it might be. Sometimes little girls are married when they are only eight or nine, and

really have no childhood at all. These little child wives go to live with their husband's family and are often treated as mere servants.

Although Fatima will not be married for several years, she is already interested in her trousseau. This includes not only her own outfit, but a full suit for her future husband. Every Persian girl must make a complete suit of clothes for her bridegroom. When the engagement of Hafid and Fatima was announced, the friends and relatives of both families were invited to a formal sweet-eating. Hafid's parents are especially pleased with the engagement, because Fatima's dowry will be a large one. The wedding is being talked of even at this early date, and it will be a fine one. It will probably last a week, because Fatima's father will not spare expense. After Fatima is married she will not be allowed to leave her husband's house for a year, as this is the Persian custom. She may receive visitors, however.

Although Fatima does not have nearly as much fun and freedom as Hafid, she does enjoy one pleasure that makes up to her for other privations. This is a day spent at the bath. All the Persian girls count upon this treat as American girls would on a party at home, or at a friend's, or perhaps at the theater. Fatima puts on clean clothes and plans to spend the entire day with her friends at the bath. She goes once a week regularly and meets her special friends. The bath itself is something like a Turkish bath. The bathers sit in steamy rooms, and have their hair as well as their bodies washed, chatting and laughing throughout the day. When Fatima's hair has been washed it is dyed with "henna" and braided in a dozen or more braids. These hang down her back, hidden by the handkerchief and the "chadar" she always wears. Fatima's chadar is particularly handsome, because her father likes to see her wearing pretty clothes. A Persian girl would not consider herself dressed without this square of silk or cotton, which she always wears over her hair in such a way that the corners show. Fatima has a handsome gold pin to fasten her chadars under her chin in the approved fashion. In the house she often wears pretty, bright-colored ones, but outdoors she must never be seen in any but dark ones. Indeed, Hafid himself would never recognize her on the street, for all Persian women dress alike in public. They are completely enveloped in a blue sheet and have their faces hidden by a long piece of white cloth that hangs down about a yard. In this veil are two squares of drawn work, through which the wearers may look out without being themselves seen. Fatima's veil is of a fine quality. She looks odd to us, more so than our little girls do to her, because the women of Persia are beginning to adopt European styles of dress. Her father has promised not only several pretty frocks for her trousseau, but also a table and chairs when she is married. Hafid is a fortunate lad in winning Fatima for his bride, as she is well educated and wealthy. Girls are better educated in Persia than in the other Mohammedan countries we have visited.

IN ANCIENT EGYPT

THE THREE CANDLES

THE first children we meet in Egypt are Gergas and his sister Glorious. Would you like to hear how they were named?

When a baby comes to an Egyptian family it must of course be given a name. Three wax candles are lighted, to one of which the name of a saint is given, and to each of the others usually a name that means a good quality, like "Excellent," "Kind," "Gentle." Girls are sometimes called by pretty names like "Flower," "Heavenly Gift." The candle that burns longest gives the child its name. Gergas has a little brother named Courage.

We have come to Egypt just at the time of the Nile flood, that wonderful overflowing of the sacred waters of the great river of Egypt, which is celebrated yearly by festival and thanksgiving. How do I know, you ask? By the red seal stamped on Gergas' leg. What that means you shall soon learn. The children of Cairo can hardly wait for the ceremony of cutting the canal to let the water overflow the banks and transform in a few days the land for miles back from the river. In olden times a young girl was sacrificed to the God of the Nile at the "Wefaen-Neel" (as the festival is called). But Gergas and Courage live in a more civilized time, and a pillar of earth, representing the girl, is sacrificed instead. A handsomely

decorated boat is anchored near. In such a boat the "Daughter of the Nile," as the maid offered for sacrifice was called, used to be brought to the spot where she was to perish. Gergas was glad that pillars of earth were now used instead, because how would he know but that his sister Glorious might sometime be chosen? He

A LITTLE CONGO GIRL

and she had had difficulty to keep awake during that wonderful night; but the gun that was fired every quarter of an hour helped some, and the fireworks that were set off at intervals helped more. Courage was fast asleep long before it was over, but he was awakened in time to bid farewell to the other people, and managed somehow to lay his tiny hand to his heart and then to his head and bow deeply, the proper way to salute when Egyptians meet or part. The next day the schoolmaster stamped one leg of each boy with a seal dipped in red ink. If at the end of the flood season these seals are missing the "fikee" will know that those boys have been swimming or bathing in the Nile and must be punished. He is likely to be severe with the culprits and make them hold a heavily weighted tray above their heads besides taking a beating. We are glad Gergas still has his red seal.

THE FAVORITE STORY OF THE LITTLE "FELLAHAH"

If by any chance you think that a "fellahah" is some sort of an animal or bird you will naturally wonder why it has stories told to it. A fellahah is a peasant girl, and a fellah is a peasant boy or man. The fellaheen, or peasants of Egypt, love fairy tales and stories of every kind. Egypt is such a wonderful land that it affords the story teller many chances to relate old stories and invent new ones. But the favorite of little Peace, the cousin of Glorious, is the story of Rhodopis.

CINDERELLA IN EGYPT

Rhodopis was a beautiful little Egyptian maiden. One day she went down to the Nile to bathe in its warm, clear waters. On the bank with her other clothes she left her tiny red slippers. A great eagle was flying past the spot, when he spied the cunning things and, quickly seizing them, he carried them to the palace of the king. Right at the feet of the king himself the eagle dropped the wee red slippers. The king looked in surprise and admiration at the gift of the eagle, and at once sent forth a proclamation that the owner of the red slippers and no other should be his queen. One after another the fine ladies of Egypt tried to squeeze their feet into the pretty footgear. At last Rhodopis, sweet and rosy and shy, came to put her feet into the red slippers and at once proved her ownership. She was proclaimed queen and lived happily ever after with the king.

Very, very old is this story of Rhodopis, and

it is the original of our own Cinderella story, told thousands of years ago to the little and big folks of Egypt.

PUSSIES FOR PETS

Cats certainly have fine times in Egypt. Little Comfort loves her kitten as dearly as she does her brother, she thinks. She has been told how fond Mohammed was of cats, and that in more ancient times there was a goddess which had the head of a cat. This goddess had a festival held in her honor every year at a place called Bubastis. Cats were often named Bubastis, but Comfort calls hers Mau. She likes to tell her pussy about the home in Cairo for destitute cats, because she thinks this will reassure her pet in case her little mistress should lose her. Comfort and her brother Ali Mohammed both believe that twin children change into cats at night if they go to bed hungry. The bodies of the twins are supposed to stay in bed, while their cat-spirits are out searching for food. Comfort and Ali are therefore always kind to every cat, as no Egyptian would ever willingly treat a hungry child cruelly.

ALI'S DONKEY, UNCLE SAM

Ali's father is a poor fellah and needs all the help Ali can give him. Ali loves his parents dearly, as do all Egyptian children, and tries hard to help keep the wolf from the door. If it were a real wolf he would not find it hard to get into Ali's house. It is a small hut built of mud, with a roof of more mud. It is dark and dirty, as it has neither window nor floor. Fortunately the fellaheen, like the well-to-do Egyptian children and grown-ups, live outdoors. Nowhere is the sunshine brighter than in the Land of the Nile. When Ali is not making money with his donkey, Uncle Sam, he helps in other ways. But he loves best to be driving his pet with an eager tourist seated on its back, to whom he points out the places of interest. When Ali thinks his passenger looks as if he might be a Frenchman, he calls Uncle Sam "Napoleon" in order to please the countryman of that great general. Uncle Sam is as honored a member of Ali's household as if he had two legs instead of four. He has the freedom of the hut and companionship of not only the other four-legged animals but of the family itself. Sometimes, when Ali is in the "Kuttab," as school is called, Comfort gives herself a ride on Uncle Sam, and once she even managed to take Mau with her. Comfort does not go to school, but she learns to be helpful at home.

AN ALGERIAN BEAUTY

She also learns to be thoughtful and respectful towards her parents and towards the aged. Very many children in Egypt do not go to school, but almost all of them learn this lesson of reverence and obedience, better sometimes than the children of more fortunate circumstances in other lands.

BROWNIES OF THE PACIFIC ISLANDS

OFF again, this time for a long voyage! Southeast from Persia dashes the "Sea Gull," across the Indian Ocean, and then, descending to within seeing distance, over and past the island of Australia (where we wish we might have stopped for at least a day with our little English cousins), and on and on to the Hawaiian Islands! Startled to find ourselves heading for America so unexpectedly we are relieved to learn that the "Sea Gull" is just making a little detour so that we may visit the little brown children of Hawaii and the Philippines. Our time is too short to stop in the lovely city of Honolulu, where the native Hawaiians live in houses that are as modern as those of the Americans. We have come to see how the children live in the country, and learn about their friends and fun. Fun they certainly have, in great quantities, and friends, too. The Hawaiians are a gentle, merry people.

CANOES DUG OUT FROM LOGS

FLOWERS AND SUNSHINE AND LAUGHTER

Everywhere they greet us! How can anyone keep still or silent in this lovely land? The children rush out from their grass houses and shout with delight as our strange craft drops down in their harbor and we come ashore. The Hawaiians are much at home on the water and are delighted with this new kind of boat. They are very hospitable, and eager to entertain us.

A little boy named Kalakaua, after the last king of Hawaii (King Kalakaua left the throne to his sister, Queen Liliuokalani), offers to take us fishing, a favorite sport with the Hawaiians, but we cannot spare the time. If we could we should like best to watch the native fisherman catch in his own way some of the most beautiful fish we have ever seen. Sometimes the fisherman uses a net and sometimes he dives under the water to spear large fish.

FISH-HOOKS OF CHIEFS' BONES

"In olden times," Kalakaua shyly offers his story, "the people believed that the best fish-hooks were made of the bones of dead chiefs. One of our great chiefs, whose name was Pae, did not like to think of his bones being used in this way, and he made some of his followers promise that they would hide his body. They

kept their promise by putting him away in a cave. But the chief's body was found and one of the thigh bones was made into a great hook, which, we are told, caught fish without being baited, because the fishes came to it of their own accord. The same hook is now in our museum and the feather cloak that Pae was buried in," concludes Kalakaua.

on to a piece of canvas a yard and a half long and four yards wide at the bottom."

"My, what a lot of birds had to be caught!" exclaims one of the boys of our party.

Kalakaua's smile grows wider as he adds: "The very cloak is now in the museum. It looks like that pretty yellow velvet my mother saw in one of the stores in Honolulu," he

MARKET SCENE IN A TROPICAL VILLAGE

"But we never heard of a man wearing a feather cloak," someone remarks. "Won't you tell us about that?"

"Yes, indeed," Kalakaua replies with a pleased smile. "In olden times our king always had a cloak made of the feathers of the 'oo' bird. The 'oo' had a soft yellow feather under each wing. Just the two feathers were plucked from each bird until enough were collected to make the cloak."

"Did they kill the poor little birds?" asks one of our tender-hearted little travelers.

"No, not always; the 'oos' were often set free afterward. The feathers were fastened

says, proud of both his chief's "mamo" cloak and his mother's trip to Honolulu.

KALAKAUA'S A, I, O, U'S

Do you notice how soft and pretty are all of the words Kalakaua uses? His voice, too, seems sweeter than the voice of the boys of other lands. The language of the Hawaiians is really musical, because every word ends in a vowel — *a*, or *i*, or *o*, or *u*. Some of the words seem all vowels, like "luau," the word for picnic. Kalakaua's favorite food, of which he never tires, is called "poi," and his own name

has four *a*'s and one *u*. The brown people of Hawaii love their "poi," and eat it as we eat bread.

Kalakaua says poi is very hard to make, because the roots of the taro plant from which the poi flour is made have to be baked and scraped and beaten before it is ready to be made into a paste. Then the paste is set to rise over night, and in the morning mixed with enough water to make a porridge. Kalakaua is so pleased at the interest we show that he urges us to go home with him for a taste of poi before we set out for the beach, where we are to ride

PAPUAN GIRLS PLAYING CAT'S CRADLE

the surf in one of the boats which Kalakaua's father has made out of a log.

THE WINGED HORSES OF HAWAII

As we accompany Kalakaua to his home, we see horses fly past, which seem to have wonderful, bright-colored wings. The horses do indeed go so fast that they may easily seem to fly. The Hawaiians ride like the wind, but the wings are not real wings. Instead of side-saddles, the women of Hawaii drape long, bright-colored cloths over the horses. These cloths are called "paus" and cover the stirrups, reaching nearly to the ground. That is why a horse dressed up in its "pau" and ridden by its daring mistress looks like a real flying horse as it tears past us. All the women and girls wear quantities of flowers of the loveliest colors. Both the flowers and the girls are so pretty that we almost forget the poi that Kalakaua promised us.

A DINNER FIT TO SET BEFORE A KING

"Do you like our food?" asks Kalakaua after we have eaten nearly "everything in sight," as our American boys say. We wonder why he needs to ask such a question, but hasten to assure him that we do. Who could help enjoying what we found spread on the grass mats under a big tree — a feast of sweet potatoes, watermelons, bananas, fish (we eat ours cooked, but Kalakaua likes his best raw), rice, and poi, plenty of poi? With astonishing ease Kalakaua dips his two fingers into the bowl of poi, twists the sticky stuff deftly, and tosses it into his mouth. It is fortunate that we may use knives and forks instead. Almost everything you can think of that you like to eat seems to grow in this wonderful climate.

OVER THE DANCING WAVES WE GO

Into the narrow canoes we crowd, one on each seat, and are rowed out, far out to where the waves are rolling, apparently mountain high. Suddenly the boat is turned so that it is caught at just the right instant by the huge wave and carried to shore on its crest. Kalakaua coaxes his father to show us how the Hawaiians themselves ride the waves on boards. His father swims out to sea for a quarter of a mile, pushing before him a long board. When he is ready to return, he stands on the board and balances himself so perfectly that he rides the waves to our very feet. Then he permits Kalakaua to take a board out and ride it in lying flat on his stomach. After this our airship does not seem the only wonderful manner in which it is possible to ride the ocean wave. We try to arrange with Kalakaua's father to take all the family with us in the "Sea Gull" for a short flight over the neighboring islands. He will not go, but he finally lets Kalakaua go when we promise to bring him back very soon. (Between ourselves, I think it was Santa Claus, our faithful, jolly, trustworthy captain, who prevailed on him to allow this.)

CAPTAIN COOK'S GRAVE

We sail round to the west side of Hawaii to see the place where Captain Cook was

killed. We don't have to tell Kalakaua about Captain Cook, but one of our own lads has to be informed that this brave Englishman discovered the islands in 1778 and named them the Sandwich Islands in honor of the English earl of that name. Cook and the natives, called Kanakas, lived pleasantly until he hurt their feelings by offending their religious ideas, and was put to death. Kalakaua hastened to explain that Captain Cook had not meant to offend, and the little brown boy was glad to see the fine monument erected over the hero's grave.

With a swift dash out to sea, the "Sea Gull" makes a sudden sharp turn, and before we realize what our captain is about the airship is riding the surf and has landed on the glistening shore. Kalakaua's father welcomes his boy as warmly as if the two had been parted days instead of minutes. The Kanakas are a gentle, brave, and affectionate race. They seem to live as brightly and gayly as the birds and the flowers of their island home. Kalakaua, standing with face upturned to all his friends aboard the airship, is the last object we see as we wave farewell.

A SIAMESE PRINCE

Happy little Brownie! He would have had a very different story to tell if the English and American missionaries had never gone to his beautiful island and changed the life of the savage people.

MORE BROWN BABIES, THE FILIPINOS

So many, many islands from which to choose, where shall we stop? Someone tells us that there are over fourteen hundred in the group

FILIPINO BOY POTTERS

we call the Philippines, and then fails to advise us which to visit. Luzon looks like a pretty large one, and surely must have a few babies and children scattered over it. When we land we see numberless children, not only of all sizes and shapes, but of almost every shade of brown, as well as black and white.

THE LITTLE BROWN BOY, ANAHEI

Anahei is a Malay boy, who lives in a house made of bamboo with a roof of leaves from the cocoanut tree. The house is set up on posts,

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DARK-SKINNED CHILDREN OF DIFFERENT COUNTRIES

Top: Young Filipinos. Bottom: Pupils in a Jamaican school, and a Parsi schoolmaster with his class.

for there is a wet season, when Anahei is very glad to be above the damp ground. His home is pretty dark inside, as little light can come through the window. Anahei helped to gather the thin oyster shells which his father used instead of panes of glass. It must have taken him some time to get enough and to cut them into the rough squares of which Anahei is so proud. Our lightning calculator whispers that he has counted two hundred. It is lucky they do not have to be polished.

Anahei knows nothing about books and study, but he can tell one a great deal about the beautiful birds that live on his island, and the fish and the many strange animals of these hot countries. He is fond of fishing and of eating the fish raw. That seems to us rather sickening, and ought almost to be worse for Anahei, because he has a sense of smell far keener than an American's. But of course he began by eating his fish raw, and that makes a difference. Anahei and all of the brown folks, old and young, love music and play with surprising skill.

A LITTLE YELLOW BABY

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A LITTLE YELLOW BABY?

The tiny baby that is rolling in the sun on the street of Anahei's village is not a Malay, nor a Chinese child, nor even a Japanese, although there are many babies of both of these races, and also of Spanish and Portuguese blood, on the island. These last two nationalities have come to the Philippines in great numbers since the great Magellan discovered the islands in 1521. But the little yellow baby we are smiling at is an Igorrote baby. His ancestors probably were brown people, who married Chinese and Japanese, and this funny little tot looks like a mixture of them all.

A SMALL BLACK BOY WITH A BIG CIGAR

At first it is the small black boy with the big cigar that attracts attention, perhaps because he is so very black and has such a mass of woolly hair sticking out all round his head. He can't be more than seven years old, and seems much too young to be smoking. And when we learn that the short little man with him is his father we wonder if cigar smoking was the reason for the dwarfish figure. To our great amazement little Blackie's father seems to be getting smoke from a cigar that is not lighted, for no fire is to be seen. In the next instant our amazement is doubled! Blackie's father calmly removes his cigar and shows no concern at having had the lighted end in his mouth. Indeed, he puts that end in again and walks along smoking as if that were the only way to do it. These Negritoes, as Blackie's people are called, often indulge in this queer way of enjoying their tobacco, but no one else would find it comfortable, that is certain. Little Blackie is most amusing when he climbs a tree or anything else that invites him, as he can hang on with his toes quite as well as with his hands. It is a funny sight to see his little tattooed black body clambering among the branches of his favorite cocoanut tree. He can also stick on to the great back of the water-buffalo and disdains the help one is inclined to offer him in mounting. But it is time now for the "siesta," the nap which everyone takes in the middle of the day in these hot countries.

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THE CLOUD MAKERS

On the opposite page is

THE HOME OF THE CLOUD MAKERS

From the original paintings by Nelly Littlehale Umbstaetter

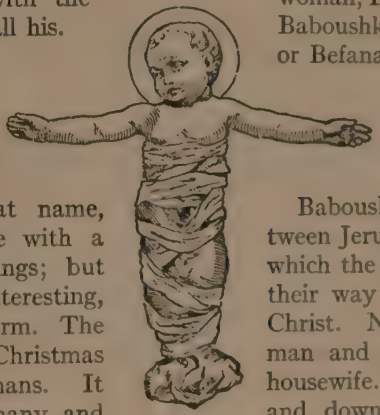
HOMEWARD BOUND AT CHRISTMAS TIME

"And now that December and Christmas draw near,
My heart overflows with good wishes and cheer.
It bids me to hasten o'er land and o'er sea
To the children who welcome Merry Christmas and me!"

THE jolly voice of Santa Claus rang out one clear, cold morning in December as the "Sea Gull" rose high in the air and turned its nose homeward. There were many miles to cover before the children would see their own land and make ready to welcome Santa Claus to their firesides. Santa Claus had asked us if we would like to have a glimpse of how he is welcomed in other lands. If we would be content with just a glimpse in each country the visits could be made during the day before Christmas. In that way we should be at home to celebrate the festival, as the "Sea Gull" could accomplish wonders on the twenty-fourth of December with Santa for pilot. Perhaps he wanted to take a last look at the children of all these lands before he went as the Christmas Santa Claus of mystery with packs of gifts on his back. Perhaps that is why he has been willing to pilot us on this long trip, that he too might get better acquainted with the children of the world, who are all his.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

In some of the countries where Santa Claus is welcomed, although not always by that name, the children do not celebrate with a tree, nor hang up their stockings; but they have other customs as interesting, and their welcome is no less warm. The people who first brought the Christmas tree into favor are the Germans. It is very popular all over Germany and is growing in favor in England. Our own United States would hardly think Christmas could be celebrated without the thousands of trees that are made ready on Christmas Eve to greet Santa Claus when he comes down the chimney or through the window, as he is likely to, now that he has learned to sail an airship.



BAMBINO

CHRISTMAS IN RUSSIA

Many children of Russia would not know who was meant by Santa Claus, as their St. Nicholas is never so named. Only in Holland and America does the dear old man go by that name. The Dutch children nicknamed St. Nicholaus (as they spell it) "Santa Klaus." We change the K to a C. But the little children of Russia and also several other countries celebrate the Saint's own birthday, December 6, and think that Christmas gifts are brought by other hands. In Russia the children try to keep awake the night before Epiphany that they may see the little old woman, Baboushka. This is the story of Baboushka, as she is called in Russia, or Befana, as she is known in Italy.

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN WHO WAS TOO LATE

Baboushka lived on the highroad between Jerusalem and Bethlehem, the road which the Three Wise Men traveled on their way to the manger of the infant Christ. Now Baboushka was a good woman and kind, but above all a careful housewife. Though caravans passed up and down the road, the slow-moving camels stirring up clouds of dust, her house was always clean. So it was no wonder that when the Wise Men, near the end of their journey, passed by, they found her

THE NATIVITY.

busy cleaning her house. She questioned them as to where they were going and was told that they were on their way to offer homage to the new-born King of the Jews. She was eager to accompany them and asked them to wait until she had finished her housework. But the Wise Men were not willing to lose any time, and insisted that if she wished to go with them she leave her work unfinished and set out at once. But the old woman would not do this, and remained behind to finish her cleaning. When that was done she started after the Wise Men. But she was unable to overtake them, and has ever since been wandering all over the world to find the Christ Child, Jesus. On the eve of the Epiphany, January 6, the Baboushka comes down the chimneys and leaves gifts for the children, as that is the date when the Wise Men found the stable where the Christ Child lay.

The little Russians think that Baboushka still hopes to find the baby Jesus, and they doubtless feel sorry for the little old woman who thought her housecleaning so much more important than the homage due her king. The week before Christmas, the old and young of Russia celebrate by telling fortunes and following other ancient customs, too numerous to hear about now. Instead, we will fly over into Italy and visit Rome and Milan, two cities where the children celebrate Christmas as the birthday of Christ with church ceremonies and processions.

IN ITALY ON DECEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

In the countries where the children are Catholics, Christmas is given over to the worship of the Christ Child, "Il Bambino" the little Italians say. The most famous Bambino is the one in the church of Ara Coeli, Rome. The little waxen effigy, made to represent the Christ Child, is dressed in its finest clothes and placed in a tiny cradle. Every church has either a waxen or wooden effigy of the Bambino and a cradle to place the baby in at Christmas time. In Rome tiny children are trained to make speeches, telling of the birth and childhood of Christ. The little tots try to repeat these speeches when they ascend the platform built opposite the Christ Child's cradle. But if a baby orator forgets or is frightened he is followed at once by another; so there is really no break in the ceremonies. When this part of the celebration is over, the children are free to eat the Christmas candies, "torone" and "pan giallo." Torone is made of honey and almonds covered with crystallized sugar, while pan giallo is a mass of plums, citron, almonds, sugar, and other sweets made into a hard, tough ball. The windows of the shops

have for days been filled with puppets representing the Three Kings.

THE THREE KINGS IN MILAN

The boys and girls of the city of Milan can hardly wait for the procession that celebrates each year the arrival of the Wise Men. This comes on the 6th of January, Epiphany (a Greek word, meaning the appearing of Christ to the Gentiles), but is so much a part of the Christmas festival that the children do not consider the holidays over until this event has taken place. Three young men are dressed as kings and mounted on fine horses. They enter the city gates and at once head a procession that begins to form behind them. The procession advances to the cathedral, where the kings dismount and approach the altar where the figure of the Christ Child lies in its manger. The young men present gifts to the Bambino and then leave the church by another entrance. There is a legend that the Three Kings were warned to go home to their kingdoms by another road instead of returning to tell Herod of the finding of the new-born king, as he had requested.

All over Italy the children empty the pockets of their clothes on the eve of Epiphany and hang them around the great fireplaces, just as the boys and girls of America hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve. During the night they think that Befana, the little old woman whom the Russians call Baboushka, comes down the chimney and fills the pockets of the good children with candies and other gifts and the pockets of the naughty ones with birch rods or charcoal ashes.

THE "NACIMENTOS" OF THE SPANISH CHILDREN

The day of gift-giving in Spain is the same as in Italy, the day of the Epiphany, when Balthazar, one of the three kings, comes on Epiphany eve and leaves gifts for the children. The little Spanish children have placed their shoes out on the balcony or near the chimney and left in them wisps of straw for the Magi's horses. Balthazar, the King of Saba, often leaves for a good child the favorite gift of the "zambomza" or castanets.

The day before Christmas, the children are busy arranging their "nacimentos." These are plaster representations of the birth of Christ. There is a little manger, which the child trims with greens. Here he places the tiny figure of the baby Jesus. Around him he groups plaster figures of Joseph and Mary and the Wise Men, and often of the angels. The ox and the ass are represented too. Tiny candles are burned, because candles are always prominent at

THE THREE WISE MEN ON THEIR JOURNEY

Christmas, whether the day is celebrated as a church festival or as a home holiday, as we in America consider it. After all these preparations have been made there is still another pleasure to come. The children are allowed to attend the party given on Christmas Eve for relatives and friends. Early Christmas morning the family goes to early mass, returning to a merry breakfast, after which the children make "aguinaldo," that is, giving of presents. New Year's Day is very important to the superstitious little Spanish child as well as to the older people, as one and all believe that the kind of things that happen on that day will be repeated on the days to follow. It is pleasant therefore to have a fortunate and happy day to set the example for the rest of the year.

HOW THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE KEEP CHRISTMAS

In some parts of France St. Nicholas appears on his birthday to inquire whether the children have been good or bad, but even in these places the Saint does not usually act as the gift-bearer. It is the little child Jesus for whom children of France watch on Christmas Eve. Could you look in upon them as they make ready for bed, you would see each child placing his best pair of shoes or slippers by the chimney. In the morning he is quite sure to find sweatmeats and candies — brought, as he thinks, by the loving hands of the baby Jesus. The children of France are so dignified in their manner that we do not expect them to romp and shout with as much noise as some other children we have seen; but on New Year's Day they are likely to act quite as young and childish as any. On Christmas Eve they received sweetmeats, but this is the day of gift-giving, and rich and poor join in the festivities. As one writer says, "Presents seem to fall from the skies." The Christmas season ends with a feast on Twelfth Day. Count twelve days from Christmas to learn what this date is. That makes it January 6. Sometimes it is called "Old Christmas," because in olden times, before we had the calendar arranged as it is now, Christmas Day itself fell on January 6. Then Twelfth Day came the 18th.

CROATIAN CHILDREN WITH CHRISTMAS TOYS

Such fun as the children and grown-ups of France have when the "King's Cake" is cut on Twelfth Day! The cake is made large enough to cut into just as many pieces as there are guests to be served. Almost always it is a round cake. In olden times a bean was baked into the cake, but now a small china image is more often used. Whoever has the piece of cake containing the bean becomes king or queen and chooses a consort from the number present. After the king and queen are thus decided upon the whole company watches their every act. When either one drinks, the party has to cry out, "The king drinks" or "The queen drinks." If a person forgets or neglects to do so, he must pay a forfeit. Up to recent years this ceremony was given such prominence that the expression, "He has found the bean," is now used to describe anyone who has unusual good luck.

CHRISTMAS CANDLES IN CROATIA

However much the children of many lands differ in their ways of celebrating Christmas, all agree in the use of candles. The candles stand in every land for the light that has come into the world with the birth of Christ. Long ago it was the custom in some countries for the makers of tallow candles to send customers a box of wax tapers. When we reach England we shall learn how the English carry out this idea

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THE JOYS OF THE DOG CART

on "Boxing Day"; but just now we must fly over the great empire of Austria-Hungary to a remote part of it called Croatia. Christmas is celebrated with particularly pretty customs in this quaint country. All through the year the best of every crop and of all other provisions have been saved for the Christmas feast. The wine, the fruit, the flour for bread and cake—all are the best to be had. From the forest is brought an enormous log to be put into the stove on Christmas, after wine has been sprinkled over the wood. The three wax tapers that are to be an important part of the celebration have been made by the grandmother. Two loaves of bread are baked to represent the Old and New Testaments. When Christmas Eve comes, the family wait for the church-bell to ring out and summon each family to assemble in the living-room. On the Christmas table stand the three tapers ready to be lighted. Besides the candles, delicious eatables and the two loaves of bread make the table a pretty sight. Near the bread is placed a small cup filled with wheat, barley, oats, and other grains.

"CHRIST IS BORN," "IS BORN, REALLY BORN"

The father lights a candle and bids the whole family join in a hymn. Then he goes to the table with the burning candle in his hand and says, "Christ is born!" The children, with reverent voices, join in the reply, "Is born, is really born!" The taper is then placed in the hand of each child, who stands on the bench by the stove and says three times, "Praised be the Lord! Christ is born!" The others say, "Praise the name of the Lord forever and may He grant thee life and health!"

On Christmas Day the father lights the second

A LITTLE GERMAN GOOSE BOY DRIVING HIS FLOCK

taper and, after he has said a short prayer, he blows out the lighted candle and pushes it down into the cup of grains. When he takes out the taper he examines it carefully, as the people of Croatia believe that whichever kind of grain sticks to the candle that kind will yield the biggest crop for the coming year. The last candle is always burned on New Year's Day, because in Croatia the Christmas festival ends with the ending of the first day of the new year. Saint Nicholas is not unknown in Austria-Hungary, but he celebrates his own birthday on the 6th of December in a manner about which you will some day enjoy reading. The hours are flying so swiftly now that we shall hardly have time to greet Kriss Kringle, who lives in Germany and is the living image of our own Santa Claus.

THE HOME OF KRISS KRINGLE

In no country in the world is Christmas more welcome than in Germany, where Santa Claus is known as Kriss Kringle. There are, to be sure, parts of Germany where the people are Catholics and celebrate the season with the usual religious ceremonies in honor of the "Christ Kindlein," as the Christ Child is called by the Germans. In such places the people light every window in their houses on Christmas Eve so that the Christ Kindlein may more easily find his way from house to house. All over the land, Christmas trees abound and Christmas preparations have been going on for weeks. Where the Christ Child is worshiped, a tiny figure representing Him is waved past the windows of the nursery in the early morning so that the children will think the Christ Kindlein has not forgotten them.

THE "WUNSCHZETTEL" AND THE FAIR

For months before the festival season, the boys and girls have saved their money and made presents secretly to add to those that they will buy at the Christmas Fair. The children also make a list of presents they would like to have given them—"Wunschzettel" the Germans call this list. In some parts of the country there is said to appear on Christmas Day a person called "Knecht Ruprecht," the German words for "Servant Rupert." Knecht Ruprecht goes round to every house and announces that his master has sent him to learn how the children have behaved. If the report is pleasing to him he helps Kriss Kringle by presenting the gifts chosen for each child. To the parents of naughty boys and girls he leaves a rod and advises the frequent use of it. The rod of discipline always appears at Christmas all over Germany, but decorated with

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BOYS AT SANS SOUCI, GERMANY

new ribbon and placed where it seems to be taking part in the celebration.

TREASURES FROM THE ATTIC

The children of Germany are taught to be careful and saving of their Christmas toys and tree ornaments, just as they are taught to be careful of everything in everyday life. That is why certain toys are used at only this time of the year and then returned to the attic for safekeeping. Hardly an attic in all of the land that does not offer up its treasured toys for the

HAVING HER PICTURE TAKEN ON A NARROW IRISH STREET

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A HARPIST IN DUBLIN, "THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS"

ten days' gayeties! The dolls are brought to light, looked over for needed repairs and if necessary sent to the doll doctor. There are people in Germany who make a regular business of mending dolls. Other toys are freshly painted and made ready for their part in the fun. Often the parents add several new animals to a Noah's ark and new furniture to the doll's house, or in some way make an old toy more attractive.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE IN ITS FIRST HOME IN GERMANY

The young folks of Germany are proud of the fact that, as far as can be learned, the tree which is so important a part of Christmas in many lands was first used in Germany. Before our ancestors came to the United States the little children of Germany were decking Christmas trees with candles and presents.

In some places the only presents that are put on the tree are those intended for the parents. The other gifts are hidden in the pockets of the givers and presented after the parents have had theirs.

SANTA KLAUS RIDES HIS WHITE HORSE THROUGH BELGIUM AND HOLLAND

What matters it if in Holland and Belgium Santa Klaus spells his name with a K and rides a white horse instead of driving his reindeer? He is the same true old friend, and nowhere is he more warmly welcomed than in these countries. His beautiful white horse is remembered by the eager children, who fill their little shoes with hay and oats and carrots to feed the hungry steed. Then the room in which the boots are left is closed and the door locked. The next morning the children feel very sure that Santa Klaus and his horse are a wonderful pair, for they have come down the chimney, taken the food, turned the room upside down in their efforts, and left for the good children the gifts most desired and for the naughty

ones the present most needed, a rod of birch. Bits of coal are sometimes left with the rods.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

In nearly every part of Holland a beautiful welcome is given to Christmas in the early morning. At two o'clock the young men gather in the central part of the town and sing the hymns that celebrate the birthday of Christ. One of the youths carries a single star set on a pole and lighted from within by a candle. This is the only light other than the stars in the skies above. When the hymns have been sung, the young men march to the home of one of the rich men of the town and are treated to a fine feast.

Such is the welcome given by the young people in Holland to the day when all the Christian children of the world celebrate the birthday of Christ and feel their own hearts grow light with joy and love.

SANTA CLAUS AFOOT IN GERMANY, PULLING THE BELL-ROPE TO GET IN

"GOOD-WILL TO MEN" IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN

In all of Scandinavia there is hardly a child so poor that Christmas Eve does not bring some evidence of love and kindness. The people of Norway and Sweden have their greatest feasting on Christmas Eve. From the tiniest house of the tiniest child to the homes of the wealthiest youth, echoes the laughter of happy people, old and young. Great preparations have been going on for weeks. The

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A FOREIGN BOY IN NEW YORK

gifts that have been made with so much pleasure and secrecy are sometimes thrown into the rooms so that the givers will not be known. In the country regions, after the feast and fun, whole families crowd into sledges and drive off to church — often many miles away over the frozen snow. At four o'clock in the morning the country churches hold the Christmas service and are for the only time in the year lighted by candles. While the little children are joining in the worship with their parents, the birds are rejoicing over the sheaf of corn that every generous farmer has placed on a pole in front of his house. The neighboring poor are remembered also by the good wife, who carries bread to them on Christmas morning. The little children of Scandinavia were probably the first to hang up the mistletoe and burn the Yule log, and they could tell the pretty stories that explain both if we but had the time to listen. Instead we must fly across the North Sea to have a fleeting glimpse of old Father Christmas in England and then dash home to our own trees and gifts.

A LITTLE PRINCESS'S CHRISTMAS

It was for the five-year-old Princess Victoria that a real Christmas tree was set up by her German father, Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria. Oddly enough, the custom of having a tree for little English children did not become popular until some time after the American children looked upon it as a most important part of the festival. But it has now been adopted more generally, and adds to the fun and excitement of the season. The name of Santa Claus is rarely heard by our little English cousins, who speak instead of Father Christmas as the welcome giver of gifts. The day after Christmas is celebrated as Boxing Day. This is the custom that was started long ago by the makers of tallow candles, who gave boxes of candles to their patrons, and so caused other tradesmen to give boxes containing gifts of some kind. In the churches boxes were placed to receive alms for the poor. These alms were not given until the day after Christmas, and on that day the humbler people who served in various positions went the rounds of the parish to collect gifts.

To the English children Christmas would hardly be Christmas without roast beef and plum pudding, which comes in all ablaze. The cook has poured some sort of spirits — wine or rum — over the pudding and set it afire before it leaves the kitchen. When the blaze has been put out and the pudding cut, and the lights turned down, the spirits in the dish are lighted once again that the raisins may be picked out by the dim and flickering flame and stories told. But long before the children gathered round these English dinner tables

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A LITTLE MOTHER, AT THE LONG ISLAND HOME OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME"

have found all their raisins and told all their stories, the "Sea Gull" has borne us to our native shores in time to join in the feast and fun that abound for old and young in America at Christmastide.

"Merry Christmas to all
And to all a good-night."

Happy though tired, the little passengers are gathered round the Christmas trees. Just as the Dutch long ago brought Santa Claus to America, so the Germans brought us the tree and taught us to welcome it. As it was in New York that Christmas trees were probably first sold, we may well end our Christmas journey with the story of a boy who was one of the first to sell them.

MARK CARR AND HIS FIR TREES

Early in the eighteen hundreds, a boy named Mark Carr was born in the foothills of the Catskills. Christmas to little Mark brought no tree laden with presents and candles. But by the time he had grown up, Mark had read or heard of the beautiful Christmas trees that were so popular in New York City. One day it occurred to him that he might make such use of the young fir trees that grew in large numbers around his home. He decided that if he could go to New York with a number of these trees, he might possibly sell them to the city people. At any rate he would not lose much money and not more time than he could afford. It was the year 1851 when Mark made his first trip with the load of trees, which it had taken him and his boy friends weeks to cut. Arrived in New York he paid an old-fashioned dollar for a strip of sidewalk and there arranged his stock. From the first hour, Mark met with success. Indeed, the demand for his trees was so much greater than the supply that he soon raised the prices and made more money than seemed possible.

The next year Mark Carr returned to the same corner and sold every Christmas tree he had brought. From that time to this, the business of selling Christmas trees has increased in New York City and spread to cities and towns all over the country. How much the Christmas tree adds to the festival only those who have them realize! Glistening with garlands of tinsel and shining ornaments, gleaming with the lights of many candles, and laden with gifts, these children of the forests are a bright and beautiful part of the children's day of days—the 25th of December.